



hardcore for the pregnant

heartattack

50¢

#31

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: *HeartattaCk* is basically free, but we have to pay a lot of postage to send them to you. So individual issues of HaC are available for \$1.50 each in the United States and for:

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(\$6 each to Australia/New Zealand/Japan)

Back issues are available at this rate as well. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

#3-#6, #11, & #16-#24 the usual shit
#25 Kosovo and other goodies
#26 Race and hardcore
#27 International issue
#28 Words, words, and more words
#29 2001 a (empty) space odyssey
#30 Bury Me Standing and Le Shok

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st • April 1st
July 1st • October 1st

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1/6 page	(2 1/2" x 5")	\$35
1/3 page regular	(5" x 5")	\$75
1/3 page long	(2 1/2" x 10")	\$75
1/2 page	(7 1/2" x 5")	\$200
full page	(7 1/2" x 10")	\$6,000

EDITORS: Kent McClard, Lisa Oglesby, Leslie Kahan

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS: Chris Duprey, Chuck Franco, Adi Tejada, Dylan Ostendorf, Dan Fontaine, John Perry, Danny Ornee, Doug Mosurak, Denver Dale, Cody Duncan, Ryan Gratzner, Steve Snyder, Brett Hall, Alex Pasternak, Marianne Hofstetter, Tim Sheehan, and a few other people that didn't get props.

CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HaC* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

heartattack

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Issue #31

10,000 copies

August, 2001



OUR FUTURE

What are we supposed to do? Work shit jobs for the rest of our lives?

No. We're not.

One of the worst ethos of hardcore is the idea that getting a job equates to selling out; to being one with Babylon. I have watched so many friends pass away from their idealism and alternative lifestyles because they had to get jobs. As if there was no way to have a "real" job and to be involved in punk culture.

The struggle is not about avoiding a job. The struggle is about taking the philosophies, ideals, and alternatives of punk along for the ride.

There is no wrong in becoming a lawyer, a doctor, an insurance salesperson, a fire fighter, and maybe there is nothing wrong with becoming a cop. There is no glory in working at 7-11 for the rest of your life. That doesn't make you revolutionary. To be revolutionary you have to find a way to synthesize your youth and your punk lifestyle with your work and your adult life.

The sell out happens when you hide your past, when you change your present, when you force yourself to become the pre-conceived notion of what it means to be your work. You are a sell out when you value people for what they own and how much they are worth. You sell out when you become what you own as opposed to what you do and think.

Hardcore is about freedom, independent thought, self-realization, and autonomous action. As each of us gets older we have to find ways to reinvent work, to reinvent family, to reinvent love, to reinvent what it means to be an adult.

We already reinvented music. We reinvented the barriers between performer and spectator. We shattered the box that contained music and youth culture. We reclaimed it and completely decentralized it. Every day all over the world some kid takes control of their lives as they reinvent music by picking up an instrument, or by setting up a show, or by publishing a 'zine, or by putting out a record.

There was a time when that was not done. It was simply not done.

Now we're older. We are in our thirties, forties, and yes some are even older. What now? Do we just stop? Are we done? Have we accomplished all that we planned?

I got news for you punk, you will soon have to work. And you're going to get old.

I have seen too many friends torn apart by the pull of conflicting necessities. We live in a world where we must work. A few people find ways around it. But for the vast majority of us we must work. It is a simple fact of life in the 21st Century.

So our scene cannot equate 9 to 5 with selling out. We cannot equate parenting with selling out. We cannot equate maturity with selling out. We cannot equate responsibility with selling out. If we do then we kill ourselves. We cut ourselves off from each other.

Are we mere tourists? Doing our time in the punk community until the pressure of adult life pulls us out of that naive phase. Or are we something more? Are we willing to take the next step? To take the ideology with us as we grow and develop? Are we going to go the distance?

We are getting older my friends, and the revolution has just begun.

On August 21st 2002 I will be 34 years old. This is issue #31 of *HeartattaCk*. Next August I will turn 35 and *HeartattaCk* #35 will be coming out. This issue will be a theme issue about life after 30. It will be about having children, getting "serious" work, making our way into the frontier of adulthood. It will be an issue about trying to take the ideology of punk with us for the long haul; from the cradle to the grave. — Kent

We will need contributions as always. Interviews, columns, articles; your thoughts on what it means to be involved in punk culture long after your youth has faded away.

Cover: Jen of Submission Hold screaming her guts out while over eight months pregnant.

Photo by Vegan Freak

Pregnant + Jen = punk over 30 redefining motherhood.

Lisa Oglesby

BREATHING WALKER—LP • SUBMISSION HOLD—Sackcloth & Ashes LP • WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?/LIFES HALT—split LP • SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA—all the stuff I've heard • PG. 99—Document #8 CD • PG. 99/CITY OF CATERPILLAR—split 7" • HARUM SCARUM—live • ASTRID OTO—At Home With 7" • These Days... #1 • NEIL PERRY—stuff from the split LP

Dylan Ostendorf

CREEPER LAGOON—Take Back the Universe and Give Me Yesterday CD • CURRENT—Discography CD • HEY MERCEDES—eagerly awaiting the full-length • IDENTITYTHEFT—New World Odour CD • JIMMY EAT WORLD—Bleed American CD • KARATE—Unsolved CD • MAHOGANY—The Dream of a Modern Day CD • RADIOHEAD—live and Amnesiac CD • mix tapes which keep me stuck in the mid 90's • Punk soccer on Sundays

Steve Snyder

THE EX—live in Los Angeles • JOHN BUTCHER—live in Ventura • HENRY COW—Concerts 2xCD • Poets' Groove #8 • JOHN LINDBERG ENSEMBLE—A Tree Frog Tonality • SHUGGIE OTIS—Inspiration Information • The Baffler #14 • COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH—Ideas For the Living and Willing to Act Book/CD • JEFF KAISER/ERNESTO DIAZ-INFANTE—Pith Balls and Inclined Planes • JOHN FAHEY—The Great San Bernardino Birthday Party and Other Excursions LP

Chuck Franco

MUSHROOM ATTACK—all • MEDICATION TIME—One Free Miracle Ticket LP • CROW—7" • THEY FEAR THE RECLAIM—demo • CROPCIRCLE—demo • Carlo Giuliani (R.I.P.) • INDIAN SUMMER - 7" • Q: And Thrash? A: And Thrash! • Reason To Believe #1 • SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - discography CD • TOTALITAR/DISCLOSE—split LP • WHN?/LIFE'S HALT tour (thrash on Noel!!)

Ravi Grover

ERICK SERMON & MARVIN GAYE—Music single • TRAGEDY—live in Seattle • God is Red by Vine Deloria, jr. • DJ HONDA—El Presidente single • The Wicked City: Kenna to Capone by Curt Johnson • V/A—Asian Avenue.com 2xCD • DJ THE BOY—Tales from the Flip CD • The Drink, short film • the summer west coast trip • going down in 'zine history

Tim Sheehan

SIN ORDEN—Juvenil Brutalidad 7" • LAST MATCH—1997-1999 12" • TRAPDOOR (FUCKING) EXIT—LP • V/A—Barbaric Thrash Demolition Vol. II 7" • EPERANZA—live • NO PARADE—Nightsticks & Justice 7" • DOWN IN FLAMES—Start the Fucking Fire 7" • RED MONKEY—Get Uncivilized 7" • RED MONKEY/SUBMISSION HOLD—split 7" • DIR YASSIN—7" • ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN TRAITORS—Vol. II 7" • xLIMPWRISTx—7" • THIS MACHINE KILLS—On the Move 7" • ABUSO SONORO—Herencia LP • POINT OF FEW/BETERCORE—7" • Arsenal #4 • Inside Front #13

Dan Fontaine

GUTS PIE EARSHOT—Distorted Wonderland LP • Permaculture Activist #46 • BOBBY BRYANT—Flowers Stolen from the Yards of Old Folks CD • HARUM SCARUM—Live • THE EX—Dizzy Spells CD • SUBMISSION HOLD—Sackcloth & Ashes LP • COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH—Ideas for the Living and Willing to Act Book/CD

Marianne Hofstetter

Goleta people, I miss you so much! • touring with the Kent McClard Experience and trying not to weep with fear whilst Kent is racing down the autobahn • mentioning THE LAST FORTY SECONDS in my reviews • JR. EWING/ORCHID/YAGE—live • JR.EWING—10" • LACK—CD • KILLSADIE—Experiments in Expectation CD • CURSIVE—Burst and Bloom CD hanging out with Jamie—good times!!! • TV: Eastenders • Wonderland • The Cops

Adi Tejada

CHAMBERLAIN—Exit 263 CD • GORGASM—Bleeding Profusely CD • CREEPER LAGOON—Take Back The Universe... CD • DEAD GUY—Fixation on a Cowrocker CD • MOTLEY CRUE—The Dirt book • PET SHOP BOYS—Discography Singles CD • GEHENNA—Negotium... CD • SONNA—We Sing Loud, Sing Soft Tonight CD • NICK CAVE—No More Shall We Part • Joe on the bass • Finally being done recording

Robin Banks

SUTEK CONSPIRACY, ONE REASON, PG99, YOUTH EMPOWERMENT PROJECT, ADEEM, THE CONTROL, TEM EYOS KI, THE PEOPLE'S WAR, RUINATION, COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH, THE SHORT BUS KIDS, and DEADLIMBSLEEP—live at the BRYCC House this summer • Breaking the Spell/pickAxe (CrimethInc. videos) and the Evasion book (published by Crimethinc). Seeing the modified anti-shoplifting billboard on the Evasion website (www.crimethinc.com/evasion). • Sneaking into hotel pools with my sweetheart. • Illegally splashing in riverfront fountains with my friends. • Planning In.FEST.Ed (www.rkt327.com/infested), the PAZ Conference (www.infoshop.org/paz), and Atheist Fest (www.cryingblood.com/atheistfest) with my co-conspirators. • The BRYCC House benefit CD (brycchouse.org/benefit) featuring new/unreleased/rare stuff from SUBMISSION HOLD, CHUMBAWAMBA, IN DK, HOMAGE TO CATALONIA, DE LA HOYA, THE SISSIES, HAREM SCARUM, THE STAR DEATH, KUNG FU RICK, THE NATIONAL ACROBAT, and Noam Chomsky. Yes, Noam Chomsky. It's a good CD. • Planning for the IMF/WB protests in DC this October. • The pirate invasion of the Bloomington Indiana 4th of July parade (complete with pirate ship... photos at www.geocities.com/agentbanks/photos). • Finding out that the kids in The People's War printed 1000 copies of The Hardcore/Punk Guide to Christianity (www.plusminusrecords.com/hcpguide) and passed them out at Christian hardcore shows. Ha!! • Finally finishing my posterzine. E-mail me if you want a copy (you'll have to send cash for postage via regular mail) robinbanks@disinfo.net

Kent McClard

SUBMISSION HOLD—Sackcloth & Ashes LP • SEVERED HEAD OF STATE - discography CD • ORCHID/YAGE/JR EWING—live in Europe • COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH—Ideas For The ... Book/CD • THIS MACHINE KILLS—LP

Denver Dale

Preparing to got to China and Vietnam for 3 months! • Inside Front #13 - 'zine and CD • Home grown food (yummy!) • Shooting with my Family (not "shooting my family," Kent!) • Punk rock soccer • POST REGIMENT—all! (long live Polish-hardcore!) • The raccoons at my parents house • Dan and Steve's potluck • OPETH—all • AMEBIX—all

Vincent Chung

Dance of Days by Mark Anderson and Mark Jenkins • The Unbearable Lightness of Being by Milan Kundera • FUGAZI/SHELLAC/THE EX—live in Chicago • CRUCIAL UNIT—7" • RICE—Fuck You, This is Rice! CD • MATMOS—A Chance to Cut is a Chance to Cure LP • MISS PUSSYCAT's—Engine Engine Number 9 compilation tape • THE EX—Dizzy Spells LP • RADIO 4—Dance to the Underground ep • My new 'Mike Joyce' T-shirt

Andy Maddox

BRIGHT EYES—Fever and Mirrors • A TRILLION BARNICLE LAPSE—as people and as a band • ON THE MIGHT OF PRINCES—live and new CD • MILEMARKER—Frigid Forms Sell CD • TWELVE HOUR TURN—new 10" • THE SMITHS—Louder Than Bombs • JR EWING—10" • The Crying of Lot 49 by Thomas Pynchon • Behind the Music • Late night phone calls from people I wish didn't live so far away.

Jonathan Lee

CALVARY—demo tape • DEATHREAT—tape of new 12" • Dance of Days by Mark Andersen and Mark Jenkins • Coalition Records for kicking ass on The People's War 7" • SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA and SINCE BY MAN—live, recorded, and people • TOTAL FURY—CD • ASSEMBLY OF GOD—7" • TEM EYOS KI—CDR of new LP • Evasion Travel Crime 'zine • WHAT HAPPENS NEXT and LIFE'S HALT—live, recorded, and people • FOUR SQUARE, SPORT OF CHAMPIONS!!!

Rich Booher

DEAD END—Killing the Messenger 7" • THE REAL ENEMY—Too Little, Too Late 7" • 9 SHOCKS TERROR—Paying Ohmage LP • REAGAN SS—demo • TEAR IT UP—Zero To Suicidal 7" • TEAR IT UP/DOWN IN FLAMES—split 7" • LIMP WRIST—7" • RUINATION—Year One CD • CLOSE CALL—Drug Free Zone 7" • CRISPUS ATTUCKS—Red Black Blood Attack LP

Jen Hate

THE GOSSIP—live • THE RAPTURE—live • WEEZER—The Green Album • AT THE DRIVE IN—Relationship of Command • RADIOHEAD—Kid A • EX MODELS—live • JOY DIVISION—anything • D12—Devil's Night • The Adventures of Sebastian Cole, film • Punk Rock Heavy Metal Karaoke, indy film



In issue #29 I failed to mention the name of the artist that drew the reoccurring skull. The artists name was Florian Bertmer, and he can be reached at vivahate@gmx.de

— Kent



Also, thanks to Keith Rosson for sending in all the awesome art for this issue! Check out his 'zine *Avow*. Keith Rosson/20 NW 16th Ave. #306/Portland, OR 97209

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Vince Moriala ad Jeci Brown! I lost your addresses and can't send you your copies of *Hodgepodge*. If you know these people please have them contact me. Please write: cestpodge@aol.com or Mike Schade/114 Anderson Pl. #10/Buffalo, NY 14222

Red Kedge

The following is an interview with Khalid, the vocalist of Red Kedge from Singapore. Interview by Adiani.

HaC: Hi, how you guys been doing?

RK: I'm fine.

HaC: What have you guys up to lately?

RK: Nothing much. We are so busy with our own life at the moment. Both my guitarist and bassist are in the army, my drummer is having hectic schedule while I'm busy studying.

HaC: You guys serve army?

RK: Yeah! We have to when we are 18 years and above.

HaC: What if you guys didn't want to join?

RK: Then I guess we would serve jail sentence or else pay up to \$20,000. It's funny for a country calling their system democracy and yet we are forced to serve the country. I hate it.

HaC: You didn't enjoy serving it?

RK: No one enjoy being a slave to the system.

HaC: That is what the Red Kedge song called "This Hand that Kills Me" is about?

RK: Yes! You are right to a certain level.

This song is more than hating myself to serve the government. It is about how the government wanting us to kill our own brothers in Indonesia and Malaysia when war erupted between these nations. Every time, if there is a tension going on, they normally used the words "don't allow these Indonesian and Malaysian to take away our land." Seriously speaking, I don't believe their lies. They try to install the anti sentiment between our brothers to us, which I think at certain times they succeed.

HaC: There is a rumor saying you guys are racist when you label your music "Javanese emo hardcore"?

RK: I think some people have the fun to make such nonsense just to create our own downfall. But let me say this—we have never been a racist band before neither we made racist songs or whatever. All our friends came from different background and races, we still respect them for whoever they are. I don't understand why people like to made such wild accusations towards others even in the scene too.

HaC: Isn't this the same as what is happening in the internet, people using IRC chatline to condemn other people especially in the youthcrew channel (Youthcrew is one of the chat channel available in the galaxy net)?

RK: I've experience this before when someone talked shit about me in the net trying his or her best to bring me down. I think this is normal at the moment, people are using their advantage over someone else.

HaC: So what did you do then?

RK: Nothing. Time will tell whether the rumor is true or otherwise.

HaC: Regarding about your 4 way split CD, why did Red Kedge choose to released with exotic bands from the 3rd world countries?

RK: It is a good experience for us to do something with the 3rd world bands, especially when they are from poor country like Ecuador. I know many bands from USA, Europe or even bands from Singapore didn't wish to do anything with these 3rd world bands, but for us we intend to support any bands from every part of the world although they might not sound good like any bands from USA. For us it is about supporting the struggle of a band that wants its opinion to be heard to the world.

HaC: What other releases coming up from Red Kedge?

RK: We are going to have a split released with *Bridewell Hospital* from France, some compilations and not forgetting our LP is in the works now. We are planning to release our LP as soon as possible, hopefully by the middle of next year. Hopefully everything is going to be fine for us.

HaC: What about the split with *Thelma Eleven* from Czech Republic?

RK: Yeah! We are going to make new songs for that split, right now we have no newer songs to record for this split.

HaC: And you guys would still continue writing about political stuffs?

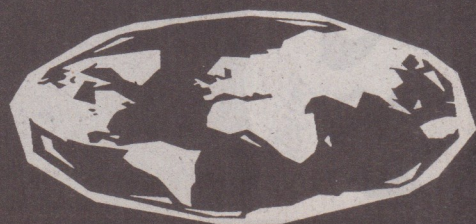
RK: Not really, we've some songs about our daily personal life like death, love and other normal life issues. But then there is a saying goes like "Personal is political."

HaC: Huh? What about the song "Surrendering my death"?

RK: That song is written when I saw a friend of mine lost hope to live his life when a doctor told him he only had 2 more months to live, but he took the news very strongly and made him a stronger person than I thought he could be till the day he died. He inspired me to write this song, to dedicate it to all the people who have fought a losing battle in life.

HaC: Before, I end this interview any last words?

RK: Thanks for this interview and to all those whom had been supporting us and the scene too. Keep in touch. contact:Redkedge@yahoo.com



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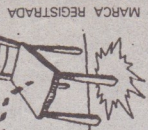
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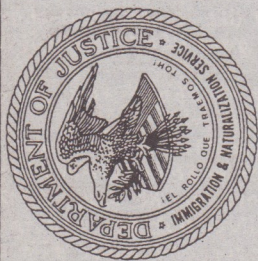
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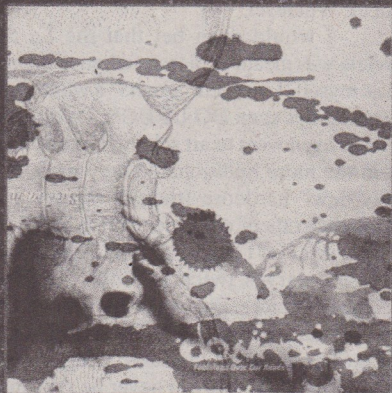
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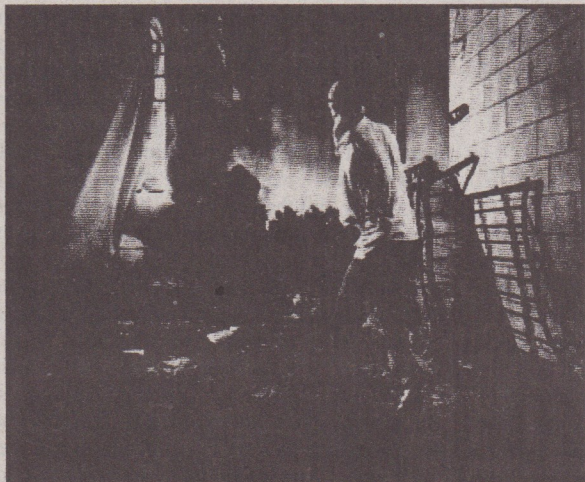
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SIX TWO FIVE THRASHCORE OUT FOR SUMMER!

LIE - LP / CD

LIE continue with their fierce thrash and throw in some snotty Japcore to boot

SCHOLASTIC DETH - Debut EP

Fast-ass skate thrash that looks to Hensley for inspiration. 6 songs in 6 minutes.

POINT OF FEW - EP

Political, powerful Dutch hardcore that mixes thrash and modern HC styles.

DUMBSTRUCK - LP

Ex-RIPCORD fellas playing some Scandinavian inspired hardcore. Reminds me of the first RIPCORD Flexi.

HIGHSCORE - Discography CD

Super fast youth crew from Germany. Contains the LP, EP, comp tracks and the demo. Crucial Response fans will dig...

LIFES HALT/WxHxN - Split LP/CD

Been in the works for years, finally happening in support of the US Summer Tour!

IMMORTAL FATE - Beautiful LP

7 Years in the making. Brutal, guttural grindcore not unlike the first INCANTATION LP. Pre-NO LESS members.

REAL REGGAE - MAZE + THC CD

Guitar heavy thrashcore from Osaka Japan. 41 tokens from the Japcore pipe. Compiles Eps, comps and the Maze CD on MCR! Killer!

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - LP

Insane hardcore that is like a mix between BLACK FLAG and MAN IS THE BASTARD (I swear). Speed picking hardcore brutality.

FACE OF CHANGE-1990 Demo 2xEP

Combo of raw HC and melody not unlike early 7 SECONDS and UNIFORM CHOICE. Raw 4-track style recording keeps it punk.

V/A - Barbaric Thrash Vol II EP

Manic thrash from DISCARGA (Brazil), LIMPWIST (US), ESPERANZA (US), JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS (Japan) and LIFES HALT (US).

THE REAL ENEMY - EP

Positive, political and fast youth crew from Minneapolis. Their last record.

DEAD END - Debut EP

Ex-OUTLAST kick down some superb fast youth crew with enough melody to keep it catchy. Reminds me of the GORILLA BISCUITS EP

BREAKFAST - Debut EP

Debut of Tokyo skate thrash. Quirky, off beat manic and fierce! Watch out for em.

WxHxN - The Second Year CD

The 6", Japan Tour EP, and the 'Ahora Mas Que Nunca' EP, plus some other goodies and surprises!

OUT END OF SUMMER!

V/A - Murderous Grind Attack CD

An American/Japanese 17 band CD comp of brutal, DIY grindcore. Not for math-metal wimps, this is as raw as it gets.

EDORA - EP

Ripping fast thrash/grind from Singapore. Two singers, blast beats - sounds like mid-era SxOxB.

IRON LUNG - EP

Two man grindcore attack. Crazy time changes & off chords at 1000mph.

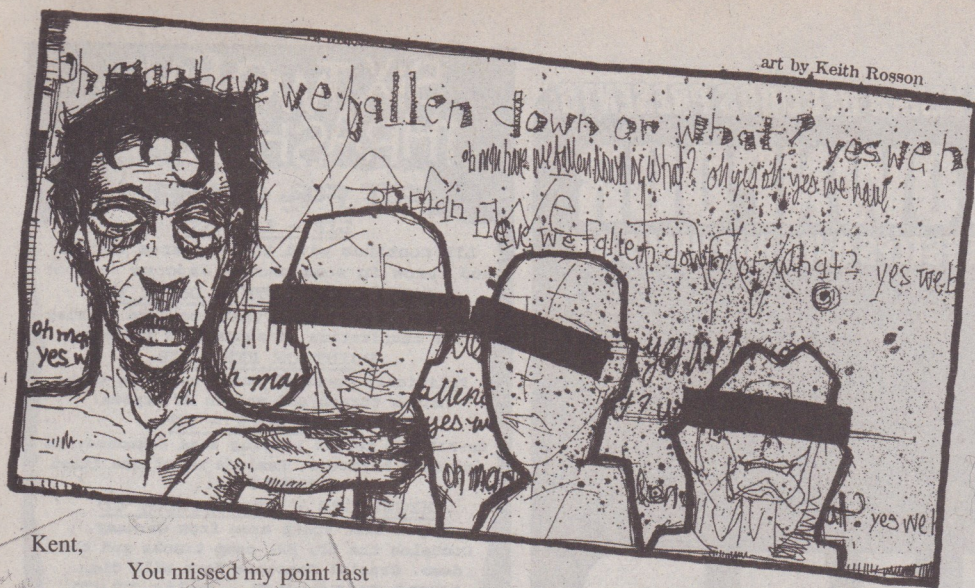
RAMBO - LP

Their live shows are already infamous. Mix FINAL EXIT (Swe) or early MADBALL, throw in some fatigues and a huge mosh pit and you have fucking RAMBO.

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Kent,

You missed my point last issue, and I should probably clarify my argument. I'm not asking you to Support Rage Against the Machine. That would most certainly go against everything that HaC stands for. I may not have communicated this well, but I am also extremely critical of anyone who adopts the very simplistic "Rage Against the Machine is bringing revolution to the kids" argument. I was more upset by the fact that this debate has yet to really transcend "14 year olds bickering about selling out" status. I feel that with RATM, the issue goes well beyond the petty subcultural DIY vs. Major label infighting, and into the realm of the political. The issues raised by RATM go far beyond the "punk" movement, beyond the politics of the music industry. This debate concerns the future of activism, and how this so called "punk" community treats it. There is, I believe, a certain innate reactionary element to punk rock (in all its variations), which I feel is really counterproductive to any positive social change. After a few years of involvement in this scene, I find it pretty safe to say that this is a movement of white, straight men, who feel disenfranchised by mainstream culture, and are finding an outlet for their dissatisfaction with the world that is being handed to them. Of course, there are exceptions, but I think to say that those who don't fit these categories feel 100 percent comfortable in this movement would be extremely naive. These privileged "punk" folks, whose anger stems only from disenfranchisement, rather than actual oppression, have the luxury of worrying about things like "who's on what label", or "who has sold us out". This knee jerk reaction to success, while rooted in a genuine desire to eschew the evils of Corporate America, does often carry over into arenas such as activism, where it proves to be elitist and extremely destructive. Rage against the Machine are chumps for thinking that they could change the world by becoming famous, and yes, to a great degree, they are laughing all the way to the bank. However, they also had many successes in the activist arena, alerting many otherwise clueless people to dire circumstances from the existence of the oppressive WTO/IMF/WB etc, to the plight of Leonard Peltier. From a radical standpoint, they did a pretty half-assed job, but then again, most of this country is pretty damn far from being radical, and they're not going to embrace our causes overnight, and huff and puff as we may about working outside of the system,

we must also remember that:

A) The majority of the world is still very much stuck in the mindset which they have been fed by the mainstream. and

B) Any offense (violent OR non violent) we launch towards the oppressors will be returned to us in well advertised, brightly colored packages in a matter of months.

So, to make a long story short, to carp about Rage Against the Machine is shortsighted. They are only the tip of the iceberg, the symptom of a much more deeply rooted problem. We, as activists can't dismiss them as mere sellouts cashing in on our beliefs. We need to examine what happened to them, and learn from it. We are smarter, more resourceful, and more determined than the pigs who laugh at us every day. We just need to work together, and elitism has absolutely NO place in a revolutionary movement.

-alex integratron

P.S. Sorry to use so many College student buzzwords. It just came out that way. I swear, I was an acting major and I dropped out after a year.

For correspondence in plain English write... PO Box 42671/Portland, OR 97242; xcolorfast@yahoo.com

Dear concerned citizens,

I'm curious about why the hell your magazine would feature Le Shok as a cover interview!?! I mean, I know they're French and all, but that's no excuse for them to expect a gold plated trophy for having their heads up their asses! I have this friend Rene who's French and she almost always speaks in complete sentences!

Really, I'm glad to see the magazine attempt to expand it horizons. I imagine it gets a lot of criticism for being uptight and taking itself too seriously. Attempting to be a representational organ for the hardcore community at large is a daunting proposition. Punk rock is, by nature, contradictory, problematic, and ambiguous. I like it that way. I don't think punk rock (and yeah, let's go ahead and say I'm using the term as an ideological synonym for hardcore, even though judging by many of the paperweights and doorknobs who've slept on my floor, many of us need to reexamine what we're so hard to the core

of) necessarily needs to be positive. I do believe, though, that the means of distribution (but NOT production) of our cultural artifice are inherently political. Whatever.

I would even bet that the Le Shok interview was meant to please audience members such as myself. I've been "around" a while, I drink and sometimes even DO DRUGS; I really enjoy sex, and I even went to art school. I like fast punk rock in the more traditional variety more than I enjoy "new" hardcore (though sweaty dudes stroking each others' erect members is hardly new, you guys just don't like to be called on it). I even saw The Dwarves twice in 1992. They were awesome both times. But would *HeartattaCk* ever feature an interview with The Dwarves? It seems like Le Shok is about the same thing- bringing back an old school that can never be revisited, if it ever existed in the first place.

Really! I love to hear about the old, desperate days. But they will never happen the same way again. Drug abuse and alcoholism are romantic images in movies that we hate. Nothing could be more manufactured than the trite idea of the floundering addict, the aging heart, the kid that tried and failed. But could anything worth pursuing be so readily available from advertisers and hack screenplay writers? Le Shok (and The Locust and Black Dice and the whole fucking conveyer belt) are great at depicting wild rebellion because it's easy and fun to rebel against people who tell you what to do! And when you get to level the whole complaint against people you came up with you can look REALLY righteous and fed up!

But doesn't it feel fucking empty? It's just a goddamn cartoon, flailing at itself, cursing and running in circles. Is Le Shok really so Over It that they're now on the other side of trying to care? Does it really no longer matter that you're just another batch of screamy boys not trying to do a damn thing to make life worth living for anyone but yourselves? What a fortunate, comfortable world you live in!

And *HeartattaCk*, I'm assuming this was just a stab at giving the ferrets equal time. Let's face it- most bands you interview don't have a damn thing to say. And you did split the cover feature with Bury me Standing, whom I've never heard, but had some interesting points. But Le Shok had the cover of MRR a few months ago and totally shit the bed then! Did you think they were gonna be smarter or even fucking funny this time?

The only good thing left about Hardcore is that there are so many bands and so many 'zines and so many projects that everything is tiny. There is literally no room for rock star egos. How ideal is that? We smashed the star system, if nothing else! But just like office workers, The Kids act like they need someone to look to, someone to tell them what to do. And giving them the cover was just the kind of bullshit attention that reinforces my suspicion that WE, AS A SCENE, ARE APPROACHING OBSOLESCENCE AT 78 RPM!!! And honestly, featuring that kind of regal, vacuous hobby punk further makes your women's, international, and "nonwhite" theme issues look as tokenist as a lot of people thought they were.

If I got anything wrong, write me. Mike Taylor/PO Box 288226/Providence, RI 02908. Have a good day.

HeartattaCk,

Why does the world hate American tourists?

Normally it's a scene that makes me smile. A couple of vans in the street outside a community centre and about fifty kids hanging out waiting for things to begin. This is not some isolated suburb though. We're in the centre of Toronto at a busy intersection. There are lots of people around doing their Saturday shopping. The hardcore kids in their van have the side door open and are fixing a peanut butter sandwich to eat with a banana. I silently hope that some Toronto kid is going to make them a hearty meal after the show. Two kids beside us are wondering where they're going to stay that night. 'Do we have a place?' There was a ripple of pre-show excitement among the bands. 'We're just going to do a short set, just five songs,' says one of the guys in the van. It was said to anybody who might be listening. I thought this might be a straight edge show but several kids are smoking quite openly on the steps. One of the kids in the van just came back from the beer store with a six pack from a local microbrewery. If you do drink, one of the small pleasures of travelling is to try different local beers.

I'm with my friend Osvaldo from Colombia and we pull open the door and walk inside the community centre. 'It's not starting until 8.30,' says someone. We look inside a medium sized room where a drum kit is already set up. It's pleasantly air-conditioned which is nice because Toronto is in the middle of a heat wave. A single security guard looks us over and we walk outside again and sit on a little wall. We start to look around and Osvaldo is surprised that everyone looks so young and neatly dressed. I try to point out to him the subtle signs of hardcore: short haircuts, an occasional band T-shirt, pants from Goodwill cut off at the knees to make shorts. Okay it's not a scene where you're going to see Exploited T-shirts or dyed mohawks (which Osvaldo calls *la cresta*). But if you know what to look for these are hardcore kids.

Then we start to notice that something is going down. Having lived in this city for fifteen years I know that we are about one minute away from a beer store and two minutes away from an important community centre for indigenous people. This is a fairly simple social situation but with a complicated history. Anybody who lives in Canada is aware of this. The newspapers are full of stories about abusive boarding schools, suicides of young native people living in terrible conditions on reserves and the government dragging its feet dealing with many native land claims. The reality on the street, especially this little bit of sidewalk, is that some native people regularly ask for small amounts of money. It's quite upfront that they're trying to collect enough to buy some beers.

Now, how you deal with this situation is pretty much a personal decision. You can decide that you don't personally want to finance a cycle of abuse and self-destructive behavior. Or you can decide that it's a really hot day and the guy wants to buy a beer and give him fifty cents or a dollar. In Canada we have one dollar and two dollar coins, so that makes it easy. Sometimes I give the guy a buck and sometimes I don't. It pretty much depends on how sociable I'm feeling

that day.

But it is quickly obvious that what was happening here is not cool. Two native guys and one native woman were asking for money. The response from the hardcore kids is open contempt. Maybe they are a bit nervous and not quite sure how to deal with this. Maybe in their city this is a dangerous situation. But here it isn't. You give the guy a dollar or you politely refuse. But you don't laugh, giggle or ridicule. The kid standing beside me has just brushed off one of the native guys with an attitude that is certainly not polite. The same kid whose cigarette smoke is blowing in my face. I decide I've had enough of making excuses for ignorance.

'Excuse me, are you from the States?' I ask him. He says yes. 'The guy you were just talking to is a native person,' I explain. 'And yeah, people do self-destructive stuff like drinking in the street, but if you understand the history of what happened in the past you can understand why people do stupid stuff, like smoking. This guy is a native person and here in Canada we respect native people.' No response but his buddy came to his rescue and said the words 'politically correct' in our direction. End of conversation.

On the other hand, I'm trying to make excuses to Osvaldo about these kids maybe not understanding. About being in a different city. The three native people are starting to act up, playing to the crowd. Reflecting back the rejection and contempt that was directed towards them. It never got anywhere near violence. That's mostly not the Canadian way. Osvaldo is observing the whole scene and then he says that the hardcore kids are behaving like fascists. The open contempt for the native people is racist. That's how fascism starts, he says.

There was some attempt to defuse the situation. Someone called from the door, 'Let's all go inside and start the show'. Many kids seemed relieved to go inside. We saw a couple of hardcore kids go over to the three native people and from the distance it looked like an attempt at reconciliation. Then the three of them ran up and said in loud voices: 'I just want to wash my hands. Yeah me too! I can't believe we shook their hands.'

I translated this for Osvaldo and we decided to leave. Who cares how great your band sounds, how clever the chord changes and ingenious the words. Who cares about your 7" record or your CD. Who cares about your fucking summer tour. You just confirmed all the worst stereotypes of the American tourist: condescending, racist and ignorant.

— Alan O'Connor

Hello everyone!

As many of you know, the Coalition of Immokalee Workers (CIW), a farmworker organization in South Florida, launched a national boycott of Taco Bell, Inc. on April 1, 2001. Despite increased public pressure, Taco Bell has refused to acknowledge its role in the exploitation of Florida tomato pickers (for more info on the boycott, visit the Coalition website at ciw-online.org). Therefore, CIW members, along with student and community activists from across the nation, are organizing a cross-country "Taco Bell Truth Tour". The tour will 1) highlight the

connection between Taco Bell and farmworker poverty, 2) raise awareness about the boycott, and 3) send a strong message to Taco Bell that ultimately, we, as consumers, have the power to dictate corporate policy.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS! The tour is set to take place from Sept. 14th - Sept. 30th, 2001. It will begin in Florida and end in California, stopping at universities and communities along the way for teach-ins and demonstrations. In California, workers, students, community activists, religious groups, and labor organizations will converge for several days of activities/demonstrations at the national headquarters of Taco Bell in Irvine, CA (dates TBA).

Thanks to the overwhelming response to an earlier request for support, we have put together the following tentative schedule for the tour. The exact dates and stops are not yet set in stone—We'll make the finalized schedule based on responses to this e-mail. (We apologize if your area isn't mentioned. Because of time constraints, we had to narrow the route down!)

Please take a look at the following stops and let us know if you (or others you may know) are interested in organizing activities in your area or participating on some level with the tour (providing meals for 60+ workers/students, housing for tour participants, attending a workshop/teach-in, or joining the workers on the tour itself). Please respond by e-mail (coaimmwkr@aol.com) or phone (941-657-8311) by Friday, June 15th. Thank you!

- 1) Friday, Sept. 14th—departing from Tampa, FL
- 2) Atlanta, GA
- 3) The Triangle area in North Carolina
- 4) Ohio (Oberlin College)
- 5) South Bend, IN (University of Notre Dame)
- 6) Chicago, IL
- 7) Madison, WI
- 8) Minneapolis, MN
- 9) *** We are still looking for brief stops in the Midwest, possibly in Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, etc.
- 10) Denver, CO?
- 11) Salt Lake City, UT?
- 12) Boise, ID?
- 13) Oregon?
- 14) Sacramento, CA
- 15) San Francisco, CA
- 16) Fresno, CA
- 17) Los Angeles, CA
- 18) Irvine, CA
- 19) *** On our trip home, we will be heading across the southern states rather quickly, but may stop briefly in AZ, NM, OK, LA, MS, etc.

We look forward to hearing from you,
Brian Payne, CIW

Hello,

My name is Robert Middaugh (AKA. Rob. Ruckus, Waste Blocker). I am a political prisoner; my prison number is #6859467.

Last August (2000) during the Democratic National Convention I was pulled over by an officer as I was leaving from a local church that was providing shelter for activists who were attending the Protests against the DNC. I was on my way to the Direct Action Network convergence center. 30 LAPD officers appeared

on the scene and blocked off half the two-lane street that I was driving down. The officers told the 4 other people who were with me to leave and then they arrested me. While taking me into custody the officers broke a splint that I was wearing on my fractured hand and bruised my rib and my arm. The officers then towed my truck away. I was booked and charged with assaulting a police officer with a deadly weapon other than a gun, riot, and rout. The LAPD pressured the district attorney to charge me with attempted murder on an officer (a charge that carries 7 years).

While in Jail I was not given medical attention or a new splint for my hand. I was in Jail for 2 weeks before I was bailed out. I had a lawyer that volunteered his service for free as a favor from a friend that is a friend of mine that I worked with in Seattle against the WTO 2 years ago. For my case in Los Angeles, the DA took the heat from the LAPD and gave me a deal; I plead no contest to the assault charge and had the other two charges dropped. I received time served and 3 years formal probation. At this time I was also wrapping up another case from when I was arrested in Riverside and charged with being on the Freeway and disorderly conduct. For this trial I went pro-per, waived my right to a speedy trial, and delayed my trial for one year. I could not find a lawyer who would go anywhere near riverside because it is such a monkey court full of red neck conservatives. The riverside arrest resulted from my involvement in efforts to win justice for Tyshia Miller, a teenager who was murdered by the riverside police for racial reasons. It was not part of the terms of my probation to not attend protests, so I still had my constitutional right to attend a protest.

At this time I started to take a different role. I began to support those who were in the front lines of the battle instead of being in the trenches with them. As time went by I got involved with the World Week for Lab Animals in Los Angeles where I attended a protest on the UCLA campus against Animal research. At that event I was arrested by the campus police and taken to the station where I was cited for misdemeanor vandalism against an animal research lab. I don't know what they are saying I did exactly. A week later I attended a protest on May Day in Down Town Long Beach to support the front line and I was prepared to offer first aid services. The LBPd shoved me face down then held me down with an officer's leg on my back as they handcuffed me and about 80-90 of my comrades, friends, and other protesters. At first I was charged with felony conspiracy to commit a crime and refusal to disperse.

Later that night they added a second felony charge: assault on an officer other than a gun. They claim that I threw a wooden barricade. Three weeks later they divided my charges into two cases. On the first case they are saying that it was some one else that threw the barricade and that I had ordered it to be thrown. On the second case they are saying that I did not refuse to disperse, but that I resisted arrest. I am still being charged with conspiracy to commit a crime. I am innocent to the previous charges that resulted from the past cases that I described and I am innocent in concern to the charges that I received on May Day.

The accusations are lies and I still need

a Lawyer or an Attorney to take my case and help me to let the truth be known. We should not need a permit for the people to gather together to protest when we have a constitutional right to do so. Capitalism is a form of slavery for those who cant see that we are not free; the shackles are not around their waists but fastened behind their eyes. Free your minds, free all political prisoners. If you are a lawyer or attorney or you know of one that would like to help please contact my support group and me. I also need monetary aid for legal

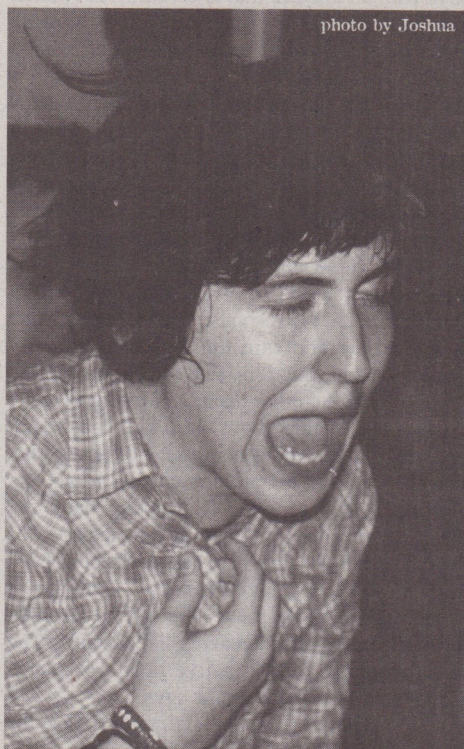


photo by Joshua

Deer Hac,
I red you're
stinking -zine, and
gaw look at me!!!
-Jaye/Tulip

costs. Please send money orders or checks made out to Olga Middaugh and mail them to 254 Celeste Drive, Riverside Ca, 92507 (care of Robs legal defense). You can write to me personally at PO Box 86164 Terminal Annex Los Angeles Ca, 90686-164 cellblock 1400 pod 2. They misspell my last name so when writing to me replace the last letter H with an N. Remember we are in here for you and you are out there for us!

Robert Middaugh #6859467 cell block 1400 pod 2 P.O. Box 86164 Terminal Annex Los Angeles, CA 90086-164

HeartattaCk, ATTACK

My name is Javier Perez and I was one of the many peaceful protesters who was attacked and arrested by the Long Beach Police

Department on May 1, 2001. At school someone mentioned to me about a demonstration in Long Beach celebrating International Workers Day on May 1st. As an activist who supports human, animal, and environmental rights, I figured it would be another opportunity for me to participate in another demonstration. As it turns out the demonstration wasn't as peaceful as I would have liked.

When I arrived at the meeting point it was odd to have seen so many police officers in riot gear. With tanks, K9's, and guns the police were really intimidating. I figured that as long as everything is peaceful that there should be no problem. The moment the march began the police began to block us. Within a few minutes, the police surrounded us and began beating us with their batons with no provocation. At that moment I decided that this demonstration is getting too violent and way out of hand and I decided to leave. It seemed that a few more activist had the same idea. So when we tried to escape the police that had us surrounded began pushing us back in and swinging their batons at us until we were all in a bunch. There was no way out. Then after a few minutes, the police began shooting at us with, which I was later told, rubber bullets and bean bags. As I ran with the rest of the group I was shot in the leg and did not stop hearing the multiple shots buzzing by my ear. Finally, they trapped us in a corner. I looked around to see if anyone was hurt and I saw someone spit a gob of blood. His whole cheek was swollen the size of a golf ball. Another girl was bleeding from her back. That was just the people around me. Who knows what other injuries occurred. We all stayed crouched down in the corner, covering our faces to avoid being hit again. The police then approached us and told us that if we surrender peacefully we will only be charged with unlawful assembly, which was a lie since we were charged with all sorts of other so called "crimes." We agreed to surrender peacefully, but they still continued their brutality. Some activists were dragged out of the group on their stomach with their hands behind their back. One officer told another to stop doing that. Other activists had their arms twisted violently, as was the case for me, while the ties were applied. I felt this abuse was uncalled for.

For the first few days in jail I was on a hunger strike. I felt I did nothing wrong and I felt that my right to free speech was violated. When I figured I was not going to be let out soon, and that my hunger strike was not going to accomplish anything, I began eating. I am vegan, so there was very few things I could eat. Basically just bread, fruit and juice. Once in a while I was able to eat some beans and other vegetables.

After a rough few weeks in jail, I was offered a plea bargain. If I was to plead guilty to two out of the many charges, I would be sentenced to 30 days and be released on time served. I just wanted out so I agreed.

Just when I thought I was going home they told me the INS put a hold on me. The INS is so slow it took them a whole other week after my release date to pick me up. Then I had to wait another week at the INS detention facility, which is still a jail, for another week just so they could deport me. It all happened so fast. My INS lawyer told me that I was supposed to be interviewed by

an investigator within a few days after I arrive at the detention facility. They were to set a bail so I could fight my case outside of jail. After a week I did not see any investigator. On the last day, all of the sudden they called my name. I thought that it was for my interview. I asked the officer what this was for and he said, "You're going to Mexico." I told him that there is something wrong and that my lawyer told me that I was supposed to get a bail set at the interview. He told me he knew nothing about my case and he put me in the holding tank for deportees. Later, they pulled me out to sign a paper. I tried to explain my situation to the officer and he just told me in an aggressive tone to sign the paper. The officer then looked at another officer, and gave him a look, saying how stupid I was. As it turns out I signed a "voluntary deportation" paper. They wouldn't even explain it to me.

On June 7 around 10pm, I was literally dropped off at the border with nothing but the clothes I had on and the few bucks I had when I was arrested. It is as if I was given the death penalty. I came to the United States when I was 3 months old, I am 22 now and I don't have any family here in Mexico. How do they expect me to survive. I was raised in the US. I am proud of my culture, but realistically, I don't know Mexico.

I don't understand how the US can do this to me. They ruined my future. I was an honor student at Valley College and enrolled in a program that will increase my chance for acceptance to UCLA. I was planning to apply during the months of May and June for admission for the winter. It is not only me that is being affected. My mother and my younger sister are being affected emotionally financially. My mother works from 3:30am to 4:00pm. I gave her about \$700 a month, which is basically my whole paycheck, to help support our home. Now, with an increasing phone bill from all the collect calls I have made from jail, there is a great financial burden on my mother. If my mother does not find another means of income she and my sister may have to move out.

My mother hired an Immigration lawyer and explained to me that there may still be hope. I have 2 options he says. One is to petition to return to the US which could take a year and cost \$4000. The other is to appeal the decision made and take it to the Supreme Court, which could take a few years and cost me \$15,000. He also said that there is some kind of July 8th deadline to begin the appeal. All this information was from my lawyers paralegal, so I don't know for sure what is true and what is not.

Bye.. — Javier

Right now, AGC is broke because of the bail-outs they made for comrades. We are asking the punk community for support. What you can do is:

- Get the word out (through friends, fanzines, ask promoters if you can announce this at shows)

- Send donations (every dollar counts)

- Set up benefit shows (bands can announce this news on stage)

- Individuals can hold garage sales, record swaps...

Javier's Legal Fund c/o Alternative Gathering Collective/PO Box 17546/Los Angeles, CA 90017 (make checks payable to Ron Jones).

Hey kids,

I just wanted to let you know that I have been receiving mail from a prisoner by the name of Bill Price, who is locked up in an Ionia, CA correctional facility. He wrote me, not b/c of Pages to Prisoners, but because my address was in *HeartattaCk* for a review of the little 'zine that Nate and I wrote (*Goodnight for a Daydream*). Tonight I spoke with a lady who also writes a 'zine, (and who, by the way, is organizing the Southern Girls Convention where Soophie is playing). She mentioned this inmate's name, and reported that he is a twice convicted sex-offender/rapist, serving multiple sentences, who is scheduled for release next year. He has been collecting women's zines, getting their addresses through publications like *HeartattaCk*. Without the permission of the 'zine writers, he assembles personal addresses, a few quotes, and any pictures of the women into a 'zine that he compiles into a 'zine, and calls it a "feminist 'zine review". The majority of quoted pieces recall images of sex and molestation. The lady who I spoke with tonight has had her name and quotes appear in four "issues" before she found out, and subsequently was advised to stop communication with him. He also puts out a personal 'zine, writing in the voice of a 14 year old girl who is "scared" of her own sexuality, with other stories with rape scenes, etc.

It scares me that this guy has my address. Please do not send him any mail. Return his envelopes and stamps. Please tell your friends.

Thanks, jenny

Revolutionaries of the World - organize and converge on Washington, DC!

Between September 28th and October 4th 2001, people from all over the world will be coming together to oppose the bi-annual meetings of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank. These meetings will be occurring at the Wardman Park Marriott Hotel in Washington, DC. Both these institutions exemplify how capitalism promotes poverty, racism, sexism, environmental destruction, and social injustice in the name of so-called development.

Both the IMF and the World Bank are merely the outward faces of a brutal elite bent on imposing its destructive economic regime on the entire world. We will not be content with reforming, or even abolishing the IMF/World Bank. We will not rest until every last bank has been burned, till the last memory of banks has been erased from our world. For only from the ashes of these banks and of capitalism itself can arise a new world of liberation, community, and harmony. We cannot wait, compromise, or petition for a better tomorrow. We must act now to present an anti-authoritarian alternative.

We call for a large-scale mobilization to descend on Washington to disrupt the IMF/WB meetings in solidarity with revolutionary movements throughout the world. We envision a joyous festival of resistance in the spirit of Seattle and Prague that will bring these meetings to a halt.

Anarchists from the east coast are currently organizing a tight but diverse revolutionary anti-capitalist

bloc to operate in conjunction with the creative action of autonomous cells to show our force at these meetings. We are calling for a diversity of tactics, and a mutual respect for all. We will succeed by any means necessary.

Cheerleaders of the revolution, artists, brigades of noise and marching bands, blocs of red and black (and clowns), communications scouts, bike mechanics and messengers, legal collectives, cooks, pirate radio operators, medics, DIY journalists, and puppetistas—whatever your passion is—we need you. Every victim of the police, every abused housewife, every bored teenager, every wage-slave waiting to break their chains, every last precious human being! Join us!

There is much to be done in the upcoming months. We need you to help organize meetings, begin caravans, gatherings, and other events to build connections and solidarity within the movement and beyond. Please get in touch!

Please send all correspondence to: wordsarenotenough@hotmail.com <http://infoshop.org/octo/abolishthebank.html>

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

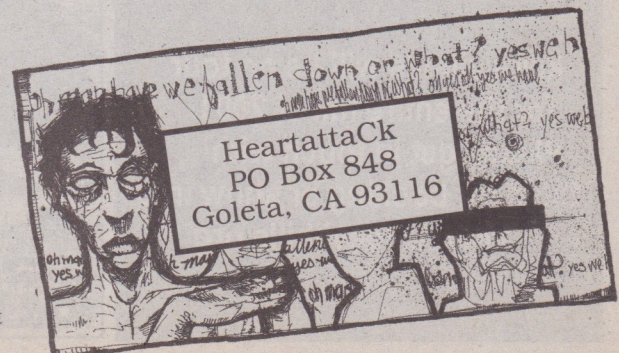
The main goal of this letter is to hopefully capture the attention of punk/hardcore enthusiasts in the El Paso, Texas/Ciudad de Juarez, Mexico area. I will be living down there (on the Mexico side, in Juarez) this coming fall semester on a border studies program through my school, as I will be doing a field study, and taking classes in Juarez and at UTEP. My wish is to become involved in the local hardcore/punk community. No, I don't want to study you, this is for my own well-being!!! I am extremely enthusiastic about the scene and need to establish a link with it somehow during my stay there.

I do vocals, write songs, and have experience in one short-lived band. I amplify my obsession of the 80's and recent hardcore bands by doing a one-page 'zine called *Clench*. I also have experience booking shows, and do punk artwork.

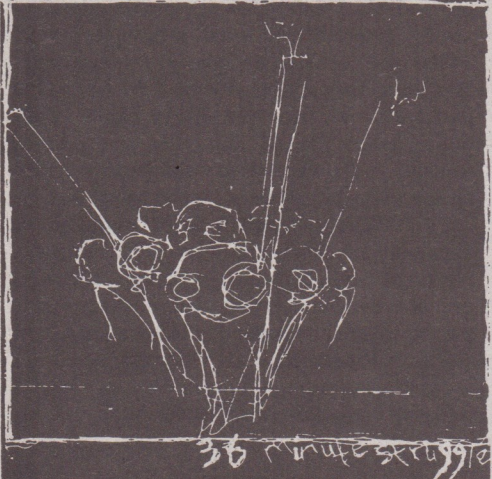
My border studies program is rooted in the Spanish language, and I am especially interested in the likely bilingual aspects of the El Paso/Juarez scene. If I will be in your area this fall, please don't hesitate to get in touch with me. I hope to hear from all of you soon, as I will be in El Paso/Juarez August 22nd. Thanks much.

Clench #1 (focus on VOID) and #2 (focus on the F.U.s) are still available by mail for a stamp each. *Clench* #3 is almost on the way with a focus on Agnostic Front. Bust out the hardcore!

—Phil Knowles/12780 E. 2200th St./Atkinson, IL 61235



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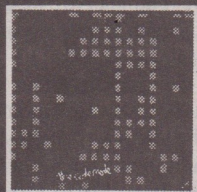
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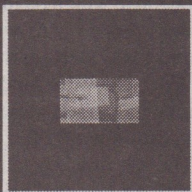
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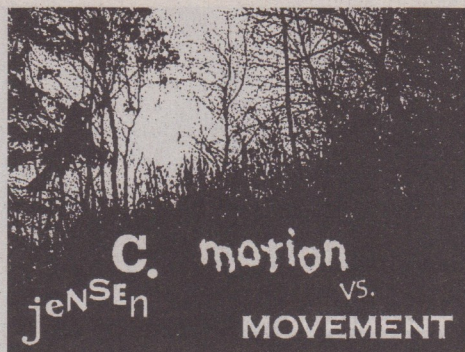
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COLUMNS

So you want to write a column for HaC? Well, you had better do it soon because we're kicking Al Burian off the staff and taking away his corner office! Fuck that guy. We pay him \$45,000 a year and he hasn't learned the first thing about respect! So if you want to fill his spot then get those fingers typing. - HaC executives



Have I lead you on? As I sit down to explain exactly why I have made this decision, I need to answer this question in the negative. It cannot be that I have been teasing you all of this time, tantalizing you with false possibilities. In light of my decision, I realize that you may feel somewhat betrayed. Trust me, I will never say "do-as I say, not as I do." So I am at an impasse, unless I can make sense of my decision. I have some explaining to do—to you, and to myself.

The dilemma is this: I have helped many of you think about creating change through your choice in careers. I know that many of you have decided to make teaching your career. It is possible that my writing may have played a small role in that decision. So, am I letting you down if I change my career?

Okay, out with it: I am no longer teaching at an under-resourced public middle school in Williamsburgh, Brooklyn. My last day was on Wednesday, June 27th, 2001. Sometime in the middle of this school year I decided to make it my last, to put an end to my eight year teaching career. My job here is to explain why.

Before I launch into what will seem like a fairly extensive list of complaints, all of which contributed to my decision, I want to make it clear just how much I love teaching. To the very last day I enjoyed the wonder of spending time with these kids, and I will miss dearly the experience of being their teacher. They have enriched my life and will forever counsel its path, even as that path veers away from the school.

I wanted to go out on a good note, to leave while I still felt positive about teaching, to end my career in prime condition. I read the warning signs in myself in time to know that I was going to fade before that actual fade occurred. To put it in hardcorepunk terms, I wanted my teaching career to stop on a dime like a good grindcore song, not fade out like some cheesy pop song.

I read my own signs in terms of exhaustion. As anyone who has spent significant time with kids can imagine, teaching is a very tiring line of work. I always laugh at the naysayers who complain that teachers have it too easy. "A six-and-a-half hour work day," they say, "and only one hundred and eighty days of work per year." They will recommend: "we need an elongated teaching day and year-round schooling." I say let the naysayers work in these long-day, year-round schools. I could not do it. It has been my experience that a day ending in mid-afternoon and plentiful vacations are essential aspects of the educational process. Education is taxing, and both student and teacher alike need frequent opportunities for rest and recharge.

The vacations used to be enough. I used to milk a quality teaching year out of one week rests in December, February, and April. By the time June ended and school let out, I was demolished. But summer provided a respite which cleared my mind and balanced my sleep bank, and I returned to school in September ready to face the challenges of a new year.

Recently, over the past two years, summer did not cut it. Two months off was not enough. Maybe that sounds dumb. Maybe I seem pretty weak, but this was the reality. What had begun to weigh on me was cumulative exhaustion; the years of hard work began to pile up on me, and I was starting the year tired.

What kind of working conditions might make a person so exhausted that two months of vacation would fail to be adequately refreshing? The list of adverse conditions is long, but let us start with some basic numbers: 120 to 150. That is the number of students I have in an average year. I see them each five to six forty-minute periods per week. I assign and check homeworks at least four days out of five and collect and grade about one lab per week per student. Just the paperwork alone is daunting in a system which believes that a class size of thirty to thirty-six students is reasonable and manageable. The very foundation of my job, the class load, left me with little free time for rest, reflection, and recharge.

I do not know if other school systems are appreciably different than New York City's, but I was pretty much left alone to deal with this yearly mass of students. Just managing these kids and their work was difficult enough; creating lessons and labs for them was another whole task which needed to fit within the same day. I was given a textbook. That was all. There was no curriculum, there were no tests, there were no activities, there were no labs. Although generations of teachers had taught in my room for decades before, very little of their work had been preserved for future generations. In a way this was a blessing, because this dearth allowed me to create my own standards for teaching, unbiased by prepared notions of what was 'acceptable' education. Because I created everything myself, I was able to teach some pretty radical lessons in my class. Because no one checked in on me as long as my classroom was orderly, I could pretty much teach whatever I wanted to teach. But even as this kind of opportunity is liberating, it is also exhausting. Constant creation is draining.

My problem was that I handled it. I managed, in spite of these burdens, to do a decent job as a teacher. Granted, my school day was never short. It was not uncommon for me to arrive at school shortly after seven in the morning and leave well after five in the evening. During this long work span, I was usually working constantly, through my lunch and all of my "free" periods, to prepare for the time when I was teaching. I suspect that all quality teachers must put in these rigorous work hours; it is just not possible to complete all of the basic tasks during the hours sandwiched between morning arrival and afternoon dismissal. There was plenty of overtime, but not the kind that you get paid time-and-a-half for.

Putting in these kinds of hours, putting forth what is sadly considered an "exceptional

effort", the over-achieving teacher falls into a trap: the more you provide, the more the school system demands. I call it that "pathology of competence"; if you prove that you can competently handle one task, you are asked to do another. For me, this meant that I was asked to mentor new teachers, to write new curriculum, to gather lab materials, and to help run the science department. For a long time I mindlessly accepted these additional duties, flattered at the faith placed in me by the administration. But as the work load increased, I found myself more and more crushed by it, trapped in a vicious cycle—if I expend effort to do a good job, I am only burdened with more work. It is an inherently losing battle, even for the hardest-working of teachers, because there is an endless supply of work that needs to be done, and it will be assigned to those who do a good job. We hear a lot about schools which lack basic material resources: books, desks, classrooms, chairs, paper, pens, and pencils. But the real crisis lies in the lack of quality human resources in the school system, for there are far more challenges that need careful attention than competent educators to attend to them. Those who attempt to face these challenges become quickly buried.

And so I found myself, year after year, increasingly buried in work. After a while I learned to turn some of it down, as I got over the guilt associated with refusing to do something crucial to our students' education. As much as I wanted to tackle every shortcoming, I could not handle to total barrage. And, even as I learned to limit my work load to some degree, I was always tired, and busy attending to those projects I deemed a priority. The problem with teaching is that there is always something that could be done to make the educational experience better. There is no end to the needs of my students, and yet each and every day I had to choose some limit in order to keep my sanity.

I know that I put in some pretty insane effort as a teacher. But still I mentally flog myself for not being more committed. I often think of all of my other hobbies and activities as impediments to my teaching career; what could I have accomplished if I had not insisted on selfishly running a record label, playing in bands, and riding around on my skateboard or bike during my off hours? These kids are so needy, and I wondered over the years if I was giving enough. And I felt guilty for doing anything other than being the super-teacher. There are those who spend almost all of their waking hours engaged in assisting their students. I know that I could not do that. I have a limit, and a large yet finite capacity to help others solve their problems, and my activities outside of teaching actually help rather than hinder my efforts in the classroom. I realize this now, as I may have done too much, as I may have exhausted myself, as I know I did so much—I still feel guilty for not doing enough.

Apparently the school system is in touch with my guilt, because they have steadily piled on additional tasks and duties. Across the nation there is this call for "higher standards in education." Students are being tested to death, sent in unprecedented numbers to extra hours of classes after-school and over the summer, all in the name of higher standards. Teachers are judged by the numbers they crank out, and it is assumed that "productivity" can easily be augmented by

simply teaching to the standards. While the standards are raised, the resources afforded to teachers have not increased. The assumption is that students and teachers alike have been slumping a bit, and that all it will take to rev everyone up to maximum educational RPM's is a little stomping on the gas pedal by standardized testing. But the reality is that we are already working to the best of our abilities given the resources we have been given, and if the classroom standards are to rise then the public's willingness to allot resources to education must also increase. Stomp on the testing pedal all you want because we have reached the limit of the machine; what we need is a larger educational engine. As things now stand, teachers and students are simply more frustrated with being labeled as failures; and, even when we meet the standards, we do so under exceptionally dire conditions, and therefore emerge exhausted by the effort. I do not want to work in a system where I work as hard as I know how, only to be labeled as a failure.

As I am sure you can hear, there is an issue of personal dignity mixed in with complaints about the structural deficiencies of the school system. I can deal with a little indignity for the sake of the children because they suffer far greater insults at the hands of society than I, but after a while the insults pile and begin to sting. Every news report paints teachers as lazy and incompetent. The school system treats you like the number that you really are. Teachers, already amongst the lowest paid of professionals, are denied a new contract. It all begins to wear on you, and you face a daunting choice: completely relinquish all pride or quit the job.

For me, this choice came in very specific terms. I developed a unique indignity, predictable yet no less stinging, paradoxically avoidable yet unavoidable. My problem came down to credentials, and my refusal to get them. New York City does this really evil thing—they let you teach with almost no credentials, but then they penalize you if you do not earn them. Really, it is a system designed for failure, because it requires the least-trained and therefore most-overwhelmed teachers to be doing the most coursework during their most difficult teaching years. I had eight years to complete a few educational credits and to get my master's degree, and I kept putting it off. From a purely self-interested vantage, it was a really dumb thing to do, but I had my reasons. I was really busy being a good teacher, and I just did not, or could not, bring myself to take classes after teaching all day. I knew that taking lots of classes would cause my teaching to suffer, and I was already feeling that my teaching effort was inadequate. And, the master's degrees in education were insultingly dull and useless to me. Maybe I was being stubborn, but I certainly was not being selfish; by simply jumping through the credentials hoop I would have earned a whole lot more money. I was busy being a good teacher, something that the school system did nothing to recognize. I let the years slip by, until I was finally faced with a deadline. If I did not complete a master's degree by February of 2002, I would be bumped down to starting salary. For someone already making a minuscule amount of pay, living in one of the most expensive cities in the world, this was the final

insult.

In theory, certification and credentials mean something. The rationale behind the deadline was sound—teachers should be exposed to a thorough education on how to be educators, and qualified teachers should be separated from unqualified teachers by this educational process. But, in reality, this is not what happens. In New York City, the teachers who quickly get their credentials tend to be the ones who take the most shortcuts at the expense of the kids' educations, while dedicated teachers strive for excellence in obscurity. On paper, the teacher with the master's degree looks more qualified, but this is rarely the case. I might think that I am amongst the best teachers in New York City, but to some specialist down at the central board I am just an uncertified clod. I am treated as such, and so I have only one option: retreat.

I think it was about time. Not being capable of exploring my own unconscious motives, it may be the case that I intentionally allowed this "credential crisis" to occur, as a means of escaping. It would not surprise me if this was the case. I am beaten down, burnt out, just plain tired. I am exhausted with living in New York City: a harsh, unforgiving place. I cannot afford to own my own home here, so I am trapped in the financial morass of rent slavery. I worry daily about being killed by a car as I try to do the right thing and pedal to work. As I see what my students go through, I cannot imagine raising a family here. All forces tug away from New York City.

I wonder: "Am I being selfish?" Although it would be a struggle, I ask: "Would it be such a bad life to serve these kids and this neighborhood for the rest of my life?" What is too selfish? What is too selfless? How long can selflessness endure?

What makes my leaving all the more guilt-inducing is its timing; 2001 is a significant year. It's the year that welfare reform really kicks in, the five year expiration date for those who have traditionally relied on government support to survive. Regardless of how you feel about the responsibility and culpability of the adults involved, this deadline promises to hurt the innocent children of welfare most. Inner-city schools will have an even greater need for caring, inspired teachers, as the school's population begins to include more and more children who live in severe poverty. How can I leave? How can I stay? I know I need to go.

And really, it is quite sad, because I love these kids. Although I am certain I want to leave, I feel pangs of guilt and sadness. I will miss many of my hard-working colleagues, and will feel a little strange abandoning them to fight the good battle without me. I have come to love my school, and the neighborhood which produces it, and yet I am walking away. It is sad because it is so easy for me to leave.

My students cannot escape so easily. In a lot of ways I feel like I have, over the past few years, transcended my upper middle class upbringing. I have struggled, certainly not to the extent of my students, but struggled nonetheless, just to get by. I have had to really make sacrifices in my life plans in order to continue to teach at an urban school. And then I realize, in one quick instant, that I have not really transcended my

class—I have just taken a vacation from it. Because, with a simple decision, I am out of the morass. Ironically, it is because I have an education. It makes sense, really. I tried, in many cases successfully but often not, to give to my under-privileged students the very advantage that I hold over them; I am educated, and therefore I can control my class destiny.

It was my destiny to end up in class. In all of my effort to be a great teacher, I have lost myself. In all of the years I was busy being the teacher, I really had to neglect my own education. The ironic thing about my downfall was that it resulted from my own educational self-neglect. I am now on the path to set that right and move on. In the fall I begin a master's program in Applied Ecology. I do not know where this degree will take me; I could return to teaching in public schools upon completion, or I could enter the doctoral program and become a college professor. I may use my degree in ecology to educate the public at large. Whatever the future holds, I am thrilled to begin higher study in a field which means so much to me.

I will always be a teacher. My friends who read this know what I mean. In some capacity I will always strive to share that which I value with others. It is my way, and the way of all true progressives. I do not know if I could return to the indignity of the New York City Board of Education, but I feel as though I have many classroom hours left in me. And, who knows, if enough of us speak out, voice our anger at the state of education, we might make places like the N.Y.C.B.O.E. into livable environments for teachers and students to thrive.

When my students see that I am causing a particular student to have an inflated ego by praising his or her work in class, they say "Jensen, don't gas his head up; Jensen, don't gas her head up." So I do not want to gas my own head up, to claim sainthood or portray myself as a martyr. I have made mistakes along this road. But I represent, at least statistically, the most educationally privileged of Americans. I went to a great high school and was given the best courses and the best teachers. I graduated from one of the best colleges in the nation, with honors. These accomplishments were nothing; I worked for them, but they were given to me. Working with needy kids in the public schools has been much more difficult than any course that I took in college. In the end, I failed.

No, really, do not feel bad for me—I did fail. I could not do it. I only lasted for eight years. The system beat me. I could not be a teacher, in spite of all of my privileged education. Now tell me, if I cannot do what I consider a good job under the conditions offered, who will? Who can? I am not so stupid as to assume that any honor student can jump into the classroom and be successful, but really, if someone caring and driven and well-taught like me cannot do it, will it ever be done under the current conditions?

The answer is a resounding "NO!" No one, even the most educationally-privileged, personally-gifted, and self-sacrificing individual can avoid being swallowed up by the enormous gap which lies between the public education we do offer and the public education we *ought* to offer. As much as I touched the lives of many students, and made their lives a bit better, I was

but a spit in the wind. And, in fact, I might have been fighting the wrong battle. What I was doing was counter-intuitively counter-active to my stated goals. Because, as I strove for excellence in a completely dysfunctional system, going to absurd lengths to make it work, I became an apologist for the system. I might have buffered the abuse endured by a few kids, but overall my effect was to make the system look better than it really deserves to look. The whole reason that our inner-city education system has not collapsed is that literally millions of self-sacrificing altruists work every day to keep the ship from sinking. They do so because they do not want this year's boatload of students to drown. But in keeping them just barely afloat, these teachers ensure that the same mangled boat will set sail again next year. I cannot be on that crew anymore. I understand their calling, and I appreciate the few lives they save, but I want to lift the whole educational boat out of the water and christen a watertight replacement. It is for this reason that I will always be a voice for educational change. I cannot help but talk constantly of the injustice that my students face. Wherever I find my "career", I will not forget my experience as a teacher in Williamsburg, Brooklyn; regardless of what I pursue, educational reform is one of my life's missions.

In leaving teaching for graduate school, there will be some petty triumphs. I will feel a certain euphoria when I can place all of my collared dress shirts and ties into a box marked "Chris School Clothes", not to be worn for the next two years. I am sure that there will be a relief for the first month that I no longer need to tell other people what to do all day. I hope that the end to this constant monitoring, the enduring shouldering of responsibility for over one hundred young people a day, will leave me with energy not known for years. It is fitting that I write this significant finale a day before I leave for tour, after a sleepless night of preparation, totally exhausted from a recent move out of New York City. I am a wreck, but I have so much in front of me. I wish that I could guarantee the same for every kid back at Intermediate School 318.

I am not just going to stop teaching. This will also be my final HaC column in the series entitled "Motion Vs. Movement." I have tried my best to answer the question implicit in this title: "Is hardcorepunk a movement, or are we just making motions at change?" All of my answers have focused on my contribution to making this a movement—being a punk teacher in an under-resourced New York City public school. So it seems appropriate that I end this series as I began it, speaking exclusively about my experience as a teacher. For now I am no longer a teacher, so for now I will not continue writing this column.

There is a strange circularity to life sometimes. It makes me wonder if what I see on the surface (chaotic, senseless, random events) belies a hidden but significant pattern to the world. If such a pattern exists, it brought me to a unique sort of closure on my final day of teaching at Intermediate School 318. Seven years prior, during the school year 1994-1995, I taught a difficult class called "186"; in fact, my first HaC column in this series was about Jerry, the most memorable of my students in class 186. If you

find your old HaC's and locate this column, you will read about my concern for Jerry's future in light of the obstacles he faced as a fourteen-year-old Junior High student in Williamsburgh, Brooklyn. Well it turns out that Jerry is a friend of a young teacher at our school, Avelino, a guy who grew up in the neighborhood and knew Jerry back when he was my student. Avelino and I had talked on and off about Jerry all year long as soon as we both made the connection. I learned that Jerry was still alive, which was weirdly enough a relief, but that he had dropped out of high school and was basically just living with his grandmother and hanging out. Avelino was trying to get him into a G.E.D. program and get him up out of nothing.

The last day of school is a half day for students. They leave, and the staff has a barbecue in the school's atrium. Right before my principal gave a beautiful farewell speech in my honor, Avelino tried to pull me into the hallway. I had to stay and wait to be honored, but I instantly knew who awaited me. In a way I wanted to be outside of that adult world where people make heartfelt but in the end meaningless statements about each other; I wanted to see Jerry. So as soon as I could I stole away and got to re-meet him, seven years older. The minute we saw each other we started to bust a Method Man song that he brought into my world. We laughed at his yearbook picture (he had a big 'ole flattop back in the day) and talked a little about the news and the thens. Jerry looked really healthy and vibrant. He was still working on his life, but he seemed headed in the right direction. I knew back then that I could only play a minor role in Jerry's life. I know now that I only played a small part in his childhood. I will never know how much of Jerry's life was influenced by our nine months in the same classroom. But on this day, my last day as a teacher, it felt like I had done some good.

As we looked at the yearbook, Jerry came to a realization: "Damn, Jensen, you were only twenty-one when you taught us, and now I'm twenty-one."

"Jerry, man, you're making me feel old."

"Nah, Jensen, you're not old."

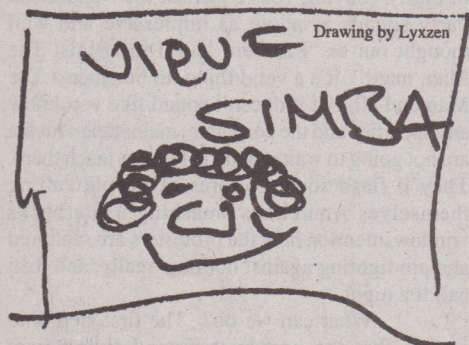
I'm not old, or over.

I am trying my best to leave a legacy of my efforts. I do not want to just drop off the face of the educational world or disappear from its struggle for proper treatment. For now, my struggle to stay involved comes as a two-pronged attack. First of all, I am in the process of editing the complete collection of these columns, under the hope that someone or something will publish them in book form. If you have any connections, please let me know. Secondly, I have archived a record of all my teaching activities (labs, lessons, etc.) on a single CDR. I have left a bunch of these with my school, under the hope that they will be used by future generations of teachers, who will use my work as a starting point for pedagogical progression. I do not want to damn others to reinventing the wheel, as I was forced to do when I first entered the classroom. There is no reason to limit the distribution of this data to my former school and its teachers, so I am offering a free copy of this CDR to anyone who wants it for educational or voyeuristic purposes. All you have

to do is send me a blank 650 mb CDR and a self-addressed envelope large enough to hold the CDR affixed with one dollar in postage and I swear you will get it back in two weeks with enough teaching data to instantly turn you into a science guru. Send such requests to: Chris Jensen, 21 North Street, Huntington Station, NY 11746. (This is my home address so please do not pull a Beibin and decide to spontaneously visit me. If you do violate my privacy in this manner I will, summarily, run you over with my Planet X urban assault bicycle featuring a five-inch travel Marzocchi fork. It will hurt you.)

So before I go, let me say thanks: 1. Thanks to everyone who has read this column over the years; 2. Thanks to everyone who has told me that this column was valuable; 3. Thanks to everyone who wrote or emailed, particularly those still awaiting a response (gulp!); 4. Thanks to everyone who became a teacher, not necessarily *because* you read this column, but moreover *as* you read this column; and 5. Most of all, thank you to the people who tirelessly work at this invaluable resource called Ebullition/*HeartattaCk* (Leslie, Lisa, Kent) for affording me absurd amounts of space in which to voice ideas on the movement.

Thanks; write patiently to: cjensen22@earthlink.net.



Yet again I've fallen in love with someone too young, too far away and too beautiful. But it's the first days and thoughts of the future are pushed aside. Just the feelings of the moment are all that seem to matter. There is plenty of time for the issues to arise. Now is the time for savoring the excitement and the wonder. For kissing and hand-holding. For all-night conversations and mind-blowing sex. For mouthing the words "I love you" to the top of his head as he lies in my arms because I'm not brave enough to say them aloud. Yet.

I swore this wouldn't happen again. But this boy was irresistible. I should be spending my time with him repeating the mantra "Don't get too attached. Don't get too attached." But instead I'm looking at him thinking "You are so great. You are so fantastic. You are so cute. You are so incredible. You are so pretty. You are so smart. You are so funny. You are so hot. You are so adorable." Hardly the same thing. Not really what I'm **supposed** to be doing.

In 2000 I was sensible. I didn't date. Now I've thrown caution to the wind and I'm living life. I'm mended, whole, sane and balanced [or as much as I'll ever be]. I'm ready to love again.

Thought I'd chose a little more wisely whom to love this time though. But once again I find myself rejecting the easy options. Turning

down what makes sense on paper. Because it's got to be more. They've got to be incredible. The wonderful are all well and good, but I feel like I'm settling. I can't do the love thing with someone great. They have to be phenomenal.

I get to choose whom I'm with. I get to pick. And I'm selling myself short if I don't think of them as creative and talented and incredibly **special**. On paper the non-musicians and the geographically close look good. The financially stable and similarly aged sound great. But love can't be chosen according to those factors. Those criterion don't mean that much in the end. Love has to be chosen where the sparks fly and the stomach flips and the head spins and the heart aches.

I could do the practical thing. *I could* pick a stable, close, smart, good man. But I know it wouldn't last. It's got to be this one here. Right now it's got to be him.

Of course there are the red flags waving all around me. The warning signals are being shown to me, by me, left right and center. But I'm ignoring them and running past them all. I don't care.

Yes, he's far away. Yes, he's younger than me. Yes, I'll it's pretty damn likely that I'll get hurt. But that's just a risk worth taking.

The 'easy option' has never been the Vique Simba way. Never been my style; never will be. Yeah, I know I make my life complicated and difficult. But I'm a complicated and difficult woman, so how could my life be anything but?

At least I've got one thing right... This one is honest. This one is trustworthy. He's sensitive and he's smart and he listens and he thinks. He's amazing.

Sure I'm choosing danger. But my eyes are wide open and I feel fine with taking this gamble. Oh, the odds aren't too highly in my favor but the gambling experience will be heavenly. Maybe I won't get the big win. But every moment spent with him makes me happy. And there will be no regrets.



Do not swallow contents.

Al

Burian

Christ on a crutch, people! I've just received the newest *HeartattaCk* magazine, and there on page 3 (where, traditionally, at least in British magazines, the naked lady is supposed to go), under the heading "cen-sor-ship," Mr. Kent McClard informs us that a certain Ravi Grover's column has been deleted from the pages of the very issue now besooting my sweaty little hands! Further, McClard informs us that the reason for this censoring is that Grover's expressed viewpoints in the offending column are "diametrically opposed to the fundamental ideas of *HeartattaCk*." "HaC has no obligation to provide him with space and you won't be reading his column in these pages," states Kent.

Reading these words, I am angered and outraged in a profound, almost inexpressible way. My column in the exact same issue of

HeartattaCk is about Blue Oyster Cult! Further, during a tenuous analogy, I imply that I am unsatisfied with a former girlfriend for not doing my laundry regularly! How much more diametrical can you get! Why does Ravi Grover get to be censored by *HeartattaCk* and Al Burian can't get his name out of print no matter how hard he tries?

It's unfair. Since being knighted to the ranks of columnist during the secret ceremony in the back room of the ebullition offices on that humid summer night back in the olde millennium, my columnistic mission has always been to outrage the frumps at HC HQ. And in all sincerity, I feel like I've put in some fine efforts. Why, my first ever printed sentence within the magazines' hallowed pages involved the phrases "gyrating suggestively" and "bootie barn." Since then I've taken great pains to make only major label cultural references, endorse only bands that smoke pot (hence "gyrating suggestively at the bootie barn with Jon Asher of the Red Scare"), and suggest to the women of the world that they should perform acts of mass ritual murder against people like me and/or do my laundry if they have any free time.

That seems pretty censorable, doesn't it? The kind of thing which might get you kicked out of a reputable punk magazine filled with what Scott O'Neil, resigning from hardcore in a teary farewell letter in that same issue, describes as "fucking boring.... people that take everything so seriously." And yet, try as I might, not a peep from the reigning Czars of taste and decency. I've been turning in column after column, each time crossing my fingers and eagerly anticipating the torrent of indignation to be e-mailed back to me by an overwrought Ogelsby or cantankerous Kahan. But never have I received even the slightest protest. Not even a complaint about me in the letters section!

And then, to add injury to insult, this Ravi Grover character blasts past me in the fast-lane on the superhighway of seditious thought, not only having his column banned but even getting a full explanatory write-up on the limits of first amendment protection printed in response to the unacceptable expressions of whatever vile train of demonology he's found to spew! What could he possibly have come up with that could be so offensive as to overshadow my valiant efforts?

Well, I'll confess that my immediate impulse here was one I've acted on a few times before, although usually I'm being paid at least \$6.25/hr when I do: "OK. If they won't fire me, I quit." Mike Thorn will hook me up with a column over at *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, and I bet I'll be in and out in one issue. Hell, I bet they won't even accept my first column (it'll probably be about interior decoration).

But then, what if they did accept my columns? What if I couldn't even get kicked out of *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*, a magazine with a stated editorial policy of excluding all things which aren't punk? In an almost Oedipal way, can I deal with the implications to the universe if I manage to slip an article on Blue Oyster Cult into the "pioneers of punk" section?

McClard's point is well-taken: his own censure from the pages of MRR for liking music which was, basically, too wimpy or too musically

complex to fall within their range of coverage did not elicit in him the desire to produce a magazine which was all about freedom and the exchange of ideas in all their multi-spectral glory; it made him start a magazine focused around the weird music he liked and its accompanying subculture. There are magazines which are for and about people who enjoy covering their entire body in non-porous materials, and these magazines have no obligation to cover non-rubberism-related topics, or, for that matter, to include the counterpoint arguments against rubberism in there for balance. That's not censorship, that's just keeping things down to a manageable information level.

McClard's advice to Ravi and his compatriot grippers is the old move-west argument (the publishing equivalent of advising the Mormons, "hey, Utah is available"): the outcasts are supposed to start their own cultural production facilities around the new subculture they've smithed. "Start your own magazine," he counsels. Hmm, maybe I should do just that. What are we going to call the new subculture, though? Fucking exciting people that take nothing seriously? Well, it would probably have a higher circulation than a magazine named after having a coronary.

Pitching at Inclines

With

Eric

xxx



Part One: The Personal...

In April my Mom died. She suffered with lung cancer and then bone cancer and finally, after a rather large and difficult amount of radiation and chemical treatments were thrust into her body, the body gave out and she died on April 29, 2001. In a perfect world, it would go without saying that this was hard. Unfortunately, some people don't have good relationships with family so the question might arise. In my case it has been hard. I was very close to my Mom. I still find myself thinking about what I'm going to tell her the next time I go back to the old house. I think about the next call I'll make to her and what crazy news story I want her opinion on. I think about all of those things.

I've been dealing with this all pretty well. My wife, Bethany, has been an immeasurable source of help and inspiration. My friends have supported me like family. I don't mean that in some esoteric manner, either. I mean that they were there at the viewing and funeral. Some carried my Mom's coffin into and out of the church. I felt really, really lucky to be surrounded by such amazing people at such a

down time.

Still, there are times when I'm alone with the whole thing. People always say that we enter this world alone and we leave it alone. I guess I've tried my best to not be alone during the mid-ground. I am a rather social person. There are, however, certain things, certain times, which must be dealt with, alone. That is the challenge of living itself. Even through all of the great support I still had to deal with that quiet time before I fell asleep thinking about whatever it was that my mind drifted to. During those days it was my Mom.

In my attempt to be a somewhat positive person, I tried my best to turn those hardest times into a celebration of my Mother's memory. I keep her alive in my thoughts and through my actions. Turning those emotions around is kind of hard. Actually finding the summer in the midst of winter (as Camu put it) is so much easier to read on a record sleeve or in a book. When one tries to DO that in real life it becomes a struggle, but a worthy one. Those words take on a new meaning. They become tinged with a reality that is finally bearable. They slip the surly bonds of ideas and rhetoric and become a reality in our lives. That is beautiful.

Part Two: ...Is The Political

When last we met in these pages, I stated that this time around we needed to discuss what it is that we want from social change AND who are the people we'll have to deal with to get it. So, what is it then? What do we want from social change? I recall last summer, the summer of 2000, when in Philly, the City of Brotherly Love (and crime) the police committed a bunch of crimes against the folks who were speaking out against the ideals set forth by the Republican Party. During all of these actions, demonstrations, parades and protests people kept asking those involved why they were there. The answers that were given were as numerous as the people who were there. It was something akin to the WTO protests in Washington state before that. There were environmentalists, labor rights folks and unionists, anti-globalists and anti-capitalists all in attendance to voice concern and anger.

The media in the USA is very reliant on the "sound bite." It used to be the headline in the printed media. This phenomenon never went away. When reporters asked people involved in both actions what they were doing there (a valid question), the people involved tried to explain what they were doing. Two things happened next. First, the answers weren't all the same so the reporters got nervous, thinking that this didn't sound like "good copy." Second, some folks who were asked tried to explain the systemic problems with each of the institutions being targeted (i.e. the Republican Party and the WTO). Well, this didn't make for that sought after "good copy" either.

Think about it this way: Someone you know, respect and like asks you to explain what is wrong with the Republican Party in the United States government. Chances are, either you'll be there for a WHILE giving the laundry list of details about how many things you find wrong with these clowns, or you'll say something akin to "What isn't wrong with them! They are crap!" Either answer is valid, to some extent. But hook that into this: is a reporter in the corporate owned

media going to sit down with a crusty, smelly kid as she tells him about the systemic problems dating back years and hang on this hardcore kids every word? The reporter SHOULD do that because it's the way to get the story. But, what the reporter WILL do instead is take the "What isn't wrong? This whole thing sucks!" sound bite and work with it. The story reads: "Protesters are scattered in their causes. They don't know what they want or what they're against!" I was taken back when, during the Republican National Convention in Philly some of my wife's parents friends were pointing this out to me. I was shocked because these people are yesterday's hippie activists. It was amazing to me that these folks, who had been involved with resistance to a war, could be so seemingly lost as to why folks were there.

Then it hit me... the left-leaning activists of the 70's, for the most part anyway, were against THE WAR. That was the thing that divided the country and households. That was the thing that people were talking about, resisting and fighting. When something like the WTO threatens organized labor, the environment, workers sanity, people's sovereignty, and promotes a capitalist mindset, it's easy to see that those once entrenched in a single cause could not be easily swayed. The same with the GOP protests in Philly. Saying you're against the Republican Party sounds as about as impressive and well thought out as "I'm here 'cuz I'm against The Man, man!" It's a valid thing, to be against The Man and all, but it doesn't sound like you know any specifics and the corporate, mainstream media are not going to wait around to have us teach them. They'll flash some pictures of people calling themselves Anarchists smashing a Starbucks window, mention how the protesters are scattered and are fighting against nothing, really, and then call it a night.

What can we do? The first step is to realize that the corporate owned mainstream media are not going to do us any favors. Even in stories that don't directly effect the flow of cash into the coffers of the media agents we see that these entities are unwilling to go the extra few steps to get the story accurate. Take the May Day Celebration in my hometown of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania this past year. A parade was formed, there were street performers, food was being shared, puppets were in full swing, folks were in costume... things were rolling a long. Then the cops came and said to stop blocking the area. The public sidewalk, that is. Well, one thing led to another and the cops got out of hand and started manhandling people, shoving them down, pepper spraying them, kneeling them, cuffing and arresting them. The media of the Big 3 Plus One (CBS affiliate, NBC affiliate, ABC affiliate and Fox affiliate) all covered the story, and they all did a poor job of it. The print media on the situation wasn't any better, and in the case of the Tribune Review, worse. Even when the press releases were called the sound bite was of the last 20 seconds of the meeting, making the spokesperson seem rushed and anxious. The drama of the situation translates well onto the TV.

Now we're stuck with a city that knows a bunch of "crazy looking people" were arrested for "rioting in the streets." Ugh. This is far from the truth and nowhere near the whole story. Why

were people dressed the way they were? It was a street party/parade/celebration! Face paint... banners... home made floats... the whole nine! This wasn't mentioned. Again, to the casual viewer, this is not reported, so the average 50-year-old viewer thinks "crazy kids" and little more. We need to work on this on a real level. That means doing the unthinkable... talking to average people!!! I know. It's almost unheard of, but I feel that it's the real way to do it. Talk to 'em. Talk to 'em all... the folks in our houses, the folks in our families, the folks at work and school, the folks at the flea markets and swap meets, the folks in the bars and caf  s, the waiters and waitresses, the clerk at the dollar store, the folks at the post office, the people on the bus or train and even **gasp** your neighbors!

As we can see from countless examples, the media as we know it are NOT going to give the average viewer the complete story. And YES, I think that this does include NPR. I know that National Public Radio is better than some media out there, but it still has it's short comings and is still slanted to a very pro government (read: Democratic Party) angle. Even though they are slightly better, they still don't make the grade. We need to, as individuals, talk to people and make theses struggles REAL to them. A news story is nothing to most people. It's a noise in the background on the way to work in the morning. It's a headline to glance over while tuning to the sports page. What we as an activist community need to do is talk to the people who will glance by the headline about how the US government does not mind killing citizens via the death penalty and ask them if they are COMFORTABLE living in a country where the GOVERNMENT can KILL citizens. It does not matter which side of the Capital Punishment debate you are on or the person you are talking to is on... simply talking about it is about 1,000 times more active towards getting people motivated to think than keeping your mouth shut. I can't tell you how many clerks I've talked to about Unionizing service industries. I've had some ask what a Union is. I've explained as best I can in the time I have. Just think about it though, maybe that person never really thought of an alternative to the working conditions and pay that they received until I mentioned it to them. What if it spread to another thought of talking to their fellow workers about it? The same goes for any instance of protest or struggle that is caught in the public eye.

Maybe the conversation on the bus or in the break room can drift away from Survivor for long enough to get someone thinking about an issue that matters. If they think about it enough, they'll mention it to a friend... an' they told two people an' they told two people... you get the picture. It all starts with that one comment to break the silence of the transaction at the store or in the caf  . That silence can kill.

Even in the midst of all of the crazy stuff that's happened over the past few months (with my Mom passing away and all) I've still been motivated to talk to people about what matters in the world. I've still been motivated to care. I have hope. Hope is hard to have sometimes, but it truly is the binding of the struggle for a better world. Find the things that give you hope, nurture and care for them and continue to fight the good fight. ***Next time

tune in for things that give this hope.***

I do 1/2 of a 'zine called *Here Be Dragons* and it's good. Want one? I'll give ya one for a buck, or so... get in touch. I dig Smiths and Morrissey Bootlegs. You too? Get out! Write me, we'll talk.

Bring it, yo. It'll be out 'da frame!

Write to: Eric/PO Box 162/Turtle Creek, PA 15145; xericx@telerama.com

Rich Booher

Well, I've been wanting to write a column for *HeartattaCk* for quite some time, but I haven't been able to get myself to do it until now. I was spurred to do this by the events which took place at Chicago fest this past year. Anton Underestimated and the other people who set up the fest did a remarkable job. It was extremely well organized for such a large punk fest that was done in a DIY manner. The bands that played were equally incredible—Down In Flames, Tear It Up, Lifes Halt, No Reply, Vitamin X, Only 10 Between Us, Sin Orden, The Real Enemy (unfortunately their last show), Gordon Solie Motherfuckers and a bunch of others.

Well, the interesting things about the fest actually begin with the GSMF set. The fest took place in an old hall at the University of Chicago, which didn't look like a building designed by people who thought there would ever be a possibility that punk bands would play in it. The show was divided into 3 parts- Friday night, Saturday day and Saturday night. The fest was going smoothly until the madness that erupted during the GSMF set. GSMF played right after Lifes Halt, who played a crazy set themselves, at the end of the Saturday day show. I made my way to the front of the room, eagerly anticipating what I knew would be a display of insanity. I had heard stories about the band's live sets, but was still shaken with a sense of wonderful terror when they began to play.

They opened their set with the first song off of the 10" on 625, and immediately chaos erupted. I began hearing loud pops all around me and smelled and saw the smoke from the firecrackers that were being thrown. Being a nerdy kid afraid of fireworks, I moved further back so I could see what was happening without being hit by the miniature explosives.

It looked as if a tornado was inside the room. The smoke was given a circular motion by the kids circle-pitting, trash cans and chairs were flying through the air, and kids were even attempting to swing from the large chandelier in the middle of the room. It was a spectacular sight, but definitely not something that the people from the University were happy about.

After 2 songs, some students who had helped out setting up the fest at the U of C, got on stage and pleaded with everyone to stop throwing trash cans and fireworks. No one wanted the fest to get shut down, so kids stopped for the rest of the set. After the set, tons of kids pitched in to help clean up so that the rest of the fest could go on. The fest was shut down anyway, and not even by the pigs, but by some uptight college student.

If it was a certainty that the fest was gonna get shut down, people should have just let loose and trashed the place, but unfortunately kids restrained themselves for nothing.

So, it gets shut down and Anton tries a last stitch effort to move it to another place so that the bands who drove from far away wouldn't have done so for nothing and unfortunately a lot of great bands didn't get to play, like Shark Attack, Lifesetstruggle and some others. In the midst of the getting the new location for the fest secured, lots of kids were waiting outside, wondering what was going on as Anton was negotiating with the owners of the hall, trying to get them to let us finish the fest, and then talking with local kids about a possible place that it could be moved to. During this, the campus cops came and were trying to get kids to move along and shit. Felix von Havoc, told a cop, "fuck you, pig!" and got arrested for it. A shitty thing that could be seen in retrospect as a sign of bad things that would happen later on.

Eventually, Anton gets directions to the new place out to all the kids waiting. The show was to be moved to a flower shop in the south side of Chicago. I was riding with Anton and Meagan, Anton's partner. We got to the new place for the show, and saw that many kids were already leaving and the street was filled with cops. Anton jumped out of the car to run and try to get money to all the bands that hadn't been able to play, yet had driven from as far as New Jersey and Philadelphia for the show. He takes off, and me and Meagan walk out to see what's happening.

The place where the show had been moved to was in a Latino community, and as we walked up, Meagan began talking in Spanish to some people who worked in a store their about what was going on. I walked over to talk with Matt Summers from Shark Attack for a bit about what had happened to see if he had seen or heard anything interesting. As we're talking, 3 cops walk by and tell us to move. We head across the street, where the rest of his band was in their van. They take off shortly and I head back to where Meagan was in order to wait for Anton so that we can get out of there. As we're standing there, the same 3 cops walk by and say, "hey, we already told you to move!"

I stand there, and tell them that I had to wait for my friend so that we could leave. They tell us to get going, then they stop us and ask Meagan where she's from. She replied that she didn't have to tell them and that we were leaving. We began to walk, but they grabbed her by the arm and demanded she tell them where she lived. She then told them that she didn't have to tell them. Then they ordered her to show them her ID. She pulled out her wallet and instead of her ID, she pulled out a "Know Your Rights" card. Seeing that the pigs said, "Okay, you fucking liberal, you're going to jail," and they cuffed her.

I stood there stunned, not believing what I was seeing. They then turned to me and said "Is this your ride?"

"Yeah," I said.

"What are you gonna do?"

"I'll find a way," and I started to walk away. For a second it seemed like they were letting me go, but then one of the cops told the others to grab me. They then cuffed me and put me in a squad car.

The whole time to the station I didn't believe that they were actually going to follow through with anything, but that they were just engaged in the typical cop tactics of trying to intimidate me and show me 'my place.' Well, I, and Meagan, ended up being booked and charged with "disorderly conduct." Same charge as Felix von Havoc, and we didn't even get to do anything cool like say "fuck you, pig!"

While they were doing the paperwork, they began saying some of the most stereotypical cop things imaginable. The funniest of it was that they began saying my full name over and over really loud, "Charles Richard Booher! Sounds like the kind of guy that walks into work one day and kills everyone!" and they'd go back and forth making jokes about my name as I just stared blankly at them, trying not to laugh or smile at all of this, as Meagan was across the room, hiding her head trying not to laugh as well.

I ended up spending 5 hours in a cell and got out at 2 AM. I asked the cops at the counter what had happened to my friend that had been arrested with me and they told me she was gone, insinuating that she had been released (as it turned out, she had just been moved to another jail a few blocks away because there wasn't a women's block in the station where we were booked). I walked out in front of the police station wondering what to do. I thought that Anton and Meagan may have gone back to the place where we were arrested to get the car, being that Anton couldn't drive, and then would be back to get me. I sat there for a few hours, starting to get worried. I thought that the cops might have lied to either me, or possibly her or Anton, so that each of us were in the dark in regards to how they would get me.

So, I was standing there at 3:30 AM, with no phone numbers of people in Chicago (since I had left them with my luggage) and only knowing the cross streets next to where Fabio lives (my friend I was staying with), wondering what I could possibly do. I knew I could find my way there if I could get to the train, which meant I would have to wait until later that morning when the busses started running, figure out how to take the bus to a train station, and then navigate that back to Fabio's.

I stood there waiting, wondering what exactly to do, when a car pulls up in front of the police station playing really loud dance music. Up towards the police station walked a really big black man with a cigarette in his mouth. "What's up buddy?" he said extremely jovially for the location and time of night.

"Not much" I replied. He went into the station for 2-3 minutes and then came out and walked over to me.

"So, what are you here for?" I told him generally what had happened to me and then asked what he was there for.

"Man, where do I begin?" as he held the unlit cigarette in his hand in an inquisitive manner. "Do you know anything about politics?"

"A little, I guess" I replied, not knowing what to make of his question.

He then went into a story about how he had worked for a city council member for some time and had been fucked over by him. He was getting really worked up, angry and emotional as he poured out his frustrations to me. His story

was incoherent and disconnected at many points. He then pointed to a car across the street and said, "see that car? They're spies. That motherfucker is having me followed." He then pointed to another car "They're spies too!"

Taken aback by this glimpse into this mind which was carried away by a bit of insanity, I just listened to what he had to say. Responding appropriately as seemed necessary. He was talking for a while, mostly it seemed in order to hear himself vent, then suddenly asked me, "What are you waiting for man?"

"I'm actually trying to figure out what I'm gonna do."

"I'll give you a ride."

"Uh, it's kind of far" I told him where I needed to go, which was about 80 blocks north and 30 west of where we currently were.

"No problem, I can take you."

I stood there, feeling desperate and unsure, but I got in the car with him, thinking I could handle the risk.

The ride to Fabio's was certainly a nerve-racking experience. He would drive really fast, not quite stopping at stop signs, and changing lanes

excessively. During the ride, he'd would alternate between having the music up really loud and then suddenly turning it down and either talking about

the spies following him or would ask me very strange questions. Here are some of the more interesting exchanges we had:

Him: "Have you been to Italy?"

"Yeah, I was there once"

"Man, I'd love to go to Italy, I've never been outside of Chicago."

"Never even outside of Chicago?"

"Nope," stares at me for several seconds then turns the music back up and resumes singing. Him: "Have you ever had sex with a black woman?"

"Uhhhhh, no...." trying quickly to change the conversation.

Him: "Let me ask you a question, is it easy to get a job out in LA?"

"Kind of, there are a lot of shitty jobs, but good ones are harder to get."

"Let me ask you another question, do you know what a hustler is?"

"Do you mean lie the magazine or a person who hustles?"

"Like someone who hustles."

"Yeah, I guess"

"Is it good to hustle out in LA?"

"Yeah, I would guess so" not sure how to respond to such a question.

"Let me ask you one more question, they got a lot of fine hos out in LA, right?"

"uh, do you mean like prostitutes or women in general?"

"yeah, like you pay then and..."

"I don't really know..."

"Aw, come on man, you know," nudging me as one would an old chum.

I got back to Fabio's safely at about 4:30, exhilarated and amazed that I had survived all I had experiences that day.

Rich Booher/665 S Vermont Ave/ Glendora, CA 91740/richbooher@sexynrds.com

One more thing, in the last issue of *HeartattaCk*, the Think I Care "Draw the Lines"

7" got a horrible review. It's really a fucking awesome 7", one of the better ones to come out lately in my opinion. It's very influenced by early Boston hardcore and even a touch of Infest, with simple and to the point lyrics like a hardcore band should have. Check that out as well as their upcoming 7" on Deadalive.

Sera Bilekryan

[Gambler's Fallacy: thinking your chances of winning go up each time you gamble; due to the sheer # of times played...] or, the world owes you absolutely nothing...

"Sera, have you ever heard of something called gambler's fallacy?" He pronounces my name so correctly, with a long, sharp E, it sends a jolt down my spine. There is something so absolutely perfect about having somebody say your name out loud, as if they took some care to make it come out sounding complete. I can't explain it, really, but it makes me feel trusted, and even esteemed in a way I rarely expect.

"No."

He explains. I laugh for the second time.

"The world owes you nothing" is the way he ends the conversation, walking away. For a moment I remember how I barely know him. How my mind has taken his fingers; long, with the tiniest arch lengthening them further, keeping this extension as he talks, and I have substituted them for history, for familiarity, connection and comfort. Maybe he's right. His response of *the world owes you nothing* was to a completely unrelated argument. I've taken too many chances on making sense of it all, together.

I heard typing in the next room the other day, and I thought it was a friend. I thought the words were for me, strung together to give me hope. I stuck my head through the doorframe, half-expecting to see at least a ghost. But it was only the cat, angry and scratching at an empty food dish. My heart sunk. It was as if the rhythmic loud tapping was something quantifying, and pointing to a measurement of anger and misunderstanding in my mind, in this search for the truth. Sometimes, I hate the world when I take a chance on trusting it. Sometimes, I hate myself when I think of the world. Sometimes, I wonder how I am to fight for justice if I am not sure it exists.

Where I live the old men sit at the counter at the diner down the street, gambling, with their backs to me. It always seems as if it would make such a great time-elapse photo piece, night after night, hour upon hour. Varying combinations of flannel and denim, long and short hair, boots from grays to browns to blacks. The fabrics and contours of the bodies, lost among the years and the layers, are all so similar, in that they constantly remind of the same thing. The same time and place, one that is preciously timeless and spatially ambiguous. It is both

chilling and comforting all at once. In this search for something true, something absolute, it embodies the risks that are this life. I'm daydreaming, imagining, trying to freeze time, to maybe make a crack in the icy numbness that has taken over my mind.

This feeling of numbness has built up over the past year, and escalated in the past few weeks. Is it a survival mechanism, a consequence of living in the Northwest and constantly bombarded with everything that is beautiful and all that is dying at the same time? Is it gambler's fallacy, embodied, and internalized? I am afraid to answer the phone, when I have one. Nothing but bad news. When I leave the town I have been living in for the past year, with my degree in political economy (but nothing but confusion as to how the world actually works) and into my current best friend, (a 1988 Dodge Dakota Pickup named Ellen) I'll be grateful to be anonymous again. Quasi-unreliable save for a sporadic free voicemail, and the three months left on my P.O. Box. I want to carry with my that element of infinite possibility which comes from loosening that anchor with the present, and running tenderly towards freedom.

Free. That word hits me now like truth I won't believe. The name of a friend of mine, a veteran forest activist and a wonderful person, who was just sentenced to 21 years in prison. Since I got that phone call last week, I've been overwhelmed by that feeling of having held my breath for a long time waiting for the right time to breathe. And now I cannot let go. I'm trying to feel. If I look in the mirror, I see my face making that wrinkled tight roadmap of experience, pain, rage, and sadness. Shock combined with a recent reprieve on waiting, on wanting, on holding. But the silence is dry. I want to be taken hold of by jolts of emotion. I want proof that I am not numb through and through. I want to show the myself that my strength can crumble. I want proof that I am not hollow. *Twenty-one.* The number shoots through my bones, and resonates. A number has not broken my heart like that since Amadou Diallo was shot in my home town of New York City in 1999 in a hail of 41 bullets; the grim stillness on my mother's face about as universal as anything there is upon telling me the news. The number both painfully high and arbitrarily cruel.

As the guy who said I have gambler's fallacy walked away I got inwardly defensive. Is this self-delusion? Or the natural manifestation of logic? I am not immune, for sure. I'm guilty of more than having put down and lost 50 cents here, a dollar there on pull-tabs (cheap lotto game of Washington state). I can't look at the crowds of men sitting night after night at the counter of the diner, winning and losing so much they can't keep track, usually in the long run, losing, and feel somehow more honest. More pure. Somehow, in a world which makes me wonder what it all adds up to, maybe I do have a kind of gambler's fallacy. I want to trust the future. I want to believe in justice. I want to think that for every moment of confusion there may be just one, somewhere, of understanding. That for every ounce of loneliness there is some connection in the world. It promises to balance out the excesses

and hungers I fight with, internally, and in isolation.

Fighting this numbness, I think of the forests out here, and what they have done for me. I have felt a kind of truth wherever I have followed the lure of nature; equally as a wanderer, an activist, and a journalist. From the wild bison terrain of Montana to the blinding deserts of Black Mesa. Above all I treasure the strong feelings of recompensation of lost power this life has given me. I think that wild nature is the absolute negation of all that a capitalist system instills within many of us: confusion, pain, apathy, and above all, powerlessness. And its destruction just one more weight added to the imbalance of human and the planet, society, the individual. It is more than trees, endangered species, even societies. It is the end of something older than we know. The chances taken; trees climbed, safety challenged, liberty placed on the line for the sake of fighting just one kind of death: It has all given me something I have constantly felt denied by the world. It rests somewhere between freedom and truth, and in everything I do I am taking a chance on being there one more time, daring to one day know it as my home. *Free.* I finally see a tear on my face, rolling fast towards my chin. I have nothing to lose, really. And I do not know what else to do.

In these moments of truth, I find justice. And if the world owes me nothing, I'll surely take that chance.

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I've been reflecting on college for a long time. Before airing out some feelings on "higher" education though, I should state some things about my background, because education (at least in this country) is sorely lacking in equality when it comes to race, class, gender, and orientation. When I pulled down the arm on the slot machine of privilege, three cherries came up. On top of being a straight white male, my family is in the middle class of the most powerful country terrorizing the globe today. I grew up and went to high school in the outermost suburbs of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In 1990 I enrolled in an engineering program at a small, private (and therefore expensive) university in the city. In 1994 I finished and moved to Santa Barbara where I pursued still more engineering at the University of California, a medium sized public school. I finished last year and now have a technology job here in Goleta. I say none of these things to establish any kind of authority, but rather to expose my bias. My opinions come from a position of inquiry and dialogue, not from a feeling of what is right or wrong.

It seems most people do go to school because they can afford to, or don't because they can't. A degree itself has value in the confines of many societal systems, but obviously it is the life experience during those years, in school or not, that really counts. Most of the numerous reasons

for education or other movement can be put in the category of personal growth, or career training. By personal growth, I mean a variety of things: learning about yourself, learning about other people, learning how people interact, and learning how to learn. Of course they're not the only two categories, and in a perfect world they'd never be separate, but let me use them for discussion. What most people suspect, has been confirmed in my experience. Career training is indeed over-prioritized in much of the discourse about education and in many college programs. There's way too much emphasis on defining your life's mission as soon as possible and then working to secure enough financial independence to support popular consumption. The first school I attended asked me to declare an intended major in the application. That's just ridiculous, and it breaks my heart when people tell me they are still "undeclared" with a sense of shame. If nothing motivates you enough to declare a major, then it is not time to focus on a major. That's all there is to it. Again, I'm not exclusively equating career training, growth, or even education with school. The same issues and choices exist whatever path a person takes.

Contrary to my path through school, I've yet to be a career oriented person, and I would make different choices if I had it to do over again. I'm still in the mode where I'd like to experience and understand as many different things as possible. And I'm happy to be in that mode. If I ever do identify one path that I was confident would be sustainably rewarding, then I will probably let career development factor more heavily in the decisions that I make. The split I feel between myself and others on the same educational path has brought a few things into focus for me. I want to move towards work that is aligned with myself as a person, because it is a very positive thing. I think this movement is only possible from a foundation built on some kind of personal growth, and while I'm not there, it is the direction I am going. My friends that have achieved this seem to have one thing in common. Their work has grown out of their involvement in the community. Over the years I think a lot of the trauma felt by my graduating friends stems from an attempt to approach work in the opposite direction. Putting work first makes it very difficult to fit in personal relationships and community interaction. I think it's far easier to integrate your life if you can find a way to let your work evolve when you put your life first.

In school or otherwise, it would be impossible for me to overstate the strength of my feelings about diversity. "The most valuable resource college life offers you is simply connection to the lives of others, especially people you would never interact with otherwise." I often like to think of my life as the selection of building blocks. The more different ideas I'm exposed to, the more blocks I have to select from in the process of building the person I want to be. Necessarily, I've accumulated some blocks I have no use for, but that has value in of itself, and everything I've done to create a larger selection pool has made me happier with the result. This idea applies whether you are in school or not. It applies to one's involvement in various organizations, or the creation of a new one. In deciding what books to read or deciding to

hitchhike across the country. Now there's an activity that really takes you outside your normal social circles. Exposure to different people is the only way to understand the ways in which we are similar. When asked, myself and many others credit the people they've known with the bulk of the influence that college has on them. These meaningful interpersonal relations are to be found in every school and outside of it. Person to person experiences have been at least as much, or more a function of my attitude and outlook than the pedigree of an institution.

One of the other issues that I feel strongly enough about to take a stand on, is that of school loans and debt. Even though I'm reluctant to try and influence people, I seldom hesitate to discourage people from going into substantial debt for school. The standard line that it is an "investment" that will pay off in your future leads to a variety of problems. First of all, the debt that hangs over people's heads has a tendency to stress career development over personal growth, so that loans can be paid off. Without enough time spent learning about one's self, the probability increases that people won't want to go into the field that they have spent time and piles of money on. And, of the people that are stoked on the field they've been studying, many people learn that it is extremely challenging to find a desirable way to continue in the same field and at the same time earn a salary. I have yet to find a situation where the involvement of money does not introduce any kind of compromise. Some school loans may indeed be appropriate, but I think it's important to think beyond the usual messages that tend to bombard people.

Even though it is implied above, I want to explicitly affirm my belief in a few cliches. "It's not what you know, it's who you know." That is certainly true in several contexts, and it becomes a lot less shady if you remove the word "not" and include the word "and." Who you know supplements what you know. The professors I took the time to meet were way more helpful in office hours than they were in class. Who you know is more about personal interaction than it is about name dropping. Beyond this cliché, I feel that "why" and "how" you know are even more important. Knowing a fact or a person's name is not nearly as useful as knowing why something is important or how it relates to other things. How and why I do things have become least as important as what I do. And grades really haven't been at all important in my experience. Many of the doors that are closed to me on account my numerical student worth are not ones that I want to go through anyway. Grades only test one way of knowing a particular thing, and often it is only if you have stored something as a fact or not. I don't want my comments to be interpreted that I don't think classes are important. On the contrary, I think they are great vehicles for learning how to learn. It's just that people have a tendency to associate grades with their value as a person and the anxiety that builds up over a score on a test can get really out of hand. Recognizing grades for what they are is good, so long as there is a sincere focus on learning.

The final thing I want to bring up is the parental relationship. Whether you are in school or not, it is huge and complex, but there is one theme that I've seen more than any other. A parent

wants their kid to do one thing, but their kid wants to do something else, so there is friction. Here is the theory I've come to: Most of the time, parents are good people. They want what's best for their child and it's important to remember this. One problem is that what they think is best for their child to be happy, is often very correlated with financial security in the context of a consumer society. A lot of my friends, and many people that think for themselves are not interested in the salary or status of business administration or computer programming, but rather find themselves more rewarded by art or social work. Parents think that they know what their children are going through and where they will end up. They often just want their child to get there faster or easier. In fact they're often right, but that is not the point. Too much focus on where you'll end up is to discount the whole process of growing in the first place. The process of figuring out things for yourself. But if your parents do care about you and what makes you happy, it should be possible to soothe that friction. It takes a lot of work and a long time. It took me nine years for my father and I to be on the same page. It took about four or five years of college to establish any kind of definition in my life, and it took an equal amount of time actually talking to him about who I was. Not talking about school, but instead discussing the things I was doing and what I thought was interesting, fun, or important. With regard to the future I once told him that I'd find something meaningful to do, to which he replied that he felt I'd find meaning in whatever I did. It was then that I realized we were on the same page.

Although my views have been formed over several years, I admit they are culturally narrow. Many of the things I don't think are important may in fact be critical for people with less privilege. These paragraphs are the things that I would've said to the Dan Fontaine of 1990. In the above I have assumed that some kind of growth is important because I've found that the more I change, the more I seem to enjoy myself. In school or not, learning is primarily about paying attention and thinking for yourself. About developing enough self confidence to experiment and be wrong. About realizing how things are connected. Personally, there seems to be no end to the depth of realizing how people are connected. Every step I take in this direction makes me feel less isolated or alone, and more whole and happy.

PS- I'd like to comment on Robyn's postscript in issue #30, where she cites Christian's column in #29. It probably has a lot to do with where I live, but I haven't felt the backlash against academia or that anyone was questioning my punk credentials. I sort of agree with both columnists. There are humungous problems with universities today. For the extent of their military support alone, I don't think Christian went far enough in indicting them. If I follow him correctly, I agree that schools have been pretty far removed from the economic and other more direct levers of impact in social change. But movement in another direction first requires people to think for themselves. College is where I found myself when that happened to me, and I think it can still be a positive place for people from different backgrounds to convene and move in that direction. There are elements of hope. A large

part of the sweatshop movement is students against their universities, and the Harvard sit-in for a living wage was inspiring to me. Different environments work for different people. The lack of control we have over our physical and social environment is a great injustice. In an ideal world, everyone could and would make a thoughtful decision to attend or not attend college. Some people can't attend, while others just wake up there. Much of my column relates to college, because that was my experience. One of the points I tried to bring out is this: the decision to go to school or not is perhaps not as important as how you conduct your life in either case. If you think for yourself, there are always some things you can do to move in a positive direction, no matter what your situation is.

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Mike McKee

"I want to thank you, thank you..." —Natalie Merchant. The Natalie Merchant quote is a joke, but the sentiment is serious. Here's something I've wanted to say publicly for a while...

When I was 15 or so, I was straightedge and wore X's on my hands and hung out mostly with other straightedge hardcore kids and mostly went to straightedge hardcore shows. There I saw other straightedge boys playing in hardcore bands while they're girlfriends took pictures of them from the side of the stage. Around this time, I was probably still of the naive assumption that if it was on Dischord, it had to be good and that if it was from NYC and had photos of pile-ons and fingerpointing, well then, it was even better. (Incidentally, Shudder To Think's "Get Your Goat" and Bold's "Running Like Thieves" bullshit both demolished these juvenile myths).

When I was 16, my old band opened up for a band called Nilla from New York. The show was put on by a kid who did a queer-punk zine, and the fliers for it featured edgy claims that "queer teens should have no shame." The women in Nilla (one of whom would go on to sing in Portland's Harum Scarum) played without shirts, while the boys in the band talked about having sex with other boys. Suffice to say, my Sheer-Terror'd and Outspoken'd ass hadn't seen anything like that before. A visibly out, loud and fun crowd of queer punk kids definitely made for a big wake-up call. At first, I remember feeling a little alienated. By the end of the night, I think I'd learned something about who was really dealing with alienation. It wasn't me, hanging out with my crew and singing along to Mouthpiece songs, but rather the people who had to sit and watch that endless parade of boy bands without ever being recognized, or appreciated, simply because they were different. Alienation was what was offered to the women at shows who tried to make their own 'zines, who were branded as femnazis and for queer boys who never made it into the clique because they weren't quite as thrilled as we were over what color the Turning Point 7" was. (Limpwrist heart-throb Andrew Martini, however, boasted a colored copy of the Unit Pride 7", which more or less prompted us to

start a band together).

Growing up I was very lucky to have been surrounded by cool people of different genders and different sexualities. I felt inspired by their creativity and even by their diversity. Instead of just booking my friends' sxe bands, I began booking shows and helping out for bands like Team Dresch, Third Sex, Kaia, Tribe 8 and Huggybear. My two best friends (out of the four punks in our high school, they were the only two women) put out a zine called Gurlz with Gunz and I was proud to know them. Eventually, I began playing in a band in the "riot grrl/queercore" scene as its referred to now in Spin magazine retrospectives. And I maintain that some of my most exciting experiences involving punk rock came out of this scene and from some of the really brave and creative people who helped define it. There are a lot of people who, because of their gender, sexuality, race and beliefs are often left in the sidelines of the scene. As long as hardcore remains homogenous and dominated by straight, white boys, everyone involved is missing out to some degree.

Thanks to everyone who's been generous with their patience and confidence, and all the brave and creative people I've known in the scene who take pride in who they are and refuse to let their identities and ideas get pushed to the side. Big Ups to Andrew Martini, Greg Knowles, *Outpunk* 'zine, Gurlz With Gunz, Mon Mafouka!, Philadelphia ACT UP, Queer Action Figures and countless others for helping me grow up. And the Bike Stop (206 S. Quince) in Philly for knowing what sexy is all about.

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Attention hardcore/punk atheists! This column is for you.

As atheists we are a minority in almost every society, wouldn't you agree? For example, in the United States, the vast majority of citizens are religious, and the vast majority of those religious Americans are Christians.

And yet some of those Christians persist in the ridiculous belief that they are a powerless, persecuted minority. They believe that they are a small but valiant group of noble Believers who stand fast against the frothing tide of secularism and immorality (or whatever).

Of course, as atheists, we know that's utterly ridiculous. Religion, especially Christianity, is omnipresent in American society. For example:

—In every sizable city there are hundreds of Christian churches.

—Most newspapers run a regular special section devoted to religion.

—There are Christian cable channels, and on Sundays you can find Christian related programming on numerous networks.

—Nearly all elected officials are Christians; in fact, many of them play the more-pious-than-thou game during elections.

—All major Christian holidays are recognized by the state.

—Many laws spring from popular Christian morality (no alcohol sales on Sundays... no public nudity... no homosexuality... no prostitution... etc.)

And so on, and so forth. We atheists know that at any given moment we are probably surrounded by Christians, that our society is deeply influenced by Christian morality, and that it is completely unjustifiable to claim that Christians are powerless and persecuted.

However, when we hear similar claims from white people, many of us tend to look the other way, or even nod our heads in agreement.

Think about it, my fellow punk rock heretics. It's just as silly for white people to claim that they are a powerless, persecuted minority as it is for Christians to make the same claim—at least in the United States.

Of course there are a few isolated incidents where it can be truthfully claimed that white people were victimized by people of color. There are also a few stories that can be told about atheists unjustly wielding power over Christians. And there are certainly very powerful people who are nonwhite, just as there are powerful people who are open atheists (Ted Turner comes to mind). However, I think it's pretty obvious that for the most part, it's the majority group (Christians and whites) who are wielding power over the minority group (atheists and nonwhites).

Consider: We already know that most elected officials, business owners, cops, and other people-with-power are Christians, and that when those people even bother thinking about atheists, it's frequently in a negative light. It should also be clear that most of those same people-with-power are white (often disproportionately male), right? How could anyone claim that whites are an oppressed minority in the U.S. when whites are clearly at the top of every status ladder?

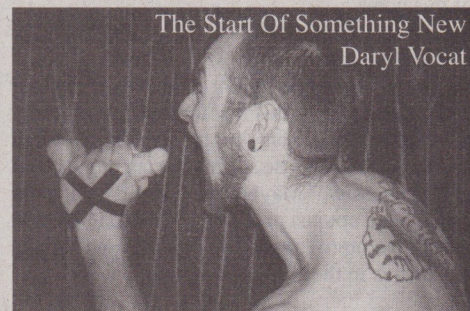
If you applied for a job, or sought a new apartment, or tried to fit in with a new group of friends, would you make it immediately clear that you were an atheist? No, of course not, because you know just as well as I do that atheists are an unpopular minority. Of course, we can conceal our lack of faith when we have to, but people of color can't change the characteristics which mark them as "nonwhite." When nonwhites apply for a job or seek housing, they don't have the option of temporarily concealing that which makes them a minority. In the United States, the majority of business owners, landlords, cops, politicians, teachers, and everybody else with power and influence are Christian—and white.

The point is this: As atheists, we know

that Christians cannot accurately claim to be a powerless and persecuted minority. We should realize that any similar claims regarding white people are equally ridiculous.

Please note that I'm not comparing the experience of being a racial minority in the United States with the experience of being an atheist. Like I said, atheism is easily concealed, and it is a choice (like religious beliefs) that can be exercised or ignored at will. All I'm trying to do is show that the "persecuted minority" claim for whites is just as ridiculous as a "persecuted minority" claim for Christians. (And please don't get me started on the ignorant and offensive claim that having blue mohawks or bizarre body modifications are the same as having dark skin.)

Please feel free to contact me with your rational and well-considered thoughts on this topic. Insults will be privately mocked, then ignored. Don't forget to check your spelling. Robin Banks/PO Box 4964/Louisville, KY 40204-0964/USA; robinbanks@disinfo.net; http://www.geocities.com/agentbanks/



Things I've been thinking about lately.

The Big Fear:

Upon finishing my graduate degree in Visual Arts I find myself wondering what the hell to do with my life. Fear, wonder and uncertainty about what I'm doing here and what I should do with that time weigh heavily on my mind.

A friend describes "big fear" symptoms in the following way "listening to a lot of New Order, buying lottery tickets, and planning events and life changes which have no linear relation to your personality or pre-big fear interests. i.e.: becoming Muslim or learning Italian." This seems to sum things up quite nicely. A sudden fatalist mindset takes over and I just hope and wish for something to flop into my lap. Perhaps extreme boredom with life adds to said "changes."

I used to think that the word "bored" was not part of my vocabulary. I thought there was no reason to be bored, ever. I still think this is true, yet I find myself totally bored and playing video games all day long or obsessively checking my email. This makes me feel guilty. There is so much that I should be doing, so much that I want to do, yet I'm feeling completely unmotivated and seem to lack the impetus to do anything very substantial. Maybe boredom is to the "ones" what big hair was to the 80's. It scares me to actually type the words "I'm Bored."

There is this line in the movie *Ginger Snaps* where one of the characters says to her sister, "You said you wanted to kill yourself because you had nothing better to do." I suppose contemplating suicide could also go under big fear symptoms. I wonder if I actually found the guts

to go through with it how I would do it. If I would want it to be messy, where I would do it or if it would just be a result of carelessness. I don't really want to be dead, but sometimes it feels like it.

Hatris for Nintendo:

I recently discovered this game called Hatris for the Nintendo. It's pretty old in video game years. If you aren't familiar with it, it is pretty much like Tetris only you have to line up rows of hats rather than rows of blocks. This game completely baffles me as it seems like a total crap shoot. At a certain point in the game I always die. Unlike Tetris, the fallen pieces don't ever seem to go down, they just build up until the game ends. I'm sure that there is some secret I haven't found yet that makes winning the game actually possible, yet I can't help thinking the people who made this game were playing some kind of sick joke on kids across the planet. Part of me is using this game as a self-esteem test. Am I really a failure in life because I can't get past the first level of this game?

The colour pink:

I have been really excited by the colour pink lately. Maybe this is some last ditch attempt at being happy or something. It really isn't that bad though. I suppose a boy wearing pink is *kind* of transgressive. Maybe it is just girly things in general and not just pink that I've been interested in. All the pretty, sparkly things in Value Village are always in the women's section.

80's fashion:

I just had my 25th birthday. I wonder if this nostalgia trip I am on with 80's clothes and music is not about trying to maintain a sense of what I associate with youth. Becoming 25 was no big deal, I haven't even thought about it really. Part of the reason I don't drink also ties into a desire to hold onto youth, but I can't say I haven't been thinking about getting drunk lately. I don't feel older or different because I'm 25, but half the time when I go to see bands most of the "kids" really DO seem like they are kids.

Anyway, The thing with pink ties in well with 80's fashion. I keep wondering how so many boys got away looking so femmy when now it seems like a total crime. Think about it though, Boy George, The Thomson Twins, Wham, Doctor and the Medics, Dead or Alive. All of these bands had 80's hits and all of them wore lots of make-up. I guess 80's retro is no big thing since it's everywhere. The one thing that NEVER should have come back though are those tinted glasses, the ones like J-Lo wears. Ugh! They are hideous.

Bubble Tea

I wonder how long this Taiwanese sensation will stick around for. It seems like bubble tea shops are a dime a dozen. If you haven't tried bubble tea yet, what are you waiting for? Bubble tea is basically cold flavoured tea that is really sweet and has gooey tapioca "pearls" in it. Really the tea is just a vehicle for the pearls because they wouldn't be all that exciting on their own. The pearls have this amazing texture which is vaguely reminiscent of those Orbitz drinks that were around a few years ago. Don't forget about the fat straws too.

The distance between two people:

The distance between any people really. The distance between those people we call friends that live in other cities, the people we always say we should be in touch with more often, the people we think about so often yet interact with so little. The people who love us and want us, but who aren't loved and wanted back. The hearts we break. The people we plan to spend our lives with and all of the ups and downs that come with the package. The way people that we love the most have the ability to hurt us the most. The way people come and go out of our lives unaware of just how they've impacted us or how we have impacted them.

After three years of being in a relationship with a wonderful boy I still feel like I know nothing about how to operate in a relationship or how to navigate living with other people. It occurs to me that all of us are essentially alone in this world, but I suppose there is a difference between being lonely and being alone.

David and I have been through a number of ups and downs. Right now the downs seem to be quite abundant. We are both going through a lot of stuff outside of our relationship and it seems to be spilling over. I am reminded of exactly how passive aggressive I can be and it bothers me. This seems to be yet another place where faulty social skills don't seem to make things better. Maybe one day I'll get a better understanding of how to relate to people in this world.

A.D.D.:

I am not even going to pretend like I know anything about Attention Deficit Disorder, but it seems to be everywhere these days. I am beginning to wonder if A.D.D. isn't some kind of normal neural response to the world we live in. I have no idea if it is possible to develop A.D.D. or not, but I have been noticing my attention span getting smaller and smaller. This would explain the boredom with life as of late. I seem to have trouble focusing my attention on things. I suppose an immediate example is that fact that since I've sat down to write this column I've switched back and forth about four times already to play video games. Unfun video games at that.

It doesn't have much to do with A.D.D., but I just finished reading *Glamorama* by Bret Easton Ellis. He seems to have a keen eye for things that seem to be "of the time." I get the impression he takes a lot of things in. He seems to be able to pin down things quite precisely that are signatures of the time or year we are living in.

Destiny's Child

I'm using Ellis as a segue way to Destiny's Child for a reason. Popular culture seems to be increasingly fascinating to me. I don't get it. Meaning I don't understand why popular culture is popular. It seems like total pap.

A few weeks ago I went to see Destiny's Child perform at Much Music. It was completely ridiculous, but I also loved it. I found myself in the midst of hordes of 12 year old girls. I keep thinking that the band should aim more for the gay demographic though. Or maybe the gay and 12 year old girl demographic are quite similar, I'm not sure. They seem to play the same music

in the fag bars.

There is this thing I keep noticing in these girl bands right now. Their attitudes on sex and religion seem to explain where people get their ideas from. There is so much garbage about how monogamy is the best thing in the world and how if you even kiss another person you might as well not ever talk to them again. Maybe this is sort of a straight thing to a certain extent. Having non-monogamous relationships seems to be a lot more common in queer circles. I watched every episode of *Temptation Island* and thought how if all the people on the show were gay boys no one would have given a shit about who slept with whom.

Anyway, Destiny's Child are fully into God and even have a sort of hymn-like song on their new CD. They also have this song about how wrong it is for women to dress slutty. This makes NO sense given the fact that at the Much Music thing I could actually see Beyonce's butt crack spilling out of her pants. I really don't understand my attraction to them. I think they are one of those things that seem to define the "now."

If this column will be printed:

After the thing with Ravi's column I have to wonder if this will get printed. This has been a preoccupation every time I send in my column. I wonder when I'll get plucked out for not really talking about hard core or "the scene" or for babbling on about Madonna or whatever.

Maybe this is the part where I will get more hate mail or be accused of being a shit talker because I don't really even go to many shows. I don't understand most of the shows I see here in Toronto. It seems like people either want to rip each other apart or are totally catatonic. What happened to actual dancing? People appear to have thought bubbles over their heads saying "go ahead, TRY and entertain me." All these bands roll through town and people seemed totally bored by them. When I lived in Regina, with a much smaller scene, people seemed to get more into the music because there weren't that many shows. People here seem to take the bands for granted.

"After all of the darkness and sadness soon comes happiness. If I surround myself with positive things I'll gain prosperity." -D.C.

—Daryl Vocat/241 Logan Ave./
Toronto, ON/M4M 2N2/Canada;
safe23@hotmail.com



This is your self-defence manual; your London Underground map to womyn-positive self-defence in a danger-filled world of patriarchal pitfalls. The fourth wave of feminism is here, and after civil rights, consciousness-raising experiments, splintering affinity groups, scholarship and reams of literature; the age of direct action for gender trouble and equality and

against global patriarchy and sexism is here.

Fight Like A Girl is a collection of ideas for empowering ourselves and our sisters. These ideas are also intended to inspire you to your own actions. The womanal comes (so far) in six sections as follows:

- 1) Raising the standard
- 2) Fighting Rape
- 3) Feminist Frontline ¡V against sexist media & advertising
- 4) Swinging Sisterhood (This issue)
- 5) Guerrilla Girls ¡V art for the post-patriarchy
- 6) Self-Defence

Anyone with a 'zine, website, interest in making flyers etc. is encouraged (@nti-copyright) to reproduce any or every part of these writings. Any more ideas for adding to the list under past, present or future sections; or if you have comments or want to make general connection here is the info:

Laura /14 Batavia Mews/London/SE14 6EA/UK; laura_wirtz@yahoo.com; <http://connect.to/synthesis>

One basic thing to keep in mind is this: PROTECTING OTHER WOMYN IS SELF-DEFENCE AND SELF-DEFENCE IS PROTECTING OTHER WOMYN.

Fight Like A Girl Part 4) Swinging Sisterhood DEFENCE

A few months ago the BBC ran a much-hyped documentary-type programme recreating the life of the Neanderthals. Being a keen student of human nature, I intended to watch this programme. Thirty years ago I could expect such a programme to be pretty laughably stereotypical with dusty old ideas about social hierarchies and gender roles. Funny how people can just assume that they know what cavepeople's lives were like and that they must surely have involved me Tarzan, you Jane sexual relationships etc. as well as people murdering each other at every possible opportunity. Surely we wouldn't have such assumptions from contemporary anthropologists? Guess again. I read a blurb in a telly magazine where the programme makers were describing with some glee the incorporation of a rape scene into the programme. Well of course this was the way sex always happened back then, so they believed, and so they wanted to show it. And they were so sodding smug about it! Somehow I still felt something like a responsibility to watch this rubbishy programme, but then I thought about the chapter on patriarchal media in Inga Muscio's world-shattering book "Cunt—A Declaration of Independence." Why should I watch anything that brings me down? Why see something that degrades, shows, or represents the degradation of women?

When I let myself think about it from a healthily self-centred point of view, it becomes obvious that when I see violence against women and particularly sexual violence portrayed on screen or on paper it disturbs me and rightly so. And how liberating it was to realise that I do not at all have to put myself through that, I really don't. Now if I know a film will contain a rape scene for instance I will not watch it. That is not even on principle but just for simple self-defence and personal empowerment. All day every day

we get bombarded by patriarchal images that attack femaleness and the more I can avoid the better for me and the less power the patriarchal media have over me. It works, I swear. I feel stronger every time I refuse to witness some form of media that is not pro-woman. We do not have to see violence against women to know it exists or to fight it or to know it is wrong.

Think about it, when we women are constantly seeing ourselves portrayed as victims it is not surprising that some of us come to feel like it is inevitable that we will become victims. When woman-as-victim is all we know, this is pretty likely to make us fearful when we go out at night. Ironically of course it is the people who already look fearful and helpless who are most likely to be preyed on by violent criminals. If a rapist tells you with his body language, "I am going to rape you," your body language and whether and how you fight back can tell him "No you won't" and believe it or not, this makes all the difference.

But unfortunately filmmakers and the like are usually not interested in portraying strong women characters. In your typical mass media entertainment the woman is a pair of breasts attached to the male lead. The message is sent out to all the young girls out there who are exploring their identity as females; a woman is passive, a woman is secondary to a man, if a man wants to do something it is the woman's job to support him.

It makes people angry when I say I think directors are irresponsible for showing rapes in their movies. If you see violence against women onscreen and your heart, your body, your head tells you that this is very uncomfortable, and I mean uncomfortable beyond what you need to follow the story, then just maybe that is because the director is just being sensationalist. Is the rape from the point of view of the rapist? What happens to the woman afterwards? Listen to your own feelings; can you tell if the director is shocked by what is happening onscreen or are the filmmakers just trying to make it dramatic and shocking in a cheap formulaic way? Compare the cold, misanthropic movie *Kids* with the work of a responsible director like the Indian biopic *Bandit Queen*. Compare the rape victim-as-victim in *The Accused* with rape victim as hero(ine) in *Boys Don't Cry*. In the latter film the woman ends up dead but nevertheless the viewer does not feel as manipulated and brutalized as they might after a sensationalist movie like *The Accused*.

RESPONSE

So maybe you don't want to support this sort of entertainment anymore. As well as personal or organized boycotts, how about a bit of smart-arse direct action. For instance when one of these scenes happens in the cinema, why not give a running commentary? Why not bring a load of girlfriends and march out during the offending scene and demand the ticket price back from the manager? If you hear about a new movie, ask people (and it will sound corny but it's important) if it has positive portrayals of women or if it has violence against women. This will both give you information and get the other person thinking more about what they see/have seen. Anything is better than just remaining silent forever about something that makes us feel disempowered.

A NOTE ABOUT MALE RAPE

As with rape of women, rape of men & boys can be portrayed responsibly, sensationally or any number of ways but perhaps it is more likely to be treated as a joke. The reason this article is about media portrayals of female rape is because it is particularly relevant to how women feel about themselves. Girls and women are socialized their whole lives to be victims of violence. Boys and men are socialized to be perpetrators of violence. This is why I personally believe that it is empowering for women to be more conscious about violence-as-entertainment. Men have different reasons to be concerned about violence-as-entertainment but that is a topic for a different article. Maybe someone else wants to write about that? Any men out there who have been affected by media portrayals of violence?

OFFENCE

There is nothing limiting about boycotting all patriarchal media. Most of us already boycott or avoid all sorts of mainstream media and these days it is not difficult to find progressive alternatives. Likewise, the world abounds with work by women. Why not immerse yourself in women's work for awhile? Listen to women's music, read books by & about & see art by women, find your local women's library! There is a lot out there that the patriarchs avoid letting us know about, so start a treasure hunt! Better yet, create your own treasures to share with your sisters. Organize your own women's art events, performances, film nights! The future is female.

Tara MacDonald

Suburbia is sick.

But people are sick everywhere these days.

My family got booted out of a suburban neighbourhood in Quebec, Canada because our first tongue was English. I went to an all French, all the time grade school but the people there were against my brothers and I speaking English at home.

So, we moved to a nice, middle-class neighbourhood in Ottawa where I proceeded to live a good, clean Canadian upbringing.

The kind of pipe bombs, gasoline, matches, vandalism, pillaging, looting and havoc caused by our small band of rebels was not unlike any other neighbourhood in any town in any city.

It's a miracle that none of us lost any fingers.

I first recognized suburbia for the monster that it is at 18 years of age.

That's when my mom started telling me horrible stories about her own up-bringing—schools run by nuns, the strap and nine child family woes. It sounded harsh and brutal to my relatively sane ears.

I was forever changed.

One minute I could walk down Terrace Drive right up to our front door and not notice the pristine silence and now it bothered me.

I wondered where everyone was and what they were doing.

Why did everything look so perfect all the time and did I have to be that perfect too?

Our street was a little different than most typical streets.

It had a history of sadness and dark clouds.

Before we moved in to our brand new suburban castle, we were told of suicide and infant death in two neighbouring houses.

The guy down the street started shooting lightning glares our way apparently because he and his family wanted the house but we out bid him.

Half a year after settling in, another suicide occurred at the house facing ours. Just a stone throw away from our two-car garage.

Looking back now, it is strange and sad but at the time I don't recall ever feeling anxious about the incidents.

How could any of us feel any sort of impact when everything was kept behind closed doors? Smooth, white plastic wood panels separating all that is real and human from all that is trimmed and tucked and sculpted and fake.

The straightjacket style numbness turns my stomach when I think about it now.

Of course, that's not to say that the sickness doesn't follow a person wherever they go—suburban living or not.

I've gradually relocated myself to the western side of the continent in beautiful Vancouver.

It is a beautiful city but not foreign to beautiful city woes.

Drugs, crime, prostitution and a sullen malaise seem to have reinvented itself in Canada's warmest city.

I live in the big red house.

Like all or most all of the houses on the block, it's chopped up into small apartments which its' occupants willingly pay an arm and a leg for.

This is the golden city after all.

Our kitchen window faces the side of another house—due west I think—straight into the kitchen/bathroom of a one bedroom hide-away.

The girl with the long brown hair and small nose lives there.

We know she lives there because there aren't any blinds on any of her windows and I think she likes it that way.

I know, for a fact, that my roommate and most of the male visitors to the big, red house like it that way too.

Sometimes I think that the girl with the brown hair and small nose gets reality mixed up with television because she'll stand at the window without a shirt on and brush her hair or her teeth.

It's the for-all-the-world-to-see fashion that I hear is really trendy these days.

I must have missed that episode of Fashion File.

Odd occurrences like the one almost daily with the girl next door lead me to believe—with data to prove—that people are strange wherever you go.

Some are strange behind closed doors while others are strange out in the open. Being comfortable in your surroundings, whether it be suburbia or city living, is just a matter of figuring out at what degree of strangeness is right for you.

There are choices; we just have to stop

ignoring them.

—Tara
arat60@hotmail.com

MacDonald;



ravilution

I. While in school a few days before Father's Day, an older Pakistani man in one of my classes was asked by one of our classmates if he had any kids. He told us how he had a son 5 years ago and how his baby died after a few months due to medical complications. This was the fault of the doctor who knew about these complications but did not properly address them or carry out the correct treatment. He hired a well known lawyer who handled malpractice lawsuits in downtown Chicago to take action against the doctor. After several months the lawyer told him there was nothing that could be done against the hospital or the doctor, and that the case would have to be dropped. I'm pretty sure the fact that the client happened to be an immigrant factored into this. But what he told us was that it was common for lawyers to work out an under the table deal with the doctors. The doctors give the lawyers a big chunk of money and basically bribe them to drop the malpractice lawsuit. The lawyer then goes to his/her client and tells them there's no case and that nothing can be done. And the doctors leave without having to compensate any one and their reputations remain unblemished.

I've never heard of this. I'm sure it happens, cause lawyers are pretty sleazy, and doctors make enough money to throw around. But I've never personally heard or read about this before, and I'm curious if anyone can confirm that this type of thing happens?

II. As me and some friends were on our way to a party, that song with Wyclef Jean and

the Rock started playing on the radio. So this started off a friend in the car to start talking about how much she hated Lauryn Hill (who was in a group with Wyclef Jean) for some supposed comments she made a few years back. Later on at that party I remember overhearing another group of people talking about this exact same thing. This in turn caused me to have flashbacks of the numerous people who I've heard complain about this over the last several years.

I think Lauryn Hill is our generation's Jane Fonda. For those who don't know the deal with Fonda, in the 60's she took it upon herself to visit North Vietnam and came out in support of the communist Vietcong. This pissed off a lot of Americans, she was nicknamed 'Hanoi Jane', and to this day some people are still upset about it. For those who don't know the story with Hill, supposedly she came out several years ago and said something like "I would rather my children starve than have white people buy my music." Well I didn't buy that, cos even if she did believe that I doubt she'd be stupid enough to come out and publicly say it.

Anyway, now I think that whole comment is a bunch of made up bullshit. So let's take part of the family tree and break it down: 1. Bob Marley, the legendary reggae singer who put Jamaica on the map, had a Black mother and a white father. Like coffee additives, he was half and half; 2. Bob Marley had several children with his Black wife, so that means those kids were all one fourth white; 3. A son of Bob Marley is now married to Lauryn Hill and they've had children together. This means her kids are one eighth white (yes, *her kids have white blood in them*, so whatsup now?!).

If Hill genuinely hates white people, that means she partially hates her deceased father-in-law, she partially hates her husband, and she partially hates her soon-to-be starving cracker kids (to paraphrase a joke by Chris Rock). If her kids bought her music with their allowance, she may just have to tell them "No dinner for you, tonight!"

Now what strikes me as funny is pretty much everyone I've heard complain about this has no problem singing along with lyrics glorifying the murder of young Blacks and Latinos in inner city neighborhoods. They have no problem bopping their heads to songs depicting women portrayed and victimized in violent situations. And of course, let's not forget the countless number of white kids who casually throw around the word 'nigga' (only in the presence of other caucasians of course...in a room full of melanin-enhanced people they may just pee in their pants (which is actually kind of funny if you think about it, haha)). But when one single rapper supposedly says some ridiculously stupid comment about her kids starving, *now* all of the sudden these people have decided they should get offended.

Let's see, suburban-friendly rap (friendly rap = non-threatening to whites) with entire songs talking about misogyny, murder, Black-on-Black violence, self hatred, and excess materialism versus...one single solitary sentence uttered by Lauryn Hill. Yup, that second part is just downright offensive. And so-called cries of racism? Well compare getting shot 41 times for pulling out your wallet, inaccess to a quality education, "driving while (insert choice of shade

or color)", disproportionate representation in prison, higher rates of suicide, higher rates of health problems, gang violence, single mothers making minimum wage versus I don't want you to buy my music cause I want my children in their graves. Hmm, that's a tough call. Which is more obscene?

I think it's lame that people get so upset over this and that it's even been talked about for so long. If she did actually believe this, obviously she's got mental problems. Sorry, but one single Black woman is not a threat to white America; if anything she'd be an unsuitable mother who's a threat to her children's health and well being. And considering that it's whites who make up the majority of people who buy her stuff, how come I always have a real hard time trying to spot her kids in Sally Struthers commercials? Hey, she doesn't want white people to buy her music but she never said they couldn't give their money to charity which in turn would feed her starving kids, right?

III. Let's get ready to rumble. Kent McClard versus Ravi Grover. See what the fuss is all about. You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll post your thoughts on the message board: www.ebullition.com/censorship.html

I'd rather *HaC* readers starve than have white people read my columns: Ravi Grover/the desi Boy George/PO Box 802103/Chicago, IL 60680-2103; sanyasi@juno.com



The following is an article about the organizing and mass protests in Quebec City this past April by a sister involved with, among other things, Colours of Resistance (www.tao.ca/~colours). She is a sister that I am proud to work with and I thought this space would be well used if her reflections were shared here. Read on.

Anti-Racist Organizing: Reflecting on Lessons from Quebec City

By Pauline Hwang, May 2001

"Parlez francais ici, hostie! Go back your country! Go back your country! C'est mon pays, pas ton pays." [Translation: "Speak French here, &\$/%! Go back to your country! This is my country, not your country."]

These are the words a Montreal activist

of colour heard from riot police, who were beating and choking him during April's demonstrations against the Summit of the Americas in Quebec City. Another prominent activist, Jaggi Singh, was singled out as a leader, kidnapped, and beaten—in part because police say his "Hindu origin" (if anything, it should be "Punjabi origin", but...) made him easily noticeable. Police intimidation also caused a planned alternative summit on Indigenous Peoples and the Free Trade Area of the Americas (FTAA) to move off the nearby Huron Reserve, according to organizer Tony Hall.

The blatantly racist police repression at Summit protests is one reason that these mass mobilizations have not represented most First Nations activists or activists of colour—a point made over and over by these activists. Unfortunately, it is not the only reason. Subtler, systemic racial exclusion in our organizing is still present (see essays such as Elizabeth 'Betita' Martinez's "Where was the Colour in Seattle? Looking for reasons why the Great Battle was so White"). Those of us in Quebec had hoped that lessons learned since Seattle would have changed the face of the Quebec City mobilization. And despite all the hard and exciting work that went into the event, we still seem to have a long way to go in developing anti-racist, multiracial organizing.

Helping organize against the FTAA made clear to me how difficult and crucial it is to close the gap between radical anti-racist theory and practice. Many activists may see 'globalization' as a newer version of the centuries-long, racialized, imperialist project to exploit the vast majority of peoples and environments. The fight against globalization is not just a hope to reverse "corporate rule," but a long, international struggle for full social, economic and environmental justice.

Here, however, I wanted to reflect on race issues in the process of organizing, not in content of issues raised (though the both are important and related). For context, I mostly organize with the Shakti women of colour collective, Immigrant Workers' Centre, and a loose coalition of other Montreal-area community groups. For the anti-FTAA protests, I was also a member of a campus-based FTAA-Alert from the beginning. The campus and community experiences were very different.

Though many activists have been introduced to anti-oppression principles, some still don't see it as central to social change, and still others (myself included) must challenge ourselves further to apply these principles to our everyday practice. I echo Helen Luu's point that "a movement that is dedicated to bringing down all forms of oppression simultaneously with challenging global capitalism is the kind of movement we must endeavour to work towards, if we are truly serious about fighting for a world that is free and just for all."

Setting the Scene

On campus, anti-FTAA publicity was massive, well-resourced, and successful — hundreds of students jumped on the anti-FTAA bandwagon. Several groups at McGill alone pitched in over \$3500. But if we had called a people of colour caucus among the organizers, the members would have been counted on one

hand. Other central organizing groups, such as FTAA-Alert Concordia, Groupe Opposé à la Mondialisation des Marchés (GOMM), SalAMI, and even the Anti-Capitalist Convergence, consisted largely of white activists, including many campus-based activists. This is not to say that other groups were not interested in or preparing for the demonstrations; but they were not—for whatever reason—part of the central coordination and planning of the demo.

In fact, the monochrome organizing wasn't a surprise. The activist scene here is already somewhat divided along linguistic English/French and tactical ('violence versus non-violence') lines. And in general, Quebec is still struggling (understatement?) to reconcile 'multiculturalism' with its nationalist project to counter historic British imperialism. So not only is racism strong in Quebec, but addressing the original colonization of First Nations' land, and more recent racist immigration policies, has political complications unique to Quebec. It is difficult to bring folks together to talk about anything, never mind to self-reflect on racism in progressive movements. (These aren't excuses, just context.)

One of the strengths of this recent, North American 'anti-globalization movement' is that it's drawn from various established movements—labour, environment, human rights, feminist groups, students against sweatshops, etc. However, this particular strength comes with its difficulties: many of these movements have not yet fully addressed structural racism (not to mention many other forms of oppression) historically present within them.

In my experience, this meant (and means) racial exclusion and oppression in anti-FTAA coalitions. A couple obvious examples: a woman in a 'feminist' space argued that "people of colour just need to get involved," and that "we" should "stop complaining [about the racism in groups] and do something about it" (When I called her on it, she said I was "overreacting and susceptible"). Elsewhere, I was told the off-campus issues I was working were not "directly related to globalization"—in other words, 'globalization' means white college students protesting, not the issues of working class people of colour. In addition to blatant comments such as these, our group of people of colour and immigrant workers faced more structural challenges to meaningful participation in Quebec. *Mobilizing communities of colour*

Some groups started to form a loose coalition/caucus among communities of colour opposing imperialist globalization. We had networking meetings, community forums, and made links with labour and immigration struggles. But this time spent on explicit "anti-globalization" was limited because of more immediate campaigns.

At first we had hoped to share demands at the Peoples' Summit, at least. But it was during the week, and no one could afford to miss work, abandon children and family, and go 'represent' the group. For similar reasons, we could only go to Quebec City for Saturday, and even then many people could not make it. And because we had no control over the bus schedule, we ended up being in Quebec so briefly, and could not rally with the people of colour contingent from

Toronto/elsewhere (in fact we spent most of the time looking for each other, having been sent in two separate busloads). Because of the physical and legal danger near the security perimeter, we went on the legal march, which was a long walk to a distant stadium. Despite our safety precautions, however, some youth of colour dropped out at the last minute—likely because of expected police violence and/or Friday's TV coverage.

I say all this not to 'complain', but because it struck me how difficult it was to fully enjoy a mobilization seemingly designed for, and managed by, particular types of activists. As activist/writer Chris Dixon points out, "A key problem, then, with the focus on mass mobilizations is the underlying idea that we, as people who seek radical social change, must each take great risks and make huge commitments in very prescribed ways—and that all of us can afford to do that. Yet this just doesn't face reality."

We were also at odds with many other groups because we hadn't (and couldn't) put all our energy into Quebec City. If we had, we could have mobilized even more people and raised more money. Luckily, some community organizers kept their perspective, choosing to reserve resources for necessary ongoing work. But last-minute calls for funding for the mass mobilization caused activist groups to shell out big money (some of which we received, but ironically probably could not have accessed for ongoing campaigns). I'm glad the mobilization was a success. I also can't help thinking about the incredible difference even half those resources, energy, and people power could make, if invested in local, shoestring-budget campaigns (also fighting globalization, though differently).

The dynamics of inclusion

From my conversations with community organizers before and after Quebec City, there are problems with basing 'the movement' in groups that have historically alienated, and poorly represented, "marginalized" communities. Particularly when many members still have trouble listening non-defensively to these criticisms.

(An incomplete summary...)

Some of us: are turned-off from the get-go, uninspired by actions and tactics that seem so exciting for mostly white, male, middle-class activists have little sense of equal partnership, and feel unrepresented by the spokespeople and writers who are said to speak for the movement don't want to be "special interest groups," lobbying the movement to include "our" issues must often work with problematic and oppressive "allies"; often spend time/energy fighting racism within activist groups, which could be spent mobilizing in the community must still appease those who control the resources (and so must do the anti-oppression education, so the work we do will be validated, recognized, and funded) are tired of being accused of "identity politics" or "dismissed as soft, bitchy, counter-revolutionary, or PC" (from the call-out for 'A Critical Dialogue...' see below) are caught between wanting to demonstrate radical opposition to global capitalism, and needing to protect one's safety, legal status, job and earnings, family, health, etc. prefer changing socioeconomic realities to debating ideology etc., etc.

I know I'm not saying anything new, but it seems many have not yet listened. As Jane G., a volunteer with New York's Coalition for the Human Rights of Immigrants puts it: "Inclusion" obviously means different things to different people. To some it means throwing the doors open to everyone, without any kind of structured plan for involving groups who so far have been disenfranchised from the entire process. This kind of 'inclusion' inevitably means that discussion and decision-making will be dominated by 1) those who have email and know about it; 2) those who have the resources (time & money) to get there; 3) those who feel their opinion is more important and are therefore most comfortable dominating the conversations; etc. This type of 'inclusiveness' almost guarantees a lack of diversity which will be very hard to reverse later, since those few groups from outside this elite privileged clique who decide to give the process a chance will quickly be driven out when they see the dynamic."

Leading up the Summit demonstrations, anti-oppression work we did with the campus-based groups helped. Allies helped us, in urgent situations, to get quicker respect and resources (and on whose shoulders I could cry when frustrated). Some students began to see the racialization of the globalization process (at least enough to say "capitalist globalization is racist!") Several members began attending events like "Women of Colour Resisting Imperialism" and demonstrations to stop the deportation of a former live-in caregiver (whose only crime was to get pregnant). Fewer still saw the links to the fight for African Studies, and other long-term anti-racist work.

Outside of Quebec, one exciting idea was the border crossing at Akwesasne, Mohawk territory. It was a creative direct action—i.e. thinking outside the 'shut down the Summit' box, asserting First Nations sovereignty, and addressing border enforcement—not only for protesters but for all people.

Talking the talk

Some groups have begun referring to globalization's racialized impact in statements, principles, or reports. A brief survey: the final declaration of the Peoples' Summit of the Americas (a parallel NGO summit) stated "this neo-liberal project is racist and sexist..." The Canadian Federation of Students (CFS) has put out a fact sheet called "Is Globalisation Colour Blind?" The Centre for Social Justice published a report on Canada's Economic Apartheid, which was featured on CBC TV's Counterspin (funny how communities of colour have noticed the inequity for years, but it didn't make prime time TV then). Montreal's GOMM referred to racism and other oppressions under their "feminist" demands. Even groups like the Council of Canadians appear to be slowly changing their official line on racism. At FTAA-Alert, we stuck a clause saying the group was "anti-sexist, anti-racist, and anti-homophobic" into the mandate, and managed to rid the group of a white supremacist who was stirring up the email list. But it seemed difficult enough to combat this blatant discrimination, never mind the daily organizing habits that made the group inaccessible.

Few activists challenged (or continue to challenge) more subtle, internal racism within

ourselves and our groups, beyond openly noting the lack of "diversity." The groups mentioned above were/are heavily dominated by white, middle-class activists and have not addressed the racial exclusivity in ongoing work, including anti-FTAA organizing. That is not to say all these groups have not done good work, it is just to point out areas where we still need to work.

So where are we going and how can we get there?

The call-out for "A Critical Dialogue on Confronting Oppression Within Activist and 'Alternative' Communities" says bluntly, "while activists rush back and forth across the continent looking for the next big event, important questions remain unanswered and complicated internal conflicts lurk in the dark corners and closets of our communities. Why is it never the right time or place to acknowledge or confront the rampant sexism, racism, homophobia, and arrogance within supposedly radical organizations?"

According to the Colours of Resistance statement, we "are committed to helping build an anti-racist, anti-imperialist, multiracial, feminist, queer liberationist, and anti-authoritarian movement against global capitalism." This requires time for listening, learning, serious mutual critiques, and long-term visioning.

Most groups are much more willing to talk about racialized globalization on the international level, agreeing that developing countries are by far hurt most. Only a few have discussed the effects of globalization on the "Third World within," i.e. on local communities of colour. I think a serious spelling-out of the local impacts of global capitalism would be crucial to building a broader, more relevant, and more powerful movement.

What I've learned from watching and working with community organizers around me is that building resistance and politicizing our communities takes years of thankless grunt work. I fear the anti-globalization hype has unintentionally produced 'glory' activism (I've felt it) — the romance of being on the front lines, taking up "arms," facing the repressive state reaction, and all the attention afterwards! — and, as anti-racist, anarchist writer Chris Crass points out in his essay "Looking to the light of freedom," this glorified activism makes it easy to forget the years of work (often hidden, and often done by women) that have gone into shaping key social movements.

As Free Radical's L.A. Kauffman writes, "Radicals whose activism largely consists of mobilizing for one big action after another...tend to develop very different politics from those who are deeply enmeshed in local organizing. There's a kind of rigor to nuts-and-bolts campaigning with concrete, immediate stakes—say, fighting to stop a power plant from being built in a low-income neighborhood with epidemic asthma rates—that privileges strategy over gestures. Without that grounding, it's all too easy to make the great militant error of elevating tactics to principles, rather than seeing them as tools, and to engage in confrontation for its own sake."

I would start by asking: where are the roots of the 'globalization problem? How can we aim for those roots in the long term, while addressing urgent needs for better living conditions? Who needs support, and how can we

best give it without taking over? What are creative, effective and accessible actions we can take, while building radically alternative ways of relating to each other? What will it mean when these actions are "successful"?

To get more concrete, here's some sharp comments and suggestions from various organizers of the upcoming North American (NA) conference of Peoples' Global Action (PGA), a radical, grassroots network based in the 2/3 world, the global south. One of the PGA hallmarks is: "A rejection of all forms of oppression and exploitation such as patriarchy, white supremacy and imperialism."

Lesley Wood writes "dynamics around networks are often dependent on who is at the table when the meeting starts. And I fear that not everyone will be there." She has suggested downscaling event costs to make them more accessible, and asking more privileged groups to send someone else—from a movement that would otherwise not be represented.

Emphasizing the years it takes to build a strong, diverse community alliances, another PGA organizer pointed out "to do alliance building does not mean that we just try to get indigenous groups or people of color to attend a PGA conference, it means that a relationship of trust has been formed due to doing work that supports these organizations... we need to be open to new ways of organizing."

Jane G. has suggested discussing 'diversity of tactics' in "a room full of immigrant workers and people of color," and delaying the immediate launch of PGA-NA, prioritizing local tours by PGA reps from the global south—"The visiting folks could talk up PGA directly with local groups here, and establish direct links of communication, thus allowing PGA-NA to build itself up without control or ownership (albeit unintentional) by the white middle-class anti-globalization crowd."

Many other activists, such as Ottawa activist Chelby Daigle, are committed to strengthening and RESOURCING the "parallel movement" of grassroots groups in communities of colour (of course, we stay aware that not all groups in these communities are grassroots) without waiting for the more mainstream anti-globalization organizations to wake up to these needs. A People of Color Caucus in the anti-globalization movement in San Francisco has also focused on supporting people of colour in predominantly white organizations, a need some of us in Montreal can identify with as well.

These are just a few ideas to get us started, to ensure the fight against imperialist, neoliberal globalization is much more than a passing fad (ready to be co-opted by unrepresentative organizations, politicians, and even clever corporations). By addressing racism and other oppressions (which I did not touch on here, obviously) seriously and systematically in our own organizations, our strategies and activities, I hope we can work hard at building a sustained, inclusive movement in which power and leadership (which exist even if we pretend to avoid it) can be transferred to all people.

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Cena & Pira

Voices

With all the discussion about issues of race and culture within the public sphere of the scene more and more People of Color are able to show that the assumptions and life experiences that shape us as people are much different than those of our white counterparts (our involvement in the hardcore/punk scene can be seen as an example—it definitely is for me). Not only are we educating whites (the owners of the public hardcore/punk sphere—in other words: all information/ideas that are put out through hardcore/punk mediums are always available to whites) but we also are educating ourselves, and from it, building a commonality and solidarity. I know you all know this but I am saying this for a reason, to show that this article is first directed toward an audience of People of Color.

* It is clear that certain ethnic groups have a stronger foundation within the subculture than others. For example, few will argue the cultural influence of those of us who are Latino on the hardcore/punk scene. This is clear by the way that the white punk public has embraced Spanish speaking bands. You folks in the scene are in many ways redefining what hardcore/punk is all about. However, the position that is held is not perfect. In many instances I have heard outright racism from white kids in the scene, stuff like, "Why can't they speak in English, how am I supposed to understand the positive messages behind the music?!" (I am sure you all are used to this one) and "Looks like more people are jumping on the bandwagon!" (Referring to the way that more of us are incorporating non-English languages into hardcore/punk).

In the first example, there is a clear underlying assumption made, that the bands that use non-English languages to convey ideas or information are there for every individual that is watching the band. For non-whites to use a language that would screen out a whole group of people (whites) in many ways might be interpreted as being exclusionist or reverse racist. In the second example, the concept of individuals that integrate their cultural tongues into the music they present is looked at as some sort of fad or trend that held weight at one time because it was new or different but soon lost its exotic flavor both over time and with more people taking part in it.

This is a reflection on the power dynamic within the scene. The hardcore/punk scene is based around "white issues" that comes from white representation. From the whiny emo band to the metal type grindcore band to the dogooder political band the voices from this perspective are talking to others that share it. This is in most cases totally unseen by whites because of the fact that whites are used to their position of power of owning the public transcript of the hardcore/punk medium. The second that whites are limited in their ownership the reactions taken are often backlashes of racism under the politically correct guise of unity or universal inclusion.

In many ways our voices are owned by white people in the same way that they own the

demo tapes, records, and CDs that we put out. They can turn on and then turn off our voices whenever they want, and at the same time take the messages in a way that will benefit them. Our involvement in the wide scale hardcore/punk scene is based on their willingness to be open toward our perspectives. The second that we do not convey information on their terms we are often limited as they make up the majority of the punk scene. Based on who we interact with, we are in a "damned if you do, damned if you don't" position where at one hand we would be subject to racial exclusion, and the other cultural appropriation. This shows just how endemic white supremacy is to every facet of American culture, including vital counter cultures that attempt to reconstruct the social fabric to a more egalitarian state, a state free of such social inequity as racism.

I think now is as good a place as any to explain my position relative to this issue. I am an American born Indian, heterosexual, male. My parents are immigrants from the state of Gujarat. My religious background has also had a great influence on me as a result of living in America and the dominant white perception and racist assumptions that I constantly had to deal with as I am a Muslim. My Muslim background is very important to me as it is yet another culture that has influenced the values and beliefs that I was originally constructed with living in a white/Christian culture. I think that my position as a "desi" (self-identifier for South Asian American people) is very important. It was the reason I got involved in hardcore/punk music/philosophy in the first place, and it is the reason why I am writing this article right now. Because of my position, I always question the issue of cultural appropriation as Indian culture in the United States has been overly commodified. Everywhere I look in "progressive" (dangerous word) areas there are representations of Indian culture as seen by Western eyes. This face value, mystic, exotic representation (Hinduism/Sufism) often has nothing in common with my own interpretation of Indian culture as my interpretation has to do with the conflicts I faced living in a race polarized, white supremacist society (another article). This is in no way marketable, and therefore holds no or little value compared to that of the dominant white perception of Indian culture. The concept of inclusion often makes me weary because of the fact that the implicit racism that I see on a daily basis that has to do with my cultural identity is not so much included but owned by the public of popular American culture, where (within a scaled down environment) the voices of non-white ethnic groups are owned by the public of hardcore/punk culture.

Is this to deny the agency of those bands that incorporate their cultural backgrounds into their music? Not at all, it is totally the way you look at it. If we as People of Color are in a paradoxical position no matter what we do, we are actively in a political resistance against white supremacy. Depending on our different environments that we find ourselves in we react in different ways that we see fit. The power is in our hands as we are the teachers of race and equality as our actions will in turn affect our positive position in the scene and into society as a whole. As we build off of the foundations that

have been set we find ourselves getting closer to a definition of equality whose meaning is constantly changing. No, this article is in no way a rejection of the agency of People of Color because, personally, I know that I have only gained strength in the experiences that I have had. Whether others wish to acknowledge it or not is up to them, but this does not lessen the validity of my experiences as I now define what is valid for me. The ethnocentric white hardcore/punk scene has always tried to do this, I find agency in the way that I now consciously recognize it.

—Cenan Pirani;
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For the picture this issue: This is an old high school prom picture to publicly embarrass dear friends of mine. On the left, an acne bombarded, 1920's vintage tux wearing Vincent Chung. Center is Cynthia Main, who is wearing a wig because she was totally too punk for prom and had a shaved head. On the right is Moe who was a reluctant and quiet kid from another high school but now sings for some CrimethInc. band. Cynthia and Moe will most certainly kill me now.



Face it, everyone. Hardcore SUCKS. It's not like how it used to be in 1999 when The Promise Ring put out their amazing 'Very Emergency' record and everyone tried to sound like Saves the Day or Jerome's Dream! Ahh, those were the days. Kids SUCK these days. Having their SUCKy parents drop them off in their SUVs (not mini-vans anymore... the S-U-c-k-V) and using Daddy's SUCK money to buy the new Better Than A Thousand. I wish I could have seen Jawbreaker 'cause Jets to Brazil is, like, in my top ten list of most influential bands! Der. I heart Chris Daly because his 3rd solo album 'Bringing' it

Back to '88' Drum 'n Bass project rips! Who's Econochrist? Do they sound anything like A New Found Glory? Malcolm McWho? WHATEVER! McDonald's SUCKS, too, because I'm more enlightened than thou!

If *HeartattaCk* is still around ten years from now, maybe it'd get a letter like that. I would be really amused.

The verb "to suck", a "to be" verb describing a subject to be "of poor quality", obviously only exists in American slang. For example, the sentence "Die 'hardcore' Musik von Neunzhenhundertneuzig saugt!" would be nonsense to a native German speaker. Instead of interpreting that as a criticism of 90s hardcore, one would have a vivid image of Norm Arenas (or Karl Beuchner, or Justin Pearson, or Corin Tucker, or Bob Nanna) puckering their lips and drawing air inwards. Now exhale. STOP THE VIOLENCE!

Oh, back to American slang. Part of the long and arduous process of writing a column here is the part where I shop an idea around to some peers and get their reactions. It usually involves asking the following questions:

"Is this punk enough? Does it positively contribute to the scene?" "Will people be confused with the fact that I'm not straight edge, but obsess over early Revelation Records releases? Are people okay with that?" "Will people question my personal hygiene if I say this?"

"I don't mention Christianity and punk in the same sentence, right?"

Imagine my surprise when I shop around the idea "PDA at punk rock shows" and people give me this baffled look of "Vince, I know you're a total yuppie chump, but seriously, they're not all that common in the scene!" Apparently, people have mistaken "PDA" for those newfangled gadgets that I always called PalmPilots (yes, I realize that there are other brands, but those will die out unless they're PalmOS compatible, kind of like what Microsoft did with Windows). I guess it means "Personal Data Assistant" or "Public Damnation for the Asshole" but I guess that's going to be the new "PDA." I kind of meant "PDA" as in "Public Display of Affection," the ritual of broadcasting intimate moments to the unfortunate masses surrounding the couple (or however many people are involved in the touching).

So, now that I've taken the totally meandering scenic route here, here's some stories of PDA at punk rock/indie/hardcore/whatever shows.

Chapel Hill, NC, May 2001 ~ The last time Tortoise came around here, people came out in droves to see the indie rock jam band do their thing. The couple behind me looked fairly normal, actually leaning more towards the frat/sorority type rather than the urban hipsters you normally see at club shows. The girl's bangs kept brushing the back of my neck, which was cool because people don't rock out enough in Chapel Hill. In fact, they don't rock out at all unless they're crossing their arms and nodding their heads. The slight brushes of hair turned into the girl pressing her face into the back of my head. I felt hands resting on the sides of my waist. Hands that belonged to the male component of the couple. I was a slice of bread in a hot and heavy grind sandwich that smelled like a double dosage of

CK1. I looked back and there they were, necking like there was no tomorrow. I backed off and they looked really offended that I dissed them. Apparently, it's a regular thing at Cravin' Melon and Far Too Jones concerts.

Chapel Hill, NC, sometime in 1999 ~ My friend Micah had just broken up with his then girlfriend. Relationships for him are few and far between and he's kind of a melodramatic guy, so it adds up to a pretty big ordeal. We all went to go see Jimmy Eat World to sort of cheer him up. While the band was playing, we looked around and it was such a token emo moment. Couples were EVERYWHERE holding hands, hugging, smooching, and singing along (together, to each other, in each other's ears) to the rock band onstage. I thought I had just fallen onto the set of a PG rated Eyes Wide Shut. Micah walks up to me, whispers in my ear: "If I see another couple hug or kiss and be all cute, I'm going to punch them in the backs of their heads and tell them that their break up is inevitable, so get over it!" Micah then walks out and waits for us outside.

District of Columbia, June 2000 ~ My friend Justin and I were walking around outside. They had a rule at the space to take off our shoes since it was at a dance rehearsal space. It seriously deadened any hopes for a pit, but it was kind of cool. Well, now that I think about it, it was kind of musty smelling in there. So Justin and I were walking around in our socks talking about whatever we usually talk about (old Touch and Go bands, Diesel jeans, fly fishing techniques) when we walk by some guy from one of the bands playing sitting on a bench with one of our friends. As we walked by, we heard this line thrown at her: "I don't listen to punk rock anymore, all I listen to is NICK DRAKE." We both stopped and broke our necks in a double take. There he was in a tiny little ALF shirt, tight hip pants, bedhead, and there she was, totally eating it up with that dreamy look in her eyes. Justin and I ran away around the corner so we could gag and to NOT witness what was about to ensue. I won't say what band it is, but let's just say they grace the pages of this magazine more than enough times. No disrespect to Nick Drake, either, but you don't use a dead sad guy to pick up girls.

Raleigh, NC, sometime in 1997 ~ The line up was Fugazi/The Make-Up/The Monorchid and it was the first time Fugazi had played in Raleigh in years. Fugazi was setting up their gear and we were gleefully anticipating their set by trying to get up to the front. I stood there talking with my friend Brian until I doubled over from some enormous pressure on my back. It was the kind of thing where someone is crowdsurfing and fall on you because you aren't alert enough to see them coming. The question I was asking was, who would be crowdsurfing to the music over the PA?! As the pressure got more intense, I looked at Brian and asked him what was going on. He informed me that there was a couple on my back totally making out and I was their flat surface. Since there was no room to move, I asked him to see if he could make them stop. Brian tapped the guy on his shoulder and busts out with "HEY DUDE THAT LOOKS FUN. CAN I JOIN?" and the couple disappears to violate each other somewhere else.

Pittsburgh, PA, July 2000 ~ What's funny about Pittsburgh's scene is that they have

all these names for mosh moves so one could stand out on the side and point out who's doing what. I know this is everywhere, but for some reason, Pitt kids are really into it. During Demon System 13's set, I fell victim to the Pittsburgh Pit Pile-Up where I was pointed out and then there were 30 kids on top of me. I guess it's how they welcome their guests. During the pile up, my balls were cupped and one the way up, a couple of kids patted me on the butt. It was PDA in a sports bonding sort of way.

Chicago, IL ~ I've only heard this second-hand so I've never seen it, but apparently when June of 44 plays any shows in the Chicago area, be it the Empty Bottle or the Fireside, there is a couple that attends and stands front and center. While the band plays, the couple DRYHUMP throughout the entire set. The crowd creates a ring of distance, so all you see is a pretty repulsed Jeff Mueller and this couple totally going at it.

In May 2001, I walked the walk that some call a definitive pivot in their lives. I graduated from college. It wasn't really a teary eyed, let's get proud and then get drunk type of celebration. The formalities seemed more like "I paid \$50 for this stupid gown that I'm never going to wear again. LET ME OUT OF HERE" among the student body. The event itself may not have been significant, but the experience was certainly pivotal. Here were my peers standing around in their silly gowns and flaps of cardboard on their heads thinking,

"What now?"

None of us had jobs yet. None of us really wanted employment. The whole concept of school made the College of Design graduates completely disillusioned to the realities of life. With the slow crashing of the job market and the media's advent of the term "The New Economy"—obviously the genius of sardonic, yet posi Wall Street Journal writers, it seemed pointless to even look.

I did what I had to do. I got the fuck out of the South.

Before I left, I attended a joint birthday party of some North Carolina punk rockers. It was the Greensboro scene, many of whom I had distanced with when I decided to spend more time concentrating on school. It was an opportune time to break the news of my departure. One of the birthday boys and I engaged in a conversation. I told him I had just graduated from college. He asked me how it felt.

"Like I'm going 100mph down a hill with a cliff at the bottom and there's no brakes. I'm completely terrified, but it's sort of exciting."

He then proceeded to tell me that when he graduated, it was the scariest moment of his life. He encountered pressures from his family, school, and peers to go out and do something. Instead, he just followed his own intuition. He's still alive and breathing and the fact that his well-being is intact made me a little more comfortable.

North Carolina is a fine state. A lot of people are embarrassed about the South, and they have every right to be, but I'm all about the NC pride. I like Superchunk. I like college basketball. I like visiting the future gravesite of Senator Jesse Helms in Oakwood cemetery. I feel like I've exhausted the resources. Besides, isn't it like some unwritten rule that before you turn 25, you

should leave home for at least a little bit? I've got people to meet, cities to see, worlds to conquer. Yes, I would like to defile your town, too!

I hopped on a plane to Chicago, where I am now—couch surfing and wandering the streets aimlessly. I can't really afford to do anything, so I just buy cheap paperbacks and sit in a park and read. That's probably more bohemian than I would rather admit, but I'm not like sipping espresso shots in an upscale joint, sleazily inviting people to read my poetry. Although, I AM writing these columns in horrendously cheesy Internet cafes never thinking I would end up in such an establishment, sipping potent drip coffee, and constantly changing the background image of clouds to pictures of 3-ways.

The mornings I spend taking my marketable skill and half-assedly whoring it to various firms and agencies. I'm like a street prostitute dressed in warm up pants and a sweater. I get the same answers everyday: we're not hiring, but your work is good and we'll let you know when we need another person. I never expected the downfall of a bunch of foolish dot com yuppies and capital venturists to affect me this much.

Depending on how it goes here in the next couple of weeks, I might vanish off to the next town. The transient lifestyle of such an existence is fun until the money runs out. Who knows, as long as I'm not stuck back in the South.

It's funny because in the last issue of *HeartattaCk*, Al Burian writes about a similar experience. Chicagoans, please don't think that North Carolinians are migrating to the midwest. There's no myths of Chicago as "the next Chapel Hill" or anything silly like that. If you see a larger presence of Southern culture and an abundance of Dixie flags, cowboy hats, or mesh John Deere baseball caps, just think of it as another kitchy indie rock trend. White trash is in. Besides, we gave you Michael Jordan. You owe us something.

Endorsements:

The coolest thing about the OTHER punk rock magazine, *Maximum Rock' n' Roll*, are John Ringhoff's columns. His exquisite structuring of moralistically based anecdotes serve as a stepping stone (hell, make that a stunt cannon) for any subculturally disillusioned participant looking for wise, and perhaps even spiritual, guidance. His roommate, Mike Joyce (who did the Le Shok interview in the last *HeartattaCk*) and Ringhoff are constantly involved in amazing projects that inspire even the most jaded scenesters.

Dave Laney does a really rad magazine that takes a step above the commonly redundant activist tripe that's littered punk rock. Instead of rehash, *Mediareader* explores. It used to be based in Chapel Hill, NC, but has since moved to Chicago, IL. For those who don't get *Mediareader* magazine in their town, they can check out www.mediareader.org and find most of the material and ways on getting their very own copy.

Any typos in this column are the fault of me and not the always wonderful and pleasant *HeartattaCk* staff that consists of the Leslje, the Lisa, or the Kent. All opinions are mine and do not reflect that of *HeartattaCk* magazine. If you wish to contact me for any reason, my email address is at the bottom. All hate mail will be

tended to with my army of goons.

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Steve Snyder

From where does our food come? Walk about a farmer's market or well stocked produce department and observe the variety of fruits, vegetables, herbs, and grains. Sometimes several varieties of individual species can be found. The diversity available to those of us living with established and functioning agriculture can be great, even more so with nearby organic and small farms. Look for heirloom varieties to find produce not bred for marketability, and closer to it's original form. The multiple shapes, sizes, and flavors of fruits and vegetables available throughout the year can be impressive. Yet even the largest farmer's market or best stocked produce department offers a tiny sampling of the 3000 plus varieties in commercial cultivation, fewer still of the 100,000 plus species used by our planet's peoples for food, medicine, and fiber. At the farmer's market when you pickup onions or tomatoes or kale you probably purchase from the people who plant and grow these foods. These are people who carry on the art of agriculture.

Humans created agriculture by selecting wild plants that produce useful and edible roots, fruits or leaves and eventually saving seeds from the best producing plants for cultivation the next year. After hundreds or thousands of years of such selection in concert with crossbreeding that occurs when varieties of a species are grown in close proximity the familiar forms of food plants came about. By learning the needs of plants and their cycles of growth and passing on that knowledge from generation to generation humans learned to work with nature and were rewarded with stable sources of food. Each civilization to develop relied on the plants native to it's region and in so doing developed all the foods on which we now rely. The produce available to us has it's origins in just a few widely separated regions of the planet. Before humans

began agriculture specific groups of species evolved into sub-species and varieties consequent with the climates, geology, and other factors specific to their planetary region. At the end of the last ice age the plants on which our civilization is based were not scattered uniformly about the planet.

In the 1920s a Russian geneticist named Nikolai Vavilov investigated the sources of crop plants and found that nearly all originated from wild plants found in 7 or 8 regions. These centers of botanical diversity (or Vavilov centers) are quite geographically isolated but their ecological conditions are similar. A diversity of plants requires a diversity of soil, rainfall, and sunlight conditions and so most of these vavilov centers are found in mountainous regions of the tropics and subtropics. The soils of mountain ranges tend to be rich in mineral content due to the geologic youth of the substrate on which they develop providing ample fertility for many plant requirements. The central latitudes of our planet are warm with mild climates. The range of elevations and complex geography of mountainous regions therein provide many micro environments and micro climates in very close proximity. As plants evolve in these micro environments their proximity provides opportunity for hybridization and the evolution of new species with diverse growth tolerances and food production abilities. Humans eventually arrived in each region and came to rely on the native botanical diversity for food. Our ancestors created the art and science of agriculture by feeding themselves.

The Vavilov Centers of Crop Diversity: plants that originated there:

Central America—maize(corn), beans, squash, tomatoes, chile peppers, avocado, chocolate, vanilla, cotton, agave/sisal, grapefruit

Andean—potatoes, beans and lima beans, squash, passion fruit, cotton, tomatoes, amaranth

Mediterranean—wheat, oats, lettuce, olive, grapes, cabbage, beets, onions, artichoke, celery, sugar beet

Ethiopian Highlands—coffee, tēff, barley, millet, pigeon pea

Central Asia/Near Eastern—wheat, barley, rye, lentils, peas, apples, walnuts, spinach, alfalfa, carrot, garlic, date palm, flax, plum, figs, pistachio, almond, apricot, cherry, pear, pomegranate, melons

Chinese—rice, cabbage, soybean, peaches, oranges, millet, multiplier onions, radish, tea

Southeast Asia—sugar cane, lemons, limes, coconut, taro, bananas, breadfruit, yams

Other centers of crop diversity:

India—mango, mustard, cucumber, cotton, eggplant, amaranth

sub-Saharan Africa—afican rice, sorghum, millet, watermelon, bottle gourd, cotton, oil palm, yam, cow peas, okra

Eastern Brazil/Amazon Basin—cassava, peanut, cashew, pineapple, papaya, chili peppers

North America—sunflowers, squash, blueberries, cranberries, pecans, hops, maple sugar

Human trade and conquest eventually spread these plants and an unknown quantity of others across the continents. Migrating populations brought plants of far flung regions into contact and more hybridization resulted. As populations grew a small group of these crops

became the predominant crops feeding the world. Following is a list of the twenty crops that currently hold that distinction: wheat, rice, maize, potatoes, barley, cassava, oats, sorghum, soybean, sugar cane, citrus, sugar beet, beans and peas, rye, banana, tomato, millets, cottonseed, sesame, apples, onions, mango, palm oil, peanut, coconut, olive, yams and sweet potato, grapes.

North Americans and Northern Europeans are dependent on crops originating elsewhere. We are highly capable of growing much of what we need locally or on our continents, but we also rely heavily on crops grown in appropriate climates and shipped to us; coffee, sugar, bananas, and chocolate from Central and South America for example. But the lands used there for commercial cultivation of such crops is land unavailable to the local residents, many of whom must work the commercial plantations rather than their own land. Back home most of our crops are grown by enormous industrial food producers with no concern for the health of the land or the local residents, human or otherwise.

We can be more thoughtful about the origination of our food. Become less dependent on foods for which source information is not readily available and replace processed foods with fresh foods. Farmer's markets, small grocers and food co-operatives often take great care to provide locally grown organic produce, often listing the farms from which it came. We can grow some of our own food at home or at a community garden project. Once you get your produce to the kitchen take the time to prepare it well and eating becomes a small daily celebration.

Credit for much of the information on crop origination and uses goes to: "A Look at Food Origins", an article written by Peter Bane published in The Permaculture Activist issue #43.



The cleansing smell lingered from the not so steady rain storm the night before. Luckily, the almost empty gondola I decided to ride in had been occupied, possibly quite recently, by another train hopper who had abandoned two slightly ripped rain tarps. It was a happy discovery of these items. This car was just over six feet tall from the inside perspective of this transporter of scrap metal. The shape of a gondola is much like a box with the top missing. Rain can easily find it's way inside. I did not prepare for rain because my trip was a short one. Philly to Pittsburgh. Should take ten hours at the most. Sounds long to some but to any other freight train riders, ten hours is not bad time. Hopping a freight train takes a little longer than expected but the ride itself and the meditative trance it puts me in is well worth it.

Not is it just the riding of the freight train, but the events that happen while riding which can trigger an unconditional love for the

massive steel beasts. When that train jumps ahead of itself and you find yourself with nothing to grab, falling within breath's touch of those unstoppable wheels you might find yourself spending the next hour or two glazed over with thoughts of life vs. death, good vs. evil, and other such dualities. What will stay with you long after you hop off that train are the philosophy of life conclusions you come to thanks to those hours of undistracted thought (not something you can go out and get anywhere these days, especially without money).

On this trip in particular, riding home to Pittsburgh after having visited with a few friends in Philadelphia, I had quite an unusual day. Hoped on around 9 p.m. It was too dark with night and rainfall to see the sites so I slept. I was awake only a few times in order to reclaim my rain tarp from the wet winds sweeping down into my shoebox home, trying to pull away my covers. As is customary for outdoor sleeping, the sun decided if it was going to get up, I was going to get up as well. You can fight it all you want but this natural wake up has no snooze button and I think it would be pretty scary if it did.

Daytime went as expected. Gorgeous landscapes further providing evidence to the idea that the most beautiful pictures are the ones you get when you've forgotten your camera. Moments of fear when the train comes to a stand still for longer than hoped for but then, just before I pack up my sleeping bag and prepare to hike it to the closest highway, we start to move again. On a few occasions, less than expected, I crouch out of view as we pass through a train yard, due to the worry about being spotted by the few train yard workers who would actually call the police and have me kicked off the train. And, of course, the landscapes again, unspeakable, some untouched by "progress" or whatever you want to call it, and just as natural as thousands of years ago. I wonder at this point how many train hoppers have watched this area evolve without the help or hindrance of humans. Aside from the untouched landscapes, on the rails you come across quite a large number of what once were or still are factories and power plants and see some sights that make you cringe. Small rivers turned into sludge farms, glowing new shades of green from whatever it is that slowly makes its way down from the large smoke stack-covered buildings hovering overhead. These are the sights they don't want you to see. It is no surprise the Amtrak rail line split from the freight rail line about a dozen miles back.

This mixture of good and evil along with my thoughts on life and death (I had just witnessed a close friend's sonogram and even more recently seen a dying deer trying to make it's way off the tracks before the next beast rolled through) was setting the stage. The climax then hit me right in the face. Literally. It was about an inch below my left eye. A drop of liquid hit my face and the wind speed immediately added to form a thin, wet, horizontal streak across my cheek. Was it a raindrop? No, no other drops could be seen. Bird piss? Well, let's hope not. Could it be?! Could I have started to cry? Instantly the duality makes sense and I realize that I could cry when I am happy and not just when I am sad. Although how obvious this may seem to anyone, it sometimes takes an original, personal

experience to bring the obvious into a realization.

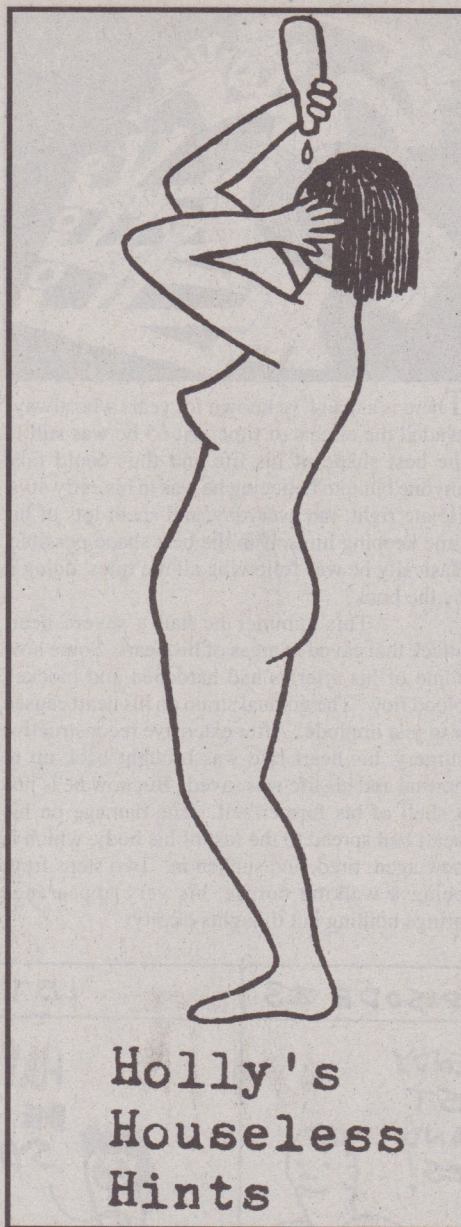
What was more pressing about this moment, which was but a few seconds of the fastest thought processes I have ever put myself through, was that I had recently all but given up on trying to cry. Let's back up a minute. Within the past year or so, I had been confronting my inability to let out anger, frustration, and whatever other emotions in the form of tears. With male and female friends, I even discussed the fact that I could not recall having cried since before puberty. Ever since then, I had tried a few different times to cry whenever I was going through an emotional time. However, socially implicated gender differences play a large role in determining this outcome. I have had twenty years of influence from a culture that thrives off the macho man stereotype. From magazine covers to high school cafeterias: Boy's don't cry. Well, this boy wants to cry. But like trying to watch the water boil, trying to force tears just wasn't happening.

So now I make this realization that I should cry for joy and not just sorrow, and having one tear fall out already, it just happened. This well of aging tears found it's path to rejoin the water cycle by leaving my eyes, following the first drop's horizontal streak across my face and continuing with the 50 or so mile per hour wind to find itself spread out across Pennsylvania's beauty behind me. I was engulfed in it. The tree lines in front of me and Monongahela River to my left turned into water color paintings as my the overflow of happiness drowned out any remembrance that I once was a man proud that I did not cry.

The wetness felt somewhat foreign as the trail grew and spread little roots down my cheek to the bottom of my chin. It had been so long. When the tears reached my lips, I ignored all the dirty salt they had picked up along the facial trail. I longed for that unsanitary taste. I sucked up the memories of crying in my mother's arms after having lost a family pet, of having, at age eleven, falling off my skateboard in the middle of nowhere and comforting myself with nothing else but tears. I looked forward to reaching for shoulders to cry on in the future. I liked my newfound friendship. I now felt a closer connection with even myself. No longer being embarrassed to cry in front of myself. Maybe next I will cry in front of loved ones, in front of anyone, everyone. I think of the future days when I will run away from it all, find a little patch of woods and sit amidst the busy world and make time for myself to cry. I find freedom in these tears. A freedom I had lost long before I knew I had it or knew how to use it. I dedicate myself to never losing it again.

This was all in about 15 or 20 seconds and shortly after I had hit the peak of my tear-fest, it started to rain. The sun still filled the sky with enough yellow to make it all look greenish through my water goggles. But then the whole of my body became drenched by the mixture of inner and outer water sources. Now the hysteria hit me about the possibility that my original teardrop was in fact a raindrop. Had I been fooled into letting my emotions flow into tears all because of a little rain? Doubt it, but you never know.

—Joy; joeyno_e@hotmail.com>



Simple Showers

Suppose you are traveling and want to rinse off sweat and dust, but aren't near a beach or free swimming pool. Or suppose you share a house with a dozen friends, and the one bathroom gets congested morning. Or suppose you find a camping spot that's idyllic—except the only water nearby is not only icy but too shallow to wet more than your toes.

Many people would like to lower their living costs and environmental impacts by NOT individually buying or renting a house or apartment or motorhome. But they are deterred, because they are accustomed to bathrooms and don't know of easy, comfortable, convenient alternatives:

Even experienced backwoods folks may be hooked on elaborate hardware. Years ago, Bert and I read a local outdoor-recreation tabloid produced by an elderly couple. They had often camped in the wilde while hiking and fishing and developing a mining claim; and seemed very knowledgeable. Yet, while on a long motor trip, though carrying camping equipment, they rented a motel—TO BATHE!!

Some ways to wash are simple but not

very good. E.g., dabbing with a wet cloth or sponge or hand. That may suffice temporarily for face and pits. But, if doing your entire body, that is tedious and messy and doesn't get you very clean.

Julia Summers found a way to shower that Bert and I adopted. It is not only very simple, but is actually BETTER than a bathroom shower. All you need is one or more narrow-mouth plastic jugs or bottles.

If only rinsing (not soaping), I like at least a quart of water. For a full shower with soaping, I like at least a gallon. However, unless your hands are very strong, I suggest NOT filling a gallon jug FULL; at least not the first time. Instead, partially fill several jugs. Some jugs/bottles are easier to handle than others; try various kinds.

When ready to shower, REMOVE the cap. (Merely loosening won't allow enough flow.) Control flow by tipping. I hold the jug in one hand and don't move it much, tilting to get a brief gush while rubbing with my other hand. To reach all of me, I switch hands as needed. Getting the flow where you want it may be difficult at first, but soon becomes easy. Like most anything, jug-showering improves with practice.

If washing, I wet and soap my legs and lower body, then my arms and upper body, and last my head. This way, my head and upper body, the parts which lose most heat, are wet a shorter time. I rinse from my head down, so that run-off begins rinsing portions below.

If you want a hot shower, place jugs/bottles in the sun for a few hours. Clear jugs warm faster than white, especially if set on something dark and insulative such as bark or leaves or corrugated cardboard. Dark-colored jugs warm fastest. A full jug warms faster than one not full, and small bottles faster than big. The jug will get hotter if a clear plastic bag is loosely draped over it. (Testing, we heated 46°F COLD water in a brown one-gallon jug with bag, to 101° in 5 hours, despite hazy clouds and cool air.)

If no sun or insufficient time, you can heat water over a campfire or park barbecue. Or, in a city, obtain warm water from a fast-food restroom. Take along a cup or bowl to fill the jug, which may not fit under the faucet.

If the water is hottest tolerable, I can shower outside quite comfortably even when below freezing if not much wind. To reduce time outside and wet, I do soaping inside our warm insulated tent; on body part at a time, rubbing each part until dry before wetting the next. Then, going outside, I need only rinse.

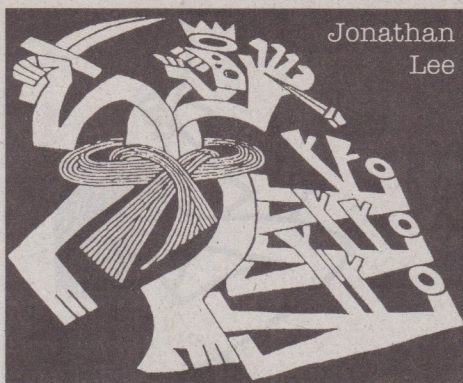
Bert and I now PREFER jug showers to bathroom showers. Even when house-sitting (which we do occasionally for use of a pickup or phone—NOT because we like houses), we usually jug-shower outside—IF neighbors are not prudes or if bushes provide concealment. A jug shower is more comfortable than a bathroom shower because we can get the water temperature we want before wetting. A jug shower also saves time and energy and water, because we can fill jugs from the faucet nearest the water heater, instead of waiting for hot water to flow through long pipes to the bathroom. Also, if we don't use the bathroom we don't have to clean it.

Some camp-equipment dealers sell, for ±\$15, a plastic bag with hose attached. Hung from

a tree limb, it provides a shower much like a bathroom shower. For that reason, it appeals to people who are unwilling to try something different. A hung shower has ONE advantage over a hand-held-jug shower: both hands are free for washing—an advantage if only one hand is operational, or if washing (e.g.) a dog who doesn't want to be washed. But hung showers have several problems. Few trees are suitable for hanging, with a strong limb at the proper height and NO limbs or bushes beneath. Even if there is a suitable tree, it probably isn't where you'd like it: in a patch of sun, and out of sight of prudes. Also, the plastic bags aren't durable (according to Dwelling Portable readers who have used them). Finally, a hung shower is one more special-purpose gadget to buy, carry around, protect, and keep track of. Whereas jugs are multi-purpose; and discarded jugs are widely available.

If a hung shower is wanted, it can be made from a jug that has a coarse-thread screw top by cutting a fill hole in the bottom and suspending upside down. A 3 or 5 gallon jug will hold enough water for a simple deluge. (Oils and sauces come in them: look for discards behind eateries.) With a hung jug (but NOT hand-held jug), leave the cap on and loosen/tighten to adjust flow.

We hang water at our base camps, not for showering, but over our kitchen basin for washing hands, utensils, veggies. More about this in the next installment. Comments and questions welcome. Holly/Dwelling Portably/PO Box 190-hcc/Philomath, OR 97370. (Sample \$1. 6 issues \$5.)



Jonathan
Lee

There is a man I've known for years who always evaded the effects of time. At 65 he was still in the best shape of his life and thus could fake anyone out into believing he was in his early 40's. He ate right, ran everyday, and spent lots of his time keeping himself in the best shape possible. Basically he was following all the rules, doing it by the book.

This summer he had a severe heart attack that caved in areas of his heart. Some how some of his arteries had hardened and blocked blood flow. The gradual strain on his heart caused it to just implode. After extensive reconstructive surgery, his heart rate was brought back up to normal and his life was saved. But now he is just a shell of his former self. The damage on his heart had spread to the rest of his body, which is now aged, tired, and sunken in. Two steps from being a walking corpse, his very appearance brings nothing but thoughts of pity.

There is no rhyme or reason for this. No man or a man made god to blame it on or ask about it. It just is. That is the reality of life. When you're young you feel you could live forever. When you're a teenager you could just die. When you're older you feel the effects of time. When you're old you wonder where it all went. This is no new revelation or reality but it is directly linked to what's on my mind this time around.

So many people put things off or just completely set them aside. Many times it's personal but more often than not in this community called punk it's political. So much sloganeering and T-shirt politics but really we just settle for a scene. Having a scene is settling too because it is just a stagnate group, a click. Communities on the other hand are active groups. I really think there is a big difference. We can't change the world over night. Hell, in the broad sense maybe we can't change the world at all. What we can do though is change ourselves and our communities by actually getting involved in our surroundings and making what we directly have better. It's not that complex of an idea and in fact does change "your" world, which can be the most important place on earth. Don't settle. It can't be tomorrow... it's gotta be today! Just a reminder there is a world outside of ads, record sales, and social clubs.

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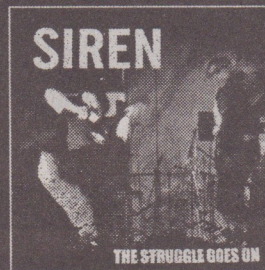
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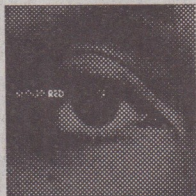
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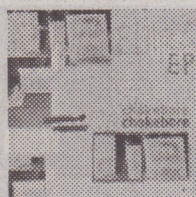
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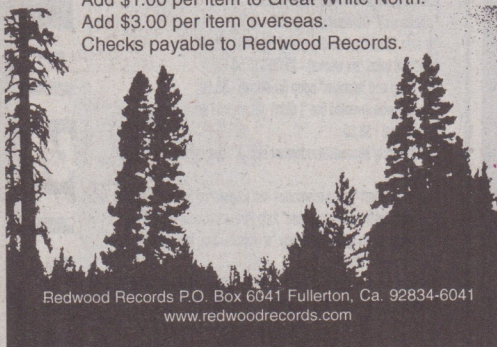
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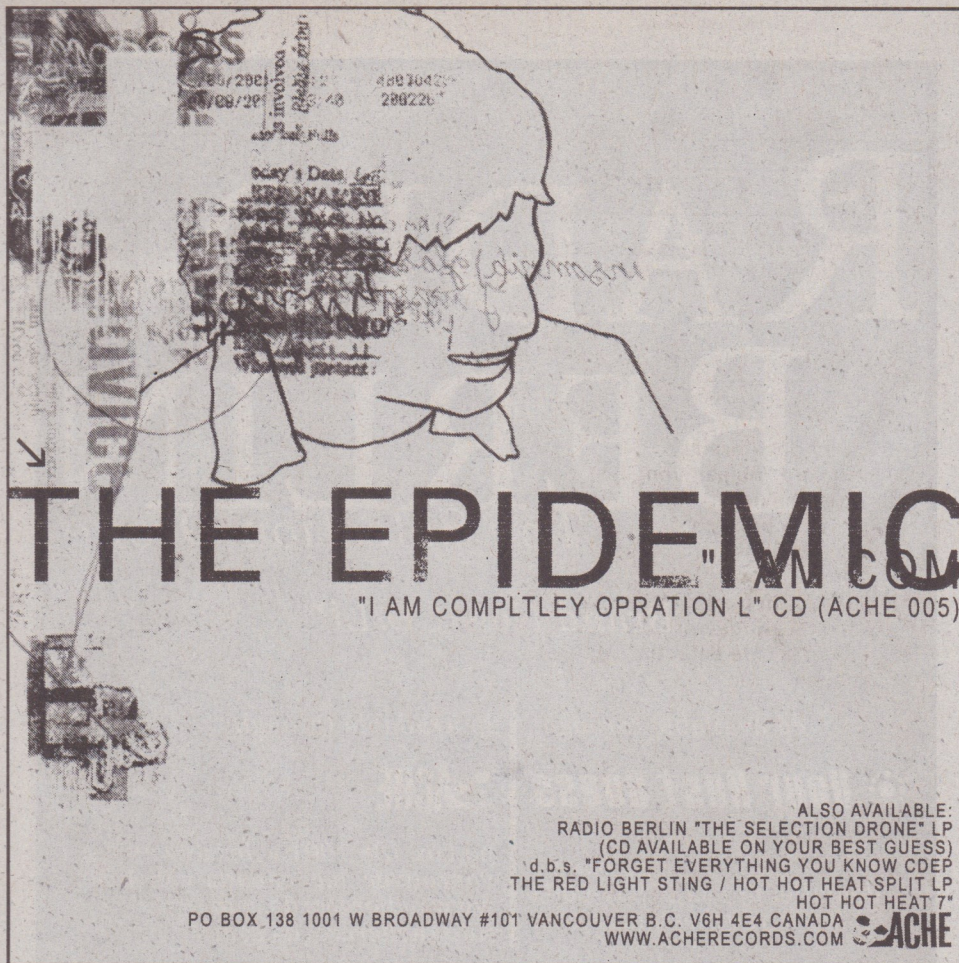
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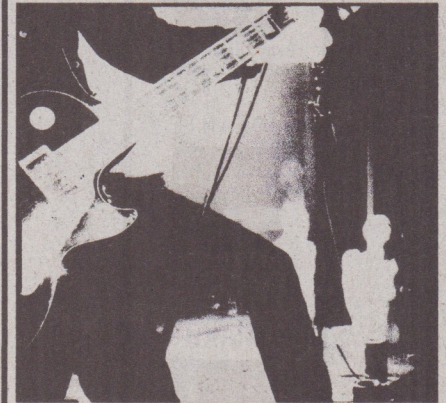


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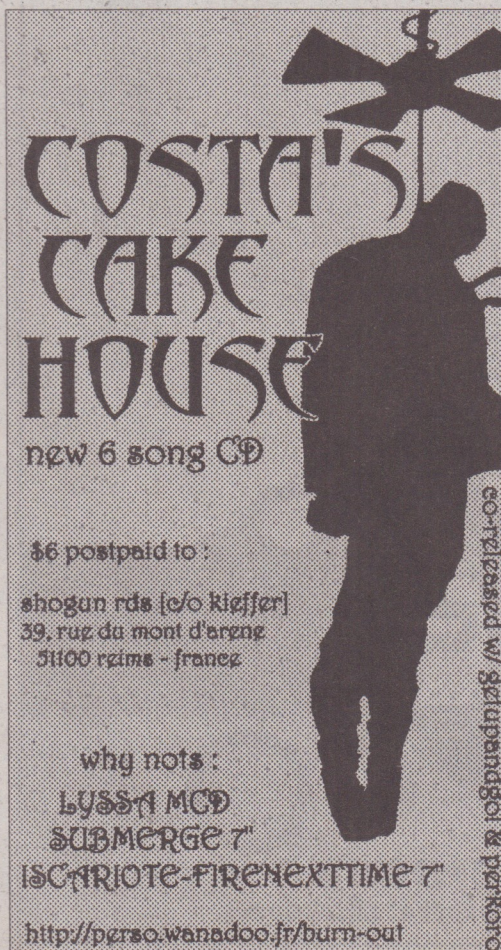
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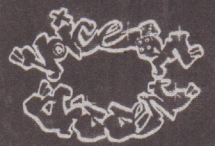
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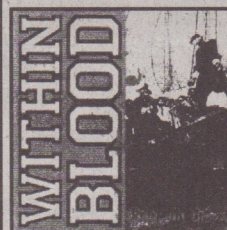
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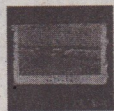
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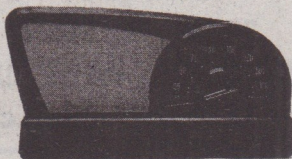
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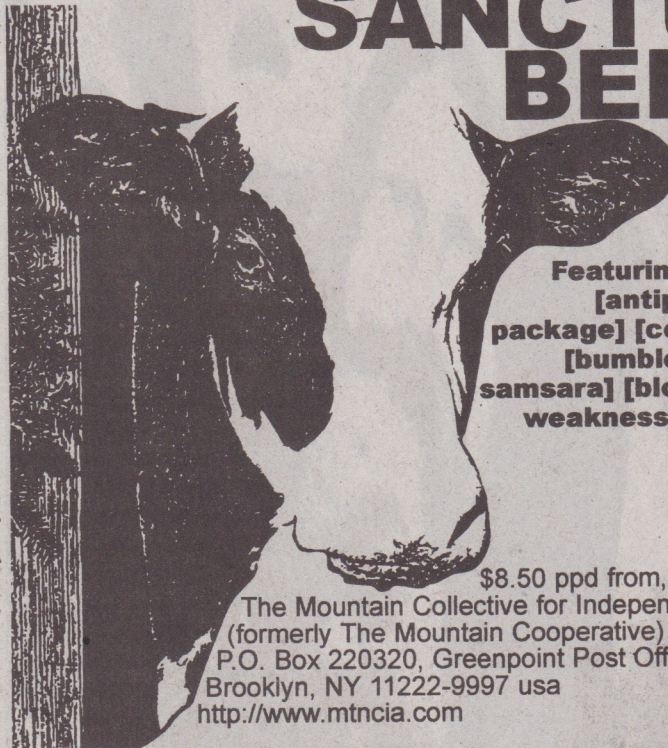
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***'Forging a Movement on Shifting Ground'
:reflections on anti-racism as a catalyst
for global justice organizing
— by Chris Crass***

"It's like coming home," I thought as over 600 people converged at this year's National Organizers Alliance (NOA) Gathering in Sonoma, California. NOA's mission is "To advance progressive organizing for social, economic and environmental justice, and to support, challenge and nurture the people of all ages who do that work." From all over the United States, people organizing in communities, workplaces, campuses and diverse constituencies came together to share experiences, laugh and celebrate and struggle over difficult questions. NOA, which was started in 1992, is multiracial, over half women, multigenerational, family positive (the child-care rocked), and working to be pro-queer.

The theme of this year's biannual gathering was, "Dancing on the Fault Lines: Forging a Movement on Shifting Ground." One of the gathering's goals was to explore the relationships, connections and tensions between local and global organizing, for example, questioning how struggles for community control opposing gentrification can be understood through a global analysis. There was also a focus on how momentum from the anti-globalization protests can strengthen and develop community organizing projects. In addition to discussion sessions, there were also many examples of work that is actively bringing local/global analysis to the forefront. The National Network for Immigrant and Refugee Rights debuted their latest documentary "Refugees of the Global Economy," which explores how global economic inequality is directly linked to international migration and how immigrant rights struggles are central to working for global justice.

The main question throughout the gathering was, "What are barriers to forging a movement on shifting ground?" Responses included: "The need to actively engage with race, class and gender politics" and "The need for open dialogue about different styles of organizing and discussion of entirely new ways to organize." For myself the question was "what roles can I, as a white, male, mostly heterosexual, 27 year old organizer play in building the kind of movement I want to be a part of?" There was an overall agreement about the need for anti-racist, multiracial, anti-capitalist, feminist, queer liberationist politics to be at the core of this justice movement which moves from the local to the global while challenging that false dichotomy and developing fresh accompanying analysis. One of the barriers that I heard about repeatedly at NOA is racism and white privilege. There were also discussions on the responsibility of white radicals to engage in anti-racist work with other white folks.

On the first day of the NOA gathering, there was an 'Anti-Racism for Global Justice' workshop and an anti-racist white organizing discussion group. There were also caucuses of Immigrant Community

Organizers, Organizers of African Descent, Latino/a Organizers, Asian Pacific Organizers, in addition to the Jewish, queer, and youth caucuses. The anti-racist work by white people was guided by the belief that, historically, white supremacy has been a major barrier to radical movement building. The 'Anti-Racism for Global Justice' workshop by the Challenging White Supremacy Collective looked at white privilege and racism as it relates specifically to the anti-global capitalism organizing of the past two years. White organizers in NOA, including Dara Silverman of United For a Fair Economy, Cheryl Brown of Tennessee Industrial Renewal Network, Kelly Weigel of the Rural Organizing Project, and others took pro-active steps to lead with anti-racism. A group of white organizers from various backgrounds and organizations put together an 'anti-racist white discussion group' to look at how race acts as a barrier to organizing and how white radicals can act as allies to people of color in the struggle to end white supremacy. Anti-racist organizer and mentor to many, Sharon Martinas of the Challenging White Supremacy collective, commented that the anti-racist white discussion group, which she collaborated on, was "like a dream come true."

It was a dream come true because of the many ways in which racism has consistently undermined social movements throughout the history of the United States. The anti-racist work at NOA is aimed at turning racism as a barrier into anti-racism as a catalyst for movement building. This is by no means arguing that anti-racism is the only consideration, barrier, or struggle to face while working for social transformation. Rather, I'm suggesting that the more white people focus on doing anti-racist work, the more space opens up for new possibilities to overcome the other barriers. Similarly, I'm arguing that when men take on anti-sexist struggle, the movement benefits. Additionally, when heterosexuals work to become allies in queer liberation and middle class folks work as allies to working class and poor people, the movement benefits. How does the movement benefit? Well, for one, the leadership of women, people of color, working class and poor folks, and queer folks is core to working for collective liberation, and you all have been at the forefront for many years.**

If the ideas and visions leading movements come only from white, middle class, males like myself, then organizing for social change will be limited and narrow. Writer and organizer Chris Dixon adds insight into this dynamic, writing, "And in the same vein, the outcome will be limited and narrow. That is, with ideas and visions chiefly from relatively privileged people, social change may barely touch the lives of the least privileged, at least not in any meaningful way."

Does this mean that folks like me have no place in social movements? No, but it means that folks who are white or male or

hetero or middle/upper class or all of the above, need to be critically working, to recognize the ways that oppression and privilege operates in their/my life and affects their/my politics.

For instance, in the 1930s, radical worker organizing won the National Labor Relations Act, which formally recognized the rights of workers to form unions. However, a compromise was made and agricultural and domestic workers, who are overwhelmingly people of color, were excluded from the rights granted by the act. Was this Act of 1935 a victory? I would argue that it was. Was it also a significant setback in winning rights for working people and a furthering of racism in the United States? Yes. Were there workers of color and anti-racist white workers fighting to get union recognition for all people? Yes, and they argued that this partial victory would be a way for bosses to continue to pit people against each other and that ultimately it weakened the labor movement in the long run. By no means is this an argument against reforms, but rather a critical look at how reforms impact social movements. Tim Wise, an amazing anti-racist writer and organizer, has said that reforms can act as anesthesia or adrenaline depending on who controls the debate. In the 1930's, hundreds of thousands of workers were organizing with the CIO and militancy was high. By formalizing union recognition through the state and leaving out huge segments of the workforce, the bosses were able to control the debate and divide workers. However, official union recognition could have been used as a spring board to continue organizing workers regardless of what the laws said and thus build working class power.

This brings me back to my central question: What my role, as a white/male/middle class organizer. (I want to emphasize that this is where I'm at in thinking about my personal role. I have way more questions than answers, which is how I think it should be.) My role, as I currently see it, is to act in solidarity with women, queer folks, working class and poor people, people of color to struggle for collective liberation of all of our lives. Does that mean that I think I need to go organize in communities of color? No, but I have much to learn from organizing coming from communities of color. Does this mean we all work together? I think that alliances and relationships that bridge differences are critical, necessary, and potentially revolutionary, but I also think that I need to organize and work with people from my communities (mostly white, mostly middle class). Why?

The more work being done in middle class white communities to challenge white supremacy, patriarchy, heterosexism and capitalism, the more power and space exists for those communities most negatively impacted by these systems of power. Am I saying that white middle class people will then create power for communities of color? No.

I'm saying that communities of color have historically generated both resistance and power, but that self-determination has been pushed down and crushed by the state, with the majority of white people either looking the other way, being supportive of the state from the sidelines, actively participating in repression or being completely unaware of what's happening (all of which keep the wheels of white supremacy turning). Working with white people to connect their/my own liberation to anti-racist struggle is key. I want to be accountable to both people of color and to white people.

Do I think that I have answers to these questions of how to make social change and build movements for global justice? No, but being at the National Organizers Alliance gathering, I was reminded of how powerful and satisfying it is to ask these questions, not with the expectation of finding the answers, but to learn through dialogue and exchange of experiences and to experiment with applying knowledge gained through theory, practice and reflection. It is through engaging in theory, practice and reflection that anti-racist analysis is developed.

Thoughts on how white privilege impacts organizing for social change

In thinking about my role and place in organizing for social change, there are many useful concepts and ideas that have helped guide me. Looking at how universalizing white experience can influence activism and lead to the deracialization of issues have been instrumental to developing anti-racist politics and practice.

Universalizing White Experience

I grew up believing that white people were responsible for all of the good things in life. On television, in the newspapers, in the textbooks at school, everywhere I looked I saw white people occupying positions of respectability and power. There were some exceptions to this: my third grade teacher was African American and the Cosby show brought Black people into my house every Thursday night for many years. There were also many people around me while I was growing up who were not white. I had lots of friends in elementary school who were Latino/a. However, when I studied people who had contributed to society, most likely they were white - from inventors to presidents, from authors and poets to policemen and scientists. I grew up with a mindset of this being a white society, with some folks of color here and there who were just white people with different colored skin. What do I mean by that? I mean that I did not learn about other people's cultures, languages, histories. Most significantly, in a white supremacist society, I did not learn about the histories of racial oppression and resistance and how that impacts the reality that we live in. It was as if everyone who lived in the US

traced their histories back to the Mayflower.

So I went through life thinking that my experience as a white person was the universal experience of all people. This is an important aspect of internalized superiority: if all people experience reality as white folks do, then if there are disproportionate numbers of people of color living in poverty, then it can only mean that those folks have themselves to blame. Growing up with this mindset, it became logical to have ideas like, "Mexicans are just lazy," "Black folks are just criminals." The underlying logic of racist social policy was socialized into me without anyone ever speaking a word directly about it.

As I became politically active in high school, my understanding of racism can best be summarized by a T-shirt that I used to wear, "Love sees no color." I didn't see people as Black, Latino/a, Asian American, they were all just people, or so I said to myself, trying hard to pretend that I actually didn't notice what color people were. Now, a colorblind worldview, combined with universalizing white experience, meant that I acted like everyone was just white. I never once thought of it like that, but it is result, not intent that help us understand how power operates. Being white and operating from a colorblind perspective reinforces racism.

How did this manifest? First, I thought of racism only in terms of individual behavior. For example, there was a short-lived gang at my school called PAGAN (people against gays and nig..., quickly changed to nips, when confronted by some Black folks at the school). This was the racism that I saw on campus. I didn't notice that every assigned book that I read in four years of English classes was written by white people. I didn't think about the fact that Latino/as who spoke English as a second language, about one third of the school, were in under-funded programs and ignored on campus (in the newspaper which I worked on and in the annual and school activities).

The first real challenges to my understanding of racism came from friends of mine who were folks of color. My friend Daniel was Latino, but I didn't think of him like that, which was the problem. He busted out one day and talked about how he had spent his entire life trying to fit in. He talked about elementary school and how his white friends would say, "we don't think of you as Mexican" or "you're not like those Mexicans, you're one of us." He told me about how hard he tried to be "one of us" and how much shame and guilt he felt for being Mexican. Another friend of mine, Lucy, who is Iranian, told me about the experience her family had when they first moved to the United States. It was during the Iran Hostage Crisis and they were living in a mostly white suburb. A brick was thrown through their window along with a scream of "go home." The only Black family in the neighborhood opened their home up to provide

safety for her family. The act may have been individual, but the popular image of Arab/Middle Easterner as terrorist and criminal is social.

The major challenge to my universalizing of white experience, to my unconscious thought that everyone experienced reality as I did, came from my friend Jonathan. I met him at a party at his house. Our first conversation revolved around a poster on his wall, which I had been staring at for a long time. The poster was of twelve important leaders in the Black community. I could recognize two of them, Martin Luther King, Jr. and Malcolm X (I knew very little about either of them). Jonathan came over and I asked him who these people were. He threw out names - Harriet Tubman, Marcus Garvey, Martin Delany, Frederick Douglass, W.E.B. DuBois, Mary McLeod Bethune, Sojourner Truth. I had no idea what he was talking about, but I was fascinated and wanted to memorize their names. Jonathan, my first friend who's Black, and I quickly became close.

A few months later the Rodney King verdict was announced and shortly thereafter Los Angeles was on fire. I had just finished reading W.E.B. Du Bois's "The Souls of Black Folk" that morning (the first book by a person of color that I had ever knowingly read). I was full of rage and sadness when I heard the verdict. I wanted to join the protest at the Parker Center Police Station in LA. I couldn't fully articulate why I was enraged, my mind was spinning with so many thoughts and images. That night a group of friends gathered together at my house and we talked. Jonathan started schooling us white kids. He said that he needed us to understand what it was like for him. He told us about the time that he was on his way to school, which was mostly white. He was walking onto campus, when he was stopped by the police. He was searched and they made him prove that he went to the school. I was beginning to make the connections, from the police thinking him suspect to my lack of knowledge about African American history to the rage in LA after the verdict. I knew almost nothing about Black history, yet my mind was inundated by images of Black criminals from the media. My mind was split between "but, Jonathan, you're not like other Black people, you're one of us" and serious confusion. I went with serious confusion and decided that it wasn't about memorizing names of Black leaders on that poster, but rather, it was about understanding the movements and the histories in which they played important roles.

Jonathan gave me Langston Hughes's book, "Simple's Uncle Sam," shortly after the explosion of rage in LA. In the inscription he wrote a quote from Martin Luther King, Jr.: "If you can't fly, run. If you can't run, walk. If you can't walk, crawl. But by all means, keep moving." I had to learn these histories myself. It was not Jonathan's role to educate me about all that it means to be Black; it was

my responsibility to seek knowledge. I want to be clear about what this means. It is not the responsibility of people of color to educate white people. If and when folks of color school white people it should be on terms set by people of color (and all the while, white people must always remember that people of color did not set the terms of white supremacy). Ultimately white folks need to take up the work as their/my own, as if their/my liberation depended on it—cuz it does.

Deracialization

Universalizing white experience plays a significant role in how white activism operates. It impacts how strategies are developed, goals are set, tactics decided upon, and the way issues are talked about.

The first time that I heard this concept was during a workshop lead by organizers of Critical Resistance East. Critical Resistance was a conference held in the Bay Area in 1998. Over 3000 people came together to critically examine, discuss and take action against the prison industrial complex (PIC). The PIC includes the prisons, the criminal justice system, the police, the legal system and how laws are created. The PIC also involves racial profiling and the enormous impact incarceration has on low-income communities, particularly communities of color. Out of the conference in '98 working groups were formed to organize against the prison industrial complex. From there a similar conference was organized on the East Coast. There is currently organizing underway for a Critical Resistance South conference.

At this workshop about the upcoming Critical Resistance East conference, the term deracialization was used in relationship to anti-prison organizing. The concept is certainly not limited to fighting the PIC; it's just that some of the most path-breaking anti-racist work amongst white folks is being done by white, mostly queer, anti-prison activists. With that said, deracialization impacts every issue that I can think of.

The prison system in the United States is enormous. The US locks up more people than any other country on the planet. While there has been important work around these issues for decades, prison activism has grown dramatically since the first Critical Resistance (CR) conference. Which brings us back to this term, deracialization: to de-racialize an issue, to look at a situation without an analysis of race and racism. The workshop that I was at was about the upcoming CR East conference and it was being presented to a mostly white audience. The organizers of the CR East conference talked about the recent influx of white activists into anti-prison work. They said that while it was good that more white people were organizing around prison issues, it was also cause for concern. The concern being that if white people start working on prison issues, the issues could be de-

racialized. For example, white activists might organize around the ways that corporate power is benefiting from prisons and how prison labor is being exploited by corporations. Certainly these are important aspects of the PIC, but corporate power is only part of the story. It is critical to analyze prisons in historical context; the modern prison system grew significantly after the Civil War. While the Emancipation Proclamation sanctioned the ending of slavery in Southern states loyal to the confederacy, it was actually African slaves themselves who ended the chattel slavery system. The largest general strike in United States history took place as hundreds of thousands of former slaves abandoned the plantations. Furthermore, African soldiers in the Union army marched through the states excluded from the Emancipation Proclamation and brought liberation with them. This was the beginning of Reconstruction, a period of time in which Black folks were not only on the move but taking hold of power in society (see Vincent Harding's *There is a River: the Black Struggle for Freedom in America*). The growing prison system, backed up by what became known as Jim Crow laws, were directly intended to contain and undermine the Black freedom struggle. It is not coincidence that the 15th amendment ends slavery, except as punishment for a crime.

Thus the prison system and the criminal justice system have played key roles in maintaining not only capitalism, but also the racial oppression that capitalism was built upon in the United States. This was not just the case in the South, but throughout the country. What this history shows is that it is a misnomer to say that racism exists in the prison system or the criminal justice system; rather they were both developed to maintain white supremacy and capitalism.

In short, talking about prisons means talking about racism. The concern about white activists coming in is that the communities most impacted by the prison system will no longer be the ones framing the issues and putting race front and center. This is compounded by the fact that media is more likely to cover an action by white groups than one organized by groups lead by people of color. The solution is not for white activists and organizers to stop working on prison issues, but rather for white activists to show respect for organizing in communities of color around these issues. Respect is a word that means many things, but in this context it means looking at the organizing already happening, listening to how the issues are being talked about and learning what the strategies are. It isn't about uncritically accepting what someone says because they're a person of color and it isn't about, if you are white folk, not developing one's own analysis. It's about engaging in a struggle that is coming from and being lead by people of color and respecting that by listening, learning, and getting involved. White folks certainly need to develop their own

leadership in talking about and organizing around these issues, particularly talking with other white folks.

Challenging deracialization doesn't mean throwing in the word racism wherever possible, but rather having an understanding of how racism shapes the issue so that it shapes the way you talk about it. For example, if I only talk about the privatization of prisons as the issue, then it would sound like I just want the state to continue running prisons. But if I talk about privatization in the context of corporations getting rich off of a prison system that disproportionately locks up youth of color while the education system crumbles, then it's a different picture. How issues are talked about also impacts the ways that allies in that struggle are seen or not seen. If I focus exclusively on privatization and corporations - what other groups come to mind who fight around these issues? If you think about privatization, corporations, education, public schools, youth, racial justice and social inequality - what groups come to mind?

There are many other aspects of white privilege and its impact on social change organizing, but universalizing white experience and deracialization are concepts that I've been trying to understand for a while. Each represents both the barriers to movement building, and also the ways that anti-racism can act as a catalyst for building the anti-racist, multiracial, feminist, queer liberationist, and anti-capitalist movements that we need to create radical social change.

As the National Organizers Alliance gathering was titled, we are "Dancing on the Fault lines: forging a movement on shifting ground." As I engage in these questions about working for social change and my role, I am comforted knowing that I am part of a movement for collective liberation. As radical educator Paulo Freire says, "We make the road by walking."

Movement building through Mad Props

Part of building movements for social justice is recognizing the amazing work going on around us and giving it the respect that it deserves.

—National Organizers Alliance.
www.noacentral.org.

—National Network for Immigrant and Refugee Rights. www.nnirr.org. 310 8th St. Suite 307 Oakland, California. Write to get a copy of their new documentary on globalization and immigration and get information about BRIDGE (Building a Race and Immigration Dialogue in the Global Era)

—Critical Resistance.
www.criticalresistance.org. Find out more about organizing against the prison industrial complex. You can also send a message to Critical Resistance East and thank the organizers for putting out awesome anti-racist analysis like the concept 'deracialization.'

—People's Institute.

www.peoplesinstitute.org. 1444 North Johnson St. New Orleans, LA. 70016. PI have been doing anti-racism and community organizing workshops for over 20 years. They are located in New Orleans and have branches in Minnesota and Oakland. The People's Institute is a multiracial training group and they do workshops across the country.

The following organizations are mostly or entirely white.

—United For a Fair Economy.
www.ufenet.org. UFE has been doing excellent popular economics workshops and trainings all across the country to develop economic literacy so we can fight global capitalism. Contact them about workshops in your area. They are located in Boston, Massachusetts.

—Call to Action.
www.calltoaction.org. CTA is a group of activists who travel across the country working with campus and community groups. They do workshops on anti-racism, consensus decision making, media skills and direct action. Contact them about workshops in your area. They are located in Prescott, Arizona.

—Tools for Change.
www.toolsforchange.org. Margo Adair and William Aal have been doing anti-racism, anti-oppression trainings all over the country. They work with individual organizations and also do work on alliance building and internal transformation of organizations. They are located in Seattle, Washington.

—Challenging White Supremacy Collective. www.prisonactivist.org/cws. CWS is a group of anti-racist organizers and trainers doing workshops in San Francisco and around the country.

Special thanks to Clare Bayard, Chris Dixon and Sharon Martinas for critical feedback and editing.

*Throughout this essay I ask questions and respond to them. These are mostly questions that I ask myself and/or that white radicals have asked me.

** I have been experimenting with the use of words like "you, we, us, their, ours, my" in relationship to who is included and excluded when these words are used. The audience that I envision writing to in these essays is the mostly white, progressive/radical, student/youth/working hard for little pay, organizer/activists of the broader movements for justice in the United States and Canada. It is not that this essay is intended for those audiences only, but that those are the people with whom I work with and organize with. Thinking about these issues of language and inclusion/exclusion comes from critique of my comrade, Nisha Anand.

Collective Liberation on My Mind is a recently released 64p. collection of essays by Chris Crass and is available by writing to info@kersplebedeb.com.

Interview with Matt Weeks /
Council Records by Jonathan Lee

HeartattaCk: When did you start Council and for what purpose?

Matt: Council began in the late summer of 1992. Initially Council and Current were one of the same birth. At that time we only had intentions of self-releasing the first Current 7", yet

evolutionary or devolutionary, it just exists. In the past I did, and continue now, to release music that I feel is relevant. The record label itself is of little importance. It serves as a vehicle, only taking a snapshot of a very specific time and place.

The scene? Difficult to say. My environment is so drastically different then it was 10 years ago.

has been a good 5 years since I have even run an ad. For me music speaks for itself. Far be it for me to write some inane one-liner attempting to compare my newest release to some obscure 70's prog-rock band just so someone will purchase it, for in the end it is all really about taking chances.

I do this because it connects me to the whole. It makes me more



COUNCIL RECORDS

over the next two years, the label steadily grew and became a more permanent entity. In the beginning we all shared similar notions regarding record labels and DIY music. Labels like Dischord, Sammich and Simple Machines were huge influences and inspiration in the beginning. We were looking for a way to emulate that experience to a point—reclaim it and make it our own. Michigan was a brilliant place to be during that period, much, much more could have been done.

HaC: Council went on hiatus for a while (between '98 and '00), what made you start doing the label again?

Matt: At that time I felt a death in many ways. The Current and Constatine Sankathi discographies marked the end of an era for me and after their release I think I felt the need to take a very long and deep breath. Music has always come and gone in waves for me. There are times when it is the salve and means the world, and then there are those times when it is confusing and disappointing. My life was in the process of drastically changing during those years and the label entered a deep, confused slumber as a result. It was awoken by a request from Suicide Nation, the formation of Dearborn S.S. and all subsequent travels. It allowed me to see that brilliance was still happening, just not within the four walls I had confined myself to. I don't plan on dying quite yet!

HaC: What's the difference between doing records then (mid 90's) compared to now?

How different is the scene?

Matt: Nothing has really changed for me. I do not view music as

Am I stoked on hardcore? Yes. Do I feel it was better a decade ago? Perhaps. What bothers me is the slow death of DIY on all fronts and the professionalism/corporate feel of so many bands, fests and labels nowadays...

HaC: Your new releases maintain the feel of your early releases, are you drawn to those bands because they rekindle the early 90's feeling?

Matt: Well, perhaps that is simply because much of what I release contains the same 4 or 5 old bastards that have been around since the beginning!

I think music has always felt the same to me, whether it be Negative Approach or The Pogues, there exists a primal element that triggers something deep inside. I suppose if my heart lies anywhere it is with the mid-80's DC hardcore that I actually had the pleasure to experience. Bands like Soul Side, Ignition, Fire Party and Swiz were real and alive to me during my turbulent teen years. I suppose to some extent that manifests itself in what I choose to release, but I feel Council has done a decent job of running the gambit over the years. I have never considered a label for the label—it just is what it is—whether I am releasing records by Constatine Sankathi, NEMA or H.P. Lovecraft, they are simply an extension of my preferences and tastes. Our early 90's thing was simply a rehashed/reinvented mid-80's thing to begin with anyway.

HaC: Explain your philosophy on doing a record label, including ideas on distribution and advertising.

Matt: I truly view the label as more of a hobby. I am in no way organized. I am in no way concerned about making money. It

than a jaded, passive bystander. It keeps me young.

HaC: What would your reply be to people that say, "Why do you do things the way you do? Isn't that more work? Don't you wanna sell records?"

Matt: Yes, it is much more work, but in the end it feels like home and to me that is of grave importance. Music is what you make it, from the formation of notes to the paper enclosure it is presented in. If it takes me three months to screen a cover, then that record becomes much more a part of me then if it had been printed, assembled and shipped to Elullition from a record pressing plant. I value what I do more than that. This isn't a business to me. This isn't about turnover and profit margins. This is about knowing I touched each and every single cover, that I inhaled the ink and that in the end each and every record is slightly different an/or unique.

Do I care about selling records? Sure, I suppose I need to sell enough to keep this afloat, but if that means pushing records on people or having to convince them they want what I release, then I will have no part of it. If I believe in what I am doing and you believe in what you are doing, then perfection will never be a requirement. We must simply be competent and sincere, the rest will follow.

HaC: Do you feel that punk labels today are becoming more capitalist?

Matt: Punk labels have always been capitalist. I simply believe there is a line one should not cross. I have seen many sister-labels become glowing champions of the indie scene with their webstores and

exclusive distribution deals, and I suppose one must adapt ever-so-slightly to the times, but there comes a point when you can easily forsake everything you know—when you take something you once had faith in and smash it to find the sugar-coated inside.

There will always be those who want a larger share, who shall reap more than they sow, and they way punk turns over every 3 to 4 years it makes it very easy for people to latch on as the trends recycle over and over. There is always something new to cash in on, so of course there is money to be made in punk, we live in a system oiled by it - you cannot escape using it to some extent. Yet, the challenge lies in where you spend it, what you put it back into. Too much emphasis is placed on capital and commodity, when we should be questioning sincerity and accountability.

HaC: You connect all art, be it anything from literature to architecture, to many of your releases... why is this important to you?

Matt: Music is simply a part and parcel to that whole. I have always viewed music (be it playing it or releasing it) as art and by that means it connects to all other avenues of art that interest me. Architecture was at one time of utmost important to me. I studied it for 4 years and developed a love/hate relationship with it. It manifested itself in much of what I did during those years, for the questions that arose during my studies paralleled those I was seeking answers for in everyday life. It created a combative tension between life, politics, anger, empathy and the future. Architectonic imagery (like that of Lebbeus Woods, Benard Tschumi or Zaha Hadid) or the writings of someone like e.e. cummings expressed my internal conflicts on paper as much as I was personally trying to express them through words and music. They were one of the same, yet worlds apart and at times absolute polar opposites.

HaC: What is your favorite release and why?

Matt: The Chino Horde 7". It was the end of the First Age for Council. There was something brilliant in those 4 songs. Most of

them were initially conceived at the end of the Current/Chino Horde tour in the basement of my old home in Dearborn, MI. They bore witness to the coming of the end for all involved. It was also the first time Council had released a band from outside of Michigan. Chino Horde was extended family by that time, and after our cooperative summer tour, I returned knowing that we were part of something larger, something that extended beyond Detroit. That 7" was the documentation.

HaC: Outside of the label you are involved in things like bands and wildlife conservation. Obviously the bands cross over with the label, but what other involvements, inside or outside of punk, influence or are directly tied to the label?

Matt: I suppose almost anything that influences or impacts my life on a superlative level I interject into the label. While the label itself is more or less only responsible for the archiving the sound and words created by the bands (which is where most of my outside influences would manifest), I have always felt the desire to put the label to work for individuals that are working with and supporting the organizations I deeply believe in.

In the future I hope to integrate the issues of Grey Wolf reintroduction into the label by releasing a benefit LP for Sinapu and including education material with each release.

HaC: Your releases have become a document of sorts for your life. You seem like a very documented person with daily journals and the most extensive DIY label site on the web, is the label a way to share your life with others?

Matt: Your powers of perception deceive you. I am anything but organized. Council has been run off a shelf in my closet for years, I own about 6 Current photos. The website sort of became my own personal scrapbook. I needed a way to document these past 10 years as well as force myself to not make the same mistake twice. I suppose in a manner of speaking (if you equate my life with the label) it is a way to share my interests and passions with others. The music is there in support of people and friends that have meant the world

to me, and I feel like I owe it to them (as well as myself) to make some effort to preserve those memories. The journal was simply a way to help me sort out life and in the process connect to people outside of music and records.

HaC: What about the two years of documentation missing when the label stopped?

Matt: I just needed a break. The label had grown to a point where I could not do everything I wanted to do with it. I need to let go of a few things and rediscover where I stood with the label and music in general. There were no bands, no records, only a handful of shows. I had also begun to refocus some of my energy on other interests besides music, it was simply no longer the only important thing in my life. There simply just isn't really a story to tell during that time that concerns the label.

HaC: Final comments?

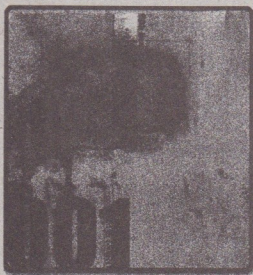
Matt: Ride a bike. Get over your insecurities about life, love, death, anger and body image. Let the dog on the couch. Realize what you have in front of you right now at this very minute. Listen to Devoto. Read Tolkien before the movies taint the memory. Mother Hydra. Father Dagon. Live the life. Live the life. Live the life.

Discography

01. Current - 4 song 7"
 02. Current - Coliseum LP
 03. Current/Chino Horde 7"
(split with File 13)
 04. Ottawa/Jihad LP
(split with Abiology)
 05. Chino Horde - This Is Done 7"
 06. Current - Is 4 7"
 07. Ordination of Aaron -
Immersion in a 90 MPH World LP
 - 07.5. .NEMA Demo
 08. .NEMA 7"
 09. The 26th 7" comp
 10. Bomb Lullabye 7"
 11. Full Service Quartet -
Tetraethyl 7"
 12. Constatine Sankathi -
Discography CD
 13. Current Discography CD
 14. Yaphet Kotto/Suicide Nation 7"
 15. Dearborn S.S. 7"
 16. New Granada 7"
 - 16.5. Calvary Demo
- Next: Ottawa 12" reissue, Calvary single and LP.

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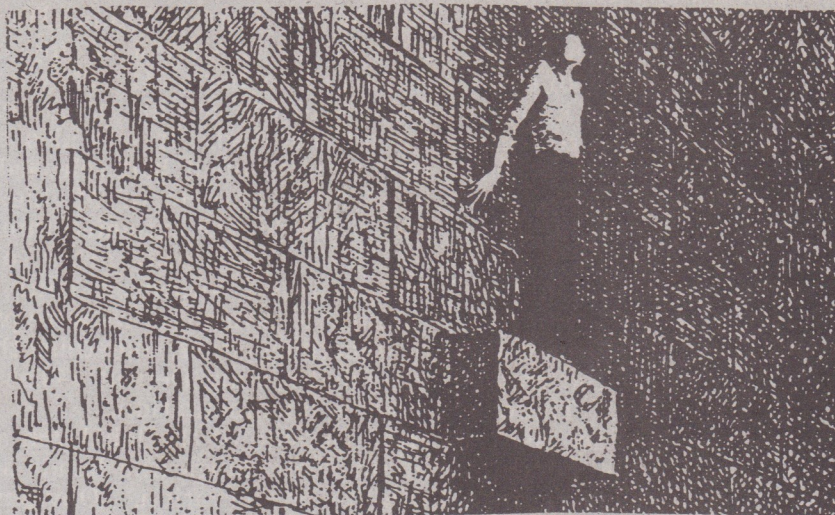


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002 BURIED INSIDE cd [out in august]
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004 MI AMORE cd [out this summer]

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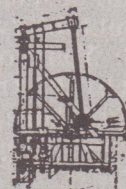
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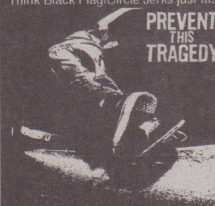
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Police Line is yet another thrash machine from Albany, NY, featuring members of Devoid of Faith and XLimpwristX. Their mix of '80s style thrash and outspoken political discourse makes them one of the most raw, inspiring bands I've seen & heard in a long time. This interview is with Andrew, their singer & guitarist, and took place at the Tune Inn, in late 2000. Questions by Keith.

HeartattaCk: To start with, who is in the band?

Andrew: The consummate interview question. Ok, I'm Andrew, I sing, and play bass, but under normal circumstances, I play guitar. Then we have Sean, who is not present, playing guitar and singing, and Paul, who is also not present, plays drums, and drives us around.

HaC: How did you come to play bass against your will?

Really creepy. One of the days we were there, a biker gang was getting drunk in the break room, no shit. So obviously, the recording came out terrible, and took forever to finish. During this time we had a falling out with almost all of the labels.

HaC: Why is that?

A: I'd rather not get into it. I don't want to air out all the dirty laundry for everyone. Ha ha. No, just personal reasons, stupid shit that I'd rather leave behind me. Anyway, the only record left at that point was the 23rd Chapter split, but lo and behold, the 23rd Chapter broke up, leaving everyone sort of high & dry. So, Sean is going to school in Massachusetts, we never practiced, or did anything positive for months. At this point, I was like "fuck it" and quit the band, without actually, because, frankly, there wasn't much of a

HaC: Sort of? Care to expand on that a little?

A: Well, Pushead got a copy of our demo and wanted to do a split 7", so he used 3 songs off our demo, and three Devoid of Faith songs and made a super-limited run of them, for a record conference in Japan, or some shit. He made like 50 of them, I think, and 10 of those had alternate covers, to make them, uh. Rarer, I guess. So here's another record that no one will ever own. Supposedly the DOF side will become a split with Dropdead and our stuff will end up on a split with someone. But it's like 2 years later, and I wrote Pushead over a year ago and got no response, so, whatever. I'm not going to waste any more energy on this. I just wish he would let us know what his plans are.

HaC: So, what are your feelings on the modern hardcore scene? Give your "State of the Punkrock address."

A: (laughing) You said you wouldn't ask this!

HaC: I lied.

A: Apparently. Ok. Oh boy... I can only speak for myself here. Public disclaimer. I think the "scene" today is pretty sorry. It's gone from a positive force with people doing things out of love, to a sort of sick, masturbatory, demented social sect, where people's main goals are making money, or being in a band that's "popular" or collecting rare records. It's just so, like, shallow. I mean, when people start bands with the sole purpose of being popular and gaining respect, you know you've got a lot of problems. It's pretty fucked up. It's bringing the whole rockstar dynamic back into hardcore after trying for so long to purge it. "Hey, look at me, I'm on a stage!" "Look at me, I've got 16 copies of the same record on a different color vinyl." It's absurd and intellectually insulting.

HaC: Ok, Mr. Rare record on Bacteria Sour!

A: Ouch. Burn! Well, that sure wasn't my idea, you know? If it were up to me, that situation would be very different.

HaC: What about the 1 sided record?

A: What about it? It's going to have a full pressing. Doing a record like that isn't about making collectors items, it's being creative, and

POLICE LINE

A: Well, our old bassist had a lot of problems making it to practice, and was never able to play shows. And even when he did get there, we really got no creative input from him. Just like, show up, play, go home. He didn't seem to have any passion for it anymore. He also wasn't getting along with Sean very well. It was just time. It's caused a lot of bad blood between us, because we had been friends for years before, so... I don't know. It's just an unpleasant situation for all involved.

HaC: I see. Last time we talked, there were a lot of records in the works. Now they're all scrapped? What's the deal?

A: Ugh. That whole thing is a nightmare. Ok. No, they weren't all scrapped. Originally, we were supposed to have a 7" on Hater of God, a 7" on Deranged, a split with Curtainrail on Gloom, and a split with 23rd Chapter on OHEV. The studio we went to record these records at was complete shit. It was run by these two shady, drunken redneck types, who had all this beautiful equipment, and no conception of how to use it.

band left to quit by then. Instead, I started working on a film, and on my other band, basically anything else I could get my hands on. Around then, I was emailing Mike from Human Stench, and when I told him the story, he offered to put our half of the Curtainrail split out, as a 1 sided 7". Since those songs were the only ones that came out sounding halfway decent, I was happy to. So that will be coming out in a few months.

HaC: So I guess you didn't quit?

A: Ha ha, no. Just had a momentary lapse in patience.

HaC: But the OHEV record is still coming out?

A: Eventually, yes. We need to find a band to fill the other side with. And Kick'n'Punch records is going to be pressing the Police Line demo to a 7" in early 2000. We've also got a 7" worth of material that's still floating around, waiting for someone to pick it up, so there'll be some other stuff coming out.

HaC: Didn't you do a split with Devoid of Faith?

A: Yes. No. Sort of.



trying an idea that's rarely used. Shit, creativity is sorely needed in punk and hardcore these days! That right there could be the biggest problem. People are afraid to be creative. Apparently it's not punk.

HaC: How so?

A: People are afraid of pushing their boundaries and stepping out of the box, because they might be "unpopular." It's like being in high school again. I play in another band, that lends itself to the more creative. We use a lot of sampling, a little keyboard, film, video, tribal drumming, whatever sounds good to us. And people just can't handle it. It sounds silly, but it's kind of sad. How many times can you read a review that says "Brutal skate chaos that's so hard it will kill your parents and neighbors! Play loud, fuckface!" before it gets old? That shit puts me to sleep. Fucking, get some new material, champ. You've got a brain for a reason, other than playing Suicidal Tendencies songs backwards. Try using it. See, this is why I didn't want you to ask me that. Here we are 15 minutes later, I'm out of breath, and you're halfway drunk.

HaC: No, I'm not.

A: (In the Albany voice) Whatever.

HaC: (Also in Albany voice) Hey, I'm from Albany! You're doing the voice wrong! (Note: Everyone I've ever met from Albany have all done this guttural sarcastic voice at one point or another, and if anyone from outside of their town does it to them, they'll all insist that you're doing it wrong. Hence: Albany Voice)

A: Well, you are! If you're trying to sound like a royal ass, however, you've succeeded admirably.

HaC: Speaking of Albany, how's the scene there?

A: Do you like Boy Sets Fire?

HaC: No.

A: Then don't move there.

HaC: Is it that bad? All the bands I've heard from there are all great, and the shows I've seen there were all phenomenal.

A: Yeah, but that was like three years ago. These days you'd think a hair gel company was sponsoring shows. And most of the good bands have broken up. Hardcore-wise it's one of the most ass backwards towns I've ever seen, let alone lived it.

We did a couple shows in my house last summer, USV, Yaphet Kotto, Plan A Project, Brother Inferior, Initial Detonation. Those only drew like 10-25 people, but let Indecision come through. Fucking like 200 kids crawl out of the woodwork, like well-dressed roaches. Most of the kids in Albany are like, poster children for white privilege and apathy.

HaC: Yeah, white privilege is making a comeback.

A: In a big fucking way. People who were really into it a few years ago, when political punk & hardcore was really popular, suddenly doing this big flip flop, when they discover that the things they liked to shoot their mouths off about, require more action than writing songs. Suddenly, it's not so fun anymore, when you realize that racism has more faces than nazi skinheads, and sexism is more subtle than just girls holding jackets in the back of the shows. Suddenly it seems like work. And suddenly, people disappear.

Each day you see things in the mirror, you don't like, and you think things you know aren't right. So, instead of confronting these things, and bringing out the little racist, sexist, homophobe that lives in everyone's heads, people ignore it, and turn a blind eye to it. We all keep up appearances, and say "that's fucked up" at the right times, but very few people really take the time to de program themselves and try to understand these things. We're more afraid of being called racists than actually being racist. So we fill our minds with these extreme images. Nazis, Wife beaters, Gay bashers, and we raise hell and scream "We've got to stop this!" when it reality, we should all be yelling at ourselves. Fucking, you have to kill the little white supremacist inside your own head, before you can kill the one outside. And if you've got enough strength to do that, you start to see that the threat expands way beyond them. Fucking white supremacists are almost absurd, when you think about the subtle racism that exists in daily life, and how we all help perpetuate it. I don't dare claim to be an anti-racist activist, because I

haven't properly deprogrammed myself and my societal conditioning. It's fucking hard. To have to examine everything you say, and every action you make, because white male dominance comes so naturally that you don't even notice when you embrace it. For centuries, white males have had power, and it's passed on through generations. And it's now so ingrained into our subconscious that we all say and do some really fucked up things without ever realizing it. So it's a process of constantly evaluating, and re-evaluating your thoughts & actions. And when you come to realize this, you have to choose which road you'll take. The hard way, of deprogramming or the easy way, where you ignore it, and embrace apathy. I think that's the choice most of the punk community has made, and it's sad. Some of the most fucked up people I've ever met have been people involved in hardcore, and people that are looked up to in the hardcore community, to boot, which is even more frightening. Because they're really good at keeping up the appearance of being progressive. Saying the right things when they're cued to, playing songs that have they right chorus, putting out records that have the right covers & imagery. But how long can they keep it up for, before the charade gets tiring? Fucking scary. These people are more of a threat than Pitboss 2000 or any of that garbage, because they've been pretending for so long, that subtlety is like an art form to them. Makes me wonder what the followers in the crowd will do when they reveal themselves. Jesus, I'm out of breath!

HaC: Some food for thought. Anything going on in Police Line right now that people should know about before we wrap it up?

A: Uh, we're ostensibly going on tour this summer, so if anyone wants to do a show, get in touch. Thanks a lot! Use your head & keep hardcore out of the hands of goldiggers & money makers!

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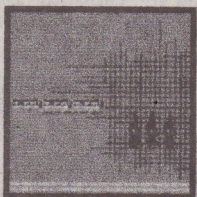
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Jon Strange

I heard about Jon from some other people who I interviewed for this series. He was involved in putting on shows for a few years in Columbus and was a member of the organizing collective for the 1998 More Than Music festival in Columbus, which raised \$3,000 for a local queer youth group and a local anti-domestic violence organization. He also has been a regular contributor to Punk Planet 'zine since 1998—he writes a column, and submits occasional articles and interviews. I thought that Jon would be a great addition to this series of interviews with punk rock organizers, because of his work as a field organizer for NARAL, the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League. You can contact Jon at: PO Box 41821/ Philly, PA 19101; jonstrange@hotmail.com. You can also contact me at: arooks@hotmail.com with any ideas and suggestions for this series. I especially need leads about other people to interview. Thanks!!

—Daisy Rooks (arooks@hotmail.com)

HeartattaCk: How did you start working for NARAL?

Jon: Well, I had been doing shit jobs—basically working as a dishwasher and busboy—and substitute teacher, which pays pretty good money but is very aggravating work. I was quite frustrated with how stupid these jobs were. I felt that they were dead ends in terms of intellectual engagement and in terms of how much time I was spending doing them. During one summer when I wasn't subbing anymore, I was at a party and I told a friend that I was looking for a job that had worth to the rest of the world and that was interesting and engaging. A few days later this friend sent me a strange email that said "not that you'd be interested in this, but there is an internship available with NARAL Ohio." I actually was really interested, and so I contacted them and began an internship in August of 1998.

HaC: Why did you decide to do the internship

with NARAL?

Jon: I had been thinking about different ways to engage with the mainstream and was feeling frustrated with punk's inability to do that, and with the fact that punk seemed only interested in hiding out in its own little ghetto. I understand why this happens—lots of punks are geeky kids who were excluded in high school, and so they exclude themselves from the rest of the world. In more political terms, I think that we do this because we don't feel safe or comfortable in the mainstream—because the rest of America doesn't make sense to us. But I was frustrated by the fact that once we were in punk, there didn't seem to be any way to live in the rest of the world as well. People are either totally immersed in punk rock, or they drop out.

So I was thinking about ways to have a life and work to reach out to the rest of

the world, without being stuck in one spot. I thought that it would be possible to learn more about the work of non-profits and grassroots organizing. Instead of being some weird college graduate washing dishes, I thought that I could actually use some of my skills and credentials. I saw the internship as one of the building blocks necessary in order to have better control over the

Activism people in motion

kinds of work I wanted to do in the future.

HaC: In the beginning of the internship, what was your job like?

Jon: The job was really a challenge to all my big talk about engaging with the mainstream, because right away when I started at NARAL, we were working on elections—the Governor's race in Ohio, State House of Representatives races, etc. It was a huge challenge to come into the organization with all these anarchist anti-voting ideas, when my first task is to work on electoral campaigns. It was hard to reconcile. The experience ended up changing my personal position on voting. At the time, I'd had a lot of misgivings and had chosen not to vote. I still have a lot of misgivings and I still think that the electoral system is really flawed and unworkable in the U.S., but now I see it as a tool to take advantage of.

At NARAL Ohio we were working on simple grassroots stuff, like distributing literature on people's porches with information about different politicians' pro-choice voting records. We put together a voter's guide that talked about all the candidates and what their positions were on issues that were important to NARAL Ohio. I also called some candidates directly and surveyed

them over the phone about their positions on various issues.

I have heard lots of internship horror stories, and I had my share of tedious work, but the organizer who was my boss was doing the same work as well. I think that I got an honest portrayal of what organizing work is like. So I was the intern for four months, and then in January of 1999 I was hired to take my boss's job, and I became the statewide organizer for NARAL Ohio.

HaC: How did your job change when you became a full-time organizer?

Jon: I went from being the intern who could walk away when my hours for the week were done, to being responsible for a lot more. My focus shifted away from elections and to more long-term strategy. I was taking on an awful lot when I became the organizer. Ohio was becoming increasingly conservative at that time and we were losing the battle in terms of the legal status of reproductive rights. My job was to re-build our base and educate folks who supported reproductive rights, and to get them involved in the fight against restrictions on abortion.

I was working all over the place. I worked with student groups that had either a feminist or pro-choice focus. I would host educational forums on campuses. I was also doing a fair amount of work off campuses with regular working folks—primarily women—through local activist groups across the state. Even though I was based in Columbus, I was on the road a lot, from Cincinnati to Toledo to Cleveland.

HaC: Can you talk about the differences between working with students and community groups?

Jon: There are so many differences.

When working with student groups, you have the advantage of working with folks who are newly politicized and have decided to dedicate a lot of time while at school to being an activist. You have got a lot of excitement and energy and people to count on. Everyone at

school is in the same place, so it's relatively easy to recruit new people and get new members. Since students are living in a very contained world—they can see very easily what the problems are and know what they want to work on in the context of the school.

The disadvantage to working with students is the turnover rate. As groups develop leaders, they are also constantly losing them due to summer break or graduation or study abroad. They are also generally unable to see the long-term picture because student activists are excited about what's going on now. They are a powerful and effective force, though.

HaC: Can you talk about the strengths and weaknesses of working with community groups?

Jon: These folks have a more serious commitment to what they're doing, they haven't just stumbled into political activism. For many of the students who I worked with, this was their first serious engagement in activism and politics. Community folks have generally thought about the issues and politics more than students have and they generally have a really good sense of looking at the big picture and developing long-term plans. They are more patient about changes that need to happen in order to reach these goals.

They also often have a lot of good connections within the community with people who were the actual decisions makers, or with people who have expertise or power or connections of some sort in ways that students did not. They bring a lot more resources to their activism, or actually they bring more diverse resources. They also have a sense that they needed to change things not just in their immediate surroundings, not just on their college campus, but for everyone in their city and state.

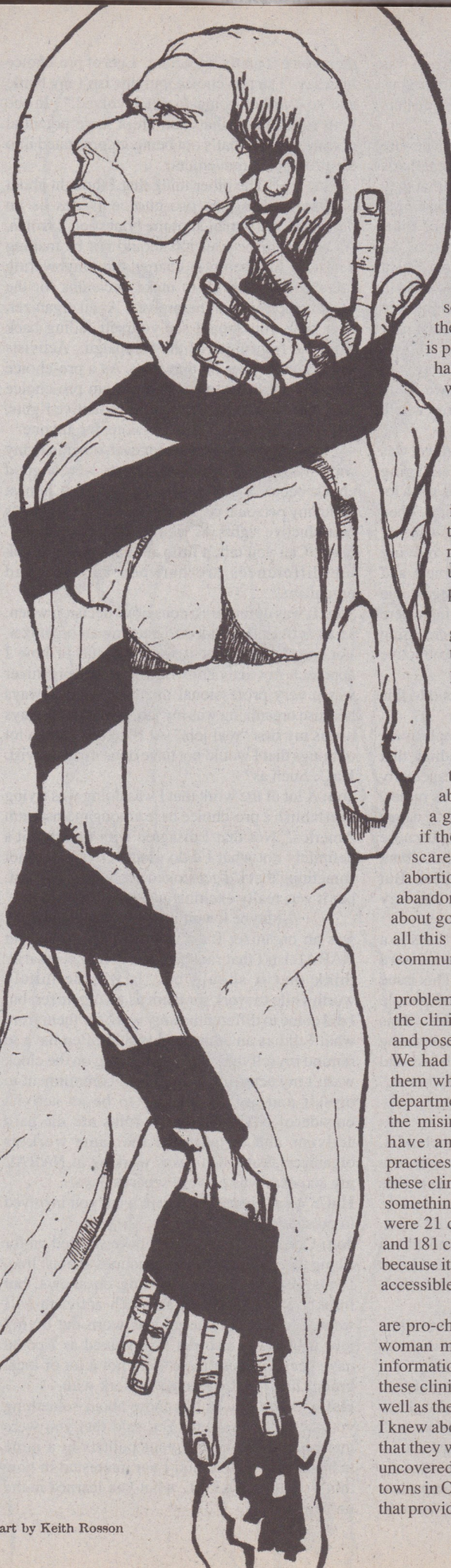
The main disadvantage is that these folks have more commitments—to work and to family—than students had. It was good that they were patient, but this also meant that they were working with a drawn-out timeline. These folks are not going to give all their time to the cause.

I also think that given the state of things in Ohio and the restrictions on abortion rights and reproductive rights in the state, that people felt, not necessarily complacent, but just overwhelmed. There was so much to change, and so many people were not sure where to start. As an organizer it was my job to motivate people and focus what the activist group might work on. This is especially hard in a state like Ohio, because the Bible Belt is creeping north—it now takes up about 75% of the state of Ohio. We are now starting to see the tide turn for Christian fundamentalism, which that's good news, but when I was doing this work in 1998, 1999 and 2000, we faced a lot of opposition with a lot of their own money and a lot of allies in the government. The state was passing such outrageous laws with such frequency that we didn't know where to start. We were frustrated by always being on the defensive and always losing the battle.

One of the problems that I, along with others in the organization, started to see was that the rhetoric of the pro-choice movement—which is about “protecting” and “preserving” and keeping rights that exist—kept us in this reactive mode. We would wait for anti-choice politicians and groups to do something outrageous, and then we would react to it. We started to understand that we needed to be more pro-active and not be content with the rights provided in *Roe v. Wade*. We needed to take pro-choice ideas and our vision a few steps further. Because of this, I got involved with a few exciting campaigns in Ohio.

HaC: Such as?

Jon: Have you ever heard of crisis pregnancy centers? These things make me more angry than anything else. They are bogus clinics. You've probably seen the billboards that say “Pregnant? Confused?” and show this trouble young women with no one to talk to. They list a phone number for Birthright or for the Pregnancy Decision Center, which are horrible anti-choice organizations. Basically, there are anti-choice groups running these so-called clinics. I wouldn't call them fronts, but I would say that they misrepresent themselves by calling themselves “clinics.”



art by Keith Rosson

It's hard to say what each one does, but there are a few common practices. They provide free pregnancy tests, like the one that you can buy at the drug store for a few dollars. There are no medical professionals on staff, instead they are very often all-volunteer organizations. These people can be folks like your grandmother, but they do some really devious things. For example, we have reports of a woman going in for a pregnancy test, and if they see that her pregnancy test is negative they send her right home. But if her test is positive, they tell her that it'll take about half an hour for the results, and while she's waiting they offer to show her some videos. These videos are basically anti-choice propaganda. For example, they show ultra sound pictures from late in a pregnancy, where the fetus is completely developed, and they'll intersperse that with scenes from a 1st trimester abortion. This is obviously really misleading people's understanding of common abortion procedures.

They have a lot of other tactics. They give people baby bottles and ask them to name their fetus. They'll give people plastic fetuses to show them what they look like. I think that it's important for folks to have information about abortion and what it means, but that's not what it going on here. They are trying to scare people from having abortions. They tell people that there is a good chance that they'll become sterile if they have an abortion. They tell women scare stories about doctors who provide abortions—they tell them that the Doctor will abandon them if there's a problem. They talk about god and read biblical verses, and they do all this under the guise of being a “helpful community center.”

In Ohio we wanted to address this problem across the state. So first we researched the clinics by sending volunteers go into them and pose as scared and confused young women. We had them keep track of what was said to them when they were there. We had our legal department look at their literature and expose the misinformation and lies, so that we could have an understanding of their business practices. When we got a count of how many of these clinics were operating in Ohio, we found something that terrified us. At the time, there were 21 clinics in Ohio that provided abortions and 181 crisis pregnancy centers. This was scary because it meant that these centers were a lot more accessible than the clinics were.

I know that because pro-choice clinics are pro-choice, and support whatever decision a woman makes, that they can provide accurate information and real choices. I knew all 21 of these clinics and trusted their medical abilities as well as their counseling and other services. What I knew about these Crisis Pregnancy Centers was that they were exactly the opposite. Our research uncovered that these centers were in a lot of small towns in Ohio that were 2 hours away from a clinic that provided abortions. Supporters of these Crisis

Pregnancy Centers were saying that abortion was all too prevalent, but they were outnumbering us by a ratio of 9 to 1: in Ohio there were 181 centers to 21 abortion providers.

What we wanted to do was to make sure that folks in the community knew what these crisis pregnancy centers really were and knew that they had other options either at an abortion clinic or at a community health center. Also, a lot of folks didn't know the political slant of these places. So we put together an educational packet that we sent out to high school nurses, to folks who worked in hospitals and community health centers and free clinics. We put up fliers in neighborhoods near these places, saying "Did you know that a bogus clinic is in your neighborhood?" We always put our phone number on the fliers so that we could provide a referral and to let people know where to go to get good information.

What I liked most about this project was that it was direct. It wasn't about engaging lawmakers, especially because there was not a lot that we can do legally to stop these clinics. They can operate their own business if they want to. This project wasn't focused on slow-moving policy. Instead, we were on street corners and shopping malls putting up fliers and letting people know what was going on. It was something where we were having a definite impact and were doing concrete work to preserve women's reproductive options.

HaC: How did your activist base respond to this campaign?

Jon: The response was fantastic. People were really excited to finally be doing something that they could get their hands on. It was especially for the folks who were doing research as moles, because it felt very cloak-and-dagger. My worry is that it is a hard campaign to keep going because in the end there wasn't anything we could do about the centers—we couldn't put a stop to them. But folks were really energized about it. It was very exciting.

We did a mailing about the clinics to a huge list of several thousand people who were NARAL supporters, but not activists. This issue really changed them—we got a lot of people coming off this list and becoming active. This was a great result to have as an organizer, because my main task was to activate people who had said "I agree with you, but I am going to stay home." It was very inspiring.

HaC: The organization was behind it?

Jon: Yeah, the organization was totally behind it.

HaC: Can you talk about your experiences as a man working for a reproductive rights organization?

Jon: It was an issue that I wrestled with a lot. Sometimes I felt really comfortable and didn't have hesitations. Other times it gave me a lot to think about. What ultimately made me feel ok about it were two things:

1) I saw myself in contrast to anti-choice men on the other side of the issue, who tell women what they should and shouldn't do. Pro-choice men say "I don't know what you should do, but you have the ability and right to figure it out." I have a really sharp problem with men who are anti-choice, because it plays into all the systems of patriarchy that we deal with on a regular basis. I think that it's really important that pro-choice men take an active role, because

their voice is really important. Lots of pro-choice men say "I'm pro-choice, but this isn't my battle and so I'm not going to get involved." In the long run, I think that men are a large potential pool of support that's not being incorporated into the pro-choice movement.

2) The other thing that I thought about is that working on pro-choice issues as an organizer and a man kept me honest on 2 fronts. As an organizer your job should not be making decisions and being in charge, but empowering folks you work with to make decisions for the organization and for themselves. As an organizer, over time you should see yourself fading back from the front lines of the campaign. Activists should really take on that role. As a pro-choice man, I want folks to know that I am pro-choice and an adamant supporter of reproductive rights, but I am not making any decisions for anyone.

These things mirror each other in many ways. Together these two aspects were a good check because they insured that I kept honest about my personal politics as a man who supports reproductive rights, as well as an organizer.

HaC: Can you talk a little about what you think the differences are between activists and organizers?

Jon: It was definitely a conscious decision when, as an activist, I decided to become an organizer. For me, I think that it was an issue of how I approach my activism. Becoming an organizer was a very professional move in a lot of ways because organizing was my job, and in many ways it was my first "real job." At NARAL, I did a lot of things that I would not have done as an activist.

HaC: Such as?

Jon: A lot of the work that I was doing was trying to establish a pro-choice base among mainstream America. Not that I disagree with that, but it's definitely not what I'd do as an activist. It's not something that I'd get stoked about as an activist, but it was really exciting as a job.

Maybe it would have been different if I was an organizer for a more radical group, but NARAL isn't that radical and I don't necessarily think that it should be. It was definitely worthwhile to work for them as an organizer, but I did come to differentiate my work for them from what I did as an activist. I would often have to remind myself that what I was doing on the clock wasn't my activism. I still had a commitment to myself and my community to be an activist outside of NARAL. Some folks are die-hard activists and do some of the same work as organizers, but when I was working at NARAL my activism was on very separate issues.

HaC: What kinds of activism were you involved in outside of NARAL?

Jon: One of the things that I have worked on for a long time is U.S. and UN sanctions against Iraq. I was also involved in putting on shows, but frankly I wasn't doing as much activism as I wanted, mostly because I was worn out by my job. But I was also not as involved as I could have been, because there were not a lot of local groups that I really wanted to work with.

HaC: I want you to talk more about something you mentioned earlier. You said that you were interested in trying out your politics in a more mainstream context, and I am interested in how this worked at NARAL, what you learned in the process, etc.

Jon: It was interesting. One of my jobs later on at NARAL was to get involved in a campaign to make the pro-choice movement more mainstream, to take it out of this tiny slice of pro-choice people. The idea was that most Americans are pro-choice, and so we should try to get more people to call themselves to pro-choice. I was charged with making this label more accessible to more Americans. This was tough, because in my private life I was part of punk, which is an exciting counter-culture. As punks, we have problems with the mainstream, and in my job I was courting mainstream America. It felt really schizophrenic.

It also was a good experience, because it drove home why I may feel more culturally comfortable in punk. We feel nurtured in an intentionally counter-cultural community, but I think that in terms of political action it won't get any of us very far. With the political projects that I'm involved with now, when I think about how to appeal to a more mainstream base of support, the challenge is how to do that without compromising. Coming out of my experience with NARAL, I think broadening your support base is very necessary. We can't exist in a punk or anarchist bubble anymore.

HaC: Other people who I have interviewed for this series have said that they were initially politicized through punk or through education—usually college. Where do you think that your politics came from?

Jon: That's a question that I've been trying to answer myself, for a long time. I see threads of it through my early adolescence. I was raised by incredibly open-minded parents who I now think are more conservative than I am. They encouraged us to think for ourselves, to find a position that we believed in and argue for it. They encouraged our expression of our political views.

When I was 15 the gulf war started, and with a couple fellow students in my high school I organized a couple of demonstrations against the war. We did a walk-out of our high school, which is a great action for high school students because everyone wants to walk out of school. We also had a bunch of demonstrations during the war in my suburb in front of the tiny city hall. So all of this was happening before I had heard of punk or had gotten involved in it at all.

During high school I was involved with a group of people who were not punk, but were very DIY. We were mostly into indie rock and "alternative music," but we booked our own shows and we had a festival in someone's back yard. We built a stage and had 10 high school bands played. We did all the things that punks do, like made shirts and stickers. I'm not sure how it happened, because it wasn't punk. I didn't get into punk until I was 18.

So for me, it was definitely the other way around. I was a political person and I wanted to live in a community where people thought really critically about the mainstream culture and where people were developing alternative ideas. Finding punk was like coming to a home that I didn't realize that I had. But one of my frustrations with punk all along has been that while parts of it have these inspiring radical politics, so much of it is lacking this perspective. Maybe that's not fair of me, maybe I'm looking for that in places where I shouldn't expect it.

The struggle to make punk and politics

meet is the challenge to reach out to the mainstream. Punks either assume that we've got it sorted out and we're the hip vanguard (which is a problem because it's totally elitist), or we retreat from mainstream society. Because punk is constructed by kids who felt excluded and who have constructed an identity which boasts about our status as excluded from rest of society, we have an impulse to move away from the rest of the world in a cultural sense. I think that this is problematic because it undermines our ability to actually talk to anyone.

Being a punk and being involved in this really mainstream-oriented project with NARAL was chaotic, but I really wanted that confusion too. It was a lot harder than living in a bubble full of radicals. I think that punk can be really self-congratulatory about its politics, but the truth is that we hardly have a monopoly on really radical ideas. Lots of folks agree with what we're saying, but would never phrase it the way we do. The real challenge is how to talk to each other, and I don't think that punk equips us very well for that.

HaC: Were you criticized by other punks, for working for such a mainstream organization?

Jon: No one would ever talk straight about it to me, but I had people who said things behind my back. Someone made some comments about "Jon's lobbying job," which is funny because I never did any lobbying for NARAL. Of the criticisms that people brought directly to me, they mostly came from the folks who I knew through the punk and activist communities in Columbus. They mostly had criticisms about me, being a man, working for a reproductive rights organization. I thought that some of these were valid, but others I didn't agree with. Because of those criticisms, I wrestled with these questions a lot myself. Most punks that talked to me about that job were really actually encouraging.

HaC: Who were some of your organizing role models—punk and non-punk?

Jon: I have seen a lot of punks who are really political and are talking about those politics, but who aren't so great about organizing. I have been incredibly inspired by people's words and music within the community and also by their actions, but not in a way that helped me better understand community organizing.

In terms of organizing role models, there were a couple of people who I worked with who really inspired me. I think that it was good that they had no idea what was going on in terms of my private life in punk. One was my boss Shelli, who had been working as an organizer for 10-12 years. When I came to NARAL she was supervising a bunch of organizers, but I still think that counts as organizing. She had an incredible wealth of experience, and was always willing to take the time to sit down and talk about strategies both on a big level and a small-scale. I could call her with problems and after 12 years she had seen it all, and so she was great at problem solving. I respected her both for the knowledge that she had, and for sharing that knowledge, which is what I think organizing is all about. I was inspired by her commitment to doing really hard work for a really long time because organizing burns a lot of people out. For her to be still be doing that full time after 10 years is pretty incredible.

One of the people who I learned the

most from is a member of NARAL's national board, Diane Dillingham. Culturally, she is about as different from me as you can get: she's a Republican, she is 50 or 60, she is a chain smoker, has big hair and wild jewelry, but she has one of the most sharply honed strategic minds that I have ever encountered. She is really active in her local Republican party, but her commitment first and foremost is to reproductive rights. What she does for local political parties is to get pro-choice Republicans running for seats over and over again. We disagree about a lot of things, but we agree about more than I would have expected initially. I think that she's what people would call a moderate republican. She's in favor of some gun control and some prison reform, which surprised me. She's really incredible. She's been involved in various electoral campaigns for decades. She taught me a lot about creative ways to be strategic, creative actions to take and ways to build coalitions between people who you never thought would sit at the table together.

One other person who I would say is more of a hero than a role model, is Heather Booth. She was one of the people who started the Jane Collective in Chicago in the 1960s. What the Jane Collective did was to provide women with access to abortion when abortion was illegal. They started out by finding reputable doctors who were willing to perform safe abortions and they put women in touch with them. They brought women to secret locations where abortions were performed and sometimes even raised funds to pay for them as well. They did this for a few years, and then they decided to shift their focus so that they weren't as dependent on these doctors. They taught themselves how to perform safe, first trimester abortions using a technique called 'menstrual extraction.' It is a powerful example of a group of people working in total defiance of unjust laws and doing it in a way that empowered women as well as themselves. When they learned how to work with doctors and perform abortions themselves, I think that really set a tremendous example about how to take control of their own lives on so many levels. That is fundamentally what the reproductive rights debate is all about.

Heather went on to do a lot of work with the Midwest Academy for Social Change, where I would direct folks to check out if they are interested in organizing. They literally wrote the book on organizing, which is called "Organizing for Social Change." Midwest Academy does workshops and trainings for organizers, they do trainings for trainers, they do a lot of work teaching people how to be effective facilitators. All the skills that apply to organizing for social change. I think the Midwest Academy is a great resource for organizers.

HaC: Can you mention some organizations and resources that you think people should check out if they are interested in learning more about organizing?

Jon: The National Organizers Alliance (NOA) does some really great stuff and are really committed to both the idea or mission of organizing, as well as to the people who do that work. I think that they do a great job offering resources to sustain individuals who work as organizers, which really benefits the organizers. I think that organizers are generally thought of as entry-level workers, and because of this that they

are burnt out by organizations because they rarely have much support. A lot of times small organizations don't have the time and resources to train people, as well. I think that it's great that there are groups like NOA and the Midwest Academy. I would really encourage folks to seek them out.

HaC: What organizations are you involved with now, where are you working, etc?

Jon: When I left my job with NARAL, I still wanted to continue to do something activist in nature, but I wanted to change my approach to work and the balance of work and non-work in my life. One of the downsides to being an organizer is pretty much that working full time ends up being 60 hours a week. So when I left NARAL, I moved to Philly and I now work for an organization called the Prometheus Radio Project. It's a non-profit group that supports democratic media. We help good progressive organizations around the county start low-power community radio stations.

HaC: What is your job there?

Jon: Instead of doing organizing or heavy outreach work, I have been doing day-to-day management. Basically doing accounting, building a new database for them and maintaining and running the database. Those skills came out of what I learned as an organizer. Right now, it's a relief to not be doing more traditional organizing work. I got pretty burnt out at NARAL.

HaC: What are your future plans? Do you see yourself going back to do organizing work?

Jon: Over the next 3-5 years I want my paid work to be connected to grassroots organizing as much as possible. But right now I don't feel ready to be an organizer again.

HaC: Why?

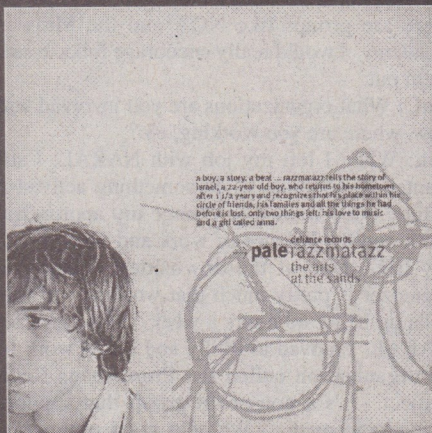
Jon: It's incredibly demanding in both an emotional and social way. It takes a lot of energy to talk to people all day long, and talking is a big part of your job as an organizer. Another hard part of the job is that as an organizer, your job is never done. There's always another thing to do, so it's easy to work 80 hours a week. And I need a break from that part of it.

I have been thinking about getting involved with union organizing, but again not as an organizer. One of the things that I think unions do well is doing the research to support their organizing campaigns. They go in and find the dirty deeds of the places they're trying to organize. I think that union research would be really interesting work and it would support organizing campaigns, which is the aspect of it that I'd enjoy. Plus, doing research would allow me to help develop the strategic part of the organizing campaign, while giving myself a break from the emotionally taxing part of the work.

Organizations and resources mentioned in the interview:

Prometheus radio Project:
www.prometheus.tao.ca
NARAL: www.naral.org
NARAL OHIO: www.naralohio.org
National Organizers Alliance: www.noa.org
Midwest Academy: www.mindspring.com/~midwestacademy
Info about the Jane Collective:
www.cwluherstory.com/CWLUFeature/
Janearticles.html

Check out what HEARTATTACK has to say:



Defiance Records XIII

PALE

"razzmatazz [the arts at the sands]" CD/LP

Who is this band? Where did they come from? Why is their artwork so professional? Why isn't this on a major label? How could a German band be so good? (Okay, I threw that one in for my own personal amusement) I don't know, I just can't get over the look and sound of this CD. It's so well produced, it looks so good, the songs are so damn catchy... Think Get Up Kids, Promise Ring, stuff like that. They also throw in some sampling, that is very unobtrusive and actually enhances the listening experience. I don't want to stop listening to this and review the rest of the records in my box. Damn, I guess I'll have to....

[MH - HaC # 29]



YAGE/ENGRAVE

Split

7"

Yage is back with more of their great emo hardcore, melodic, soulful and yet with plenty of edge. Engrave are in the same vein, but they play much more aggressively and with more of a chaotic approach. Both bands are good and this is sure to please those into the new school chaotic emo sound.

[KIM - HaC #28]



AMBROSE

"The grace of breaking moments" CD/LP

Another impressive Defiance release. Ambrose is a German band that plays incredibly professional and radio-friendly music... As with the PALE-CD, the extremely professional look and sound of this record leave me wondering where these people came from and where they are headed.

[MH - HaC #29]

DEFIANCE RECORDS

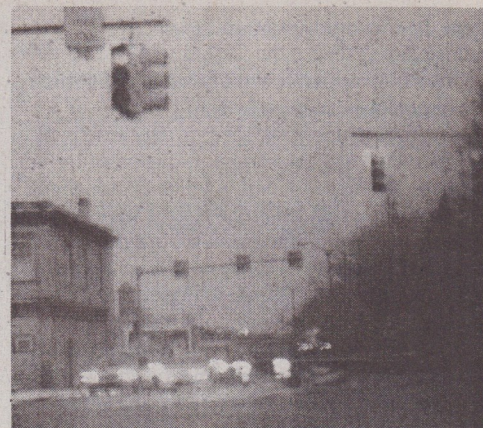
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HOVLAND

"2 Songs" 7" \$3 PPD US

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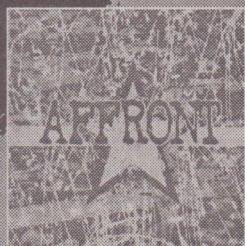
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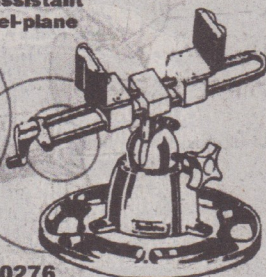
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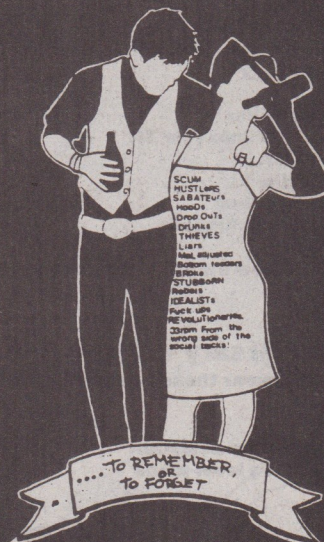
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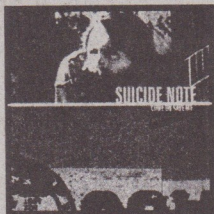
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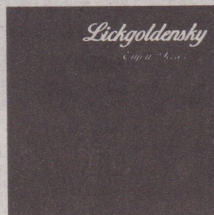
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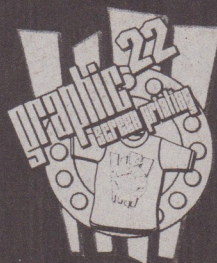
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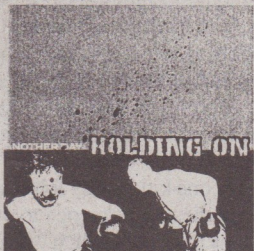
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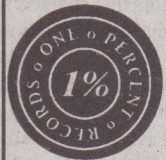
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Pre-tour History:

The People's War originally started out a little over a year ago has a five piece (which included Anthony and Jeremy who are sadly no longer with us). During that period, local and regional shows were played and we recorded twice (once for a demo that miraculously sold 500 copies, and once for a 7" on Coalition). When summer rolled around two of our members decided to move on to different projects and the band was rearranged. The People's War on tour was: Jonathan - vocals, Dave - guitar, Austin - drums, and Chris - bass.

Day One Poplar Bluff:

It's almost time to get out of town and we still don't have covers for our 7". It seems there was a problem with the mail and the package had not arrived. That's what is so frustrating about foreign mail, the post office always fucks something up. An hour before we leave I run to the local Office Max and scam 200 tour covers and 200 lyric sheets then go home to slowly hand number them. Watch out E-bay, more collectible vinyl coming your way. We pack up and drive across the Mississippi River Bridge into Arkansas. About 10 miles into the trip I

notice a billboard that says, "God is ready... start the crusade." It's amazing how many extreme religious groups exist out there with little to no backlash. I mean for fucks sake, Bellevue Baptist Church outside of Memphis holds the head of the Southern Baptist Convention, ATM machines in the lobby, hundreds of acres of land, and it's own police force among other things. We have to experiment with the speed of the mini van, which is dragging this huge U-Haul because the company reserved the wrong size for us. At least we didn't have to pay extra, but it's already killing the van. We end up being stuck at 55 MPH. The roads in Arkansas suck ass. I think the last time they were paved was when asphalt was created. All of the sudden the van starts to slow down and overheats. Smoke starts pouring out of the front and into the cab. We pull over and check the radiator with one thing running through our minds, "Fuck, we've killed the van and we haven't even gone 30 miles... tour is over!" The water looks more like coffee at the Holiday Inn continental breakfast and it's boiling out everywhere. We wait for about an hour and a half and no one helps us. We don't have any water or fluid to put in it so we really couldn't speed up the process. Finally we get it started and pull into a service station in Joiner, Arkansas where a few burly looking fellows start poking around under the hood. Everyone is freaking out thinking it's all over but I'm relatively calm and happy, which is insane because I had the most money dumped

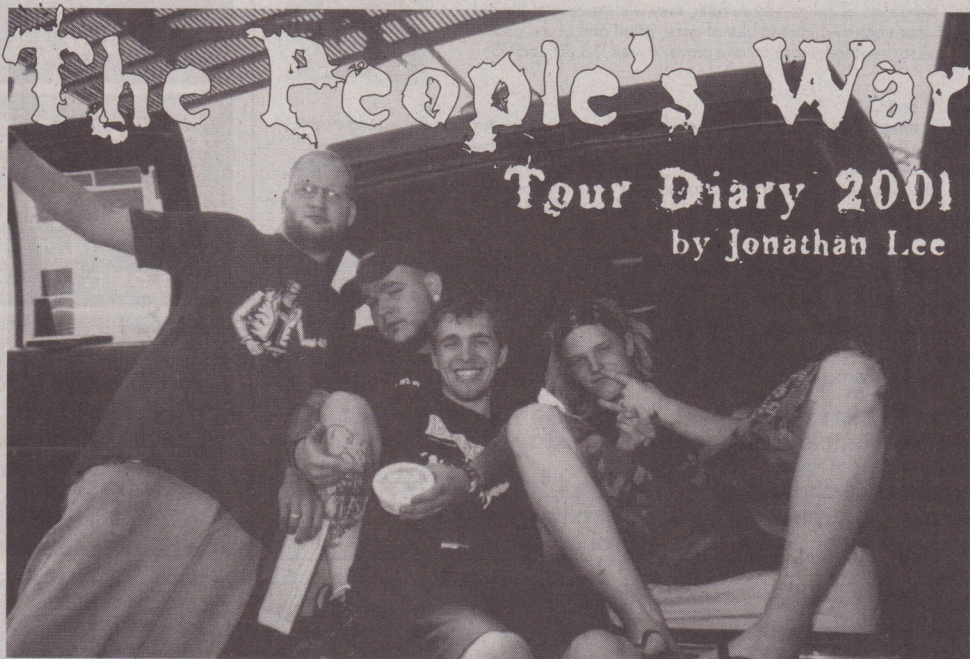
into merch and whatnot. It just felt good to be on the road and that feeling was overwhelming. Dave, Austin, and I started walking around the corner of the store when a black guy strolled over and asked us if we were gonna go party. All of the sudden this guy walks up with a giant swastika on his chest, SS tattoos on his arms, and naked women nailed to crosses on his legs. These weren't jailhouse tattoos either, the guy had obviously spent a lot of money getting them done. He gave us a stare and walked into the store. Soon after the county sheriff pulled up and the Nazi put his wifebeater back on and strolled back to chat with his buddies that are now watering down

Nothing to Live For. The show is at Lonnie's new house in this hot and tight living room. Everyone was there though, Lonnie, Jason, Ben illa Ice, and the rest of the Bluff crew. We set up and fuck up the opening song twice. So I reintroduce ourselves and promise our warm up is over. And it was. We played with an energy we hadn't had before and the sound in that little room was great. About 20 kids were there but it felt like a hundred. This one kid named John had written Elvis across his chest in reference to our song "Thank You, Thank You Very Much." That was cool. Unfortunately Austin has an asthma attack after the show. Lonnie gives us some peanut butter and crackers, our first food on tour.

Day Two Chicago:

We decide for the rest of tour night driving is a must, especially with it being so hot and the radiator being questionable. So we start down this beautifully paved highway that didn't have line markings only reflectors that sparked as the lights brushed across them. It looked a lot like a runway at times, which was enhanced by a plane sound on Pink Floyd's "The Wall." We fly. After midnight I took over driving. It was like a video game with the smooth, fast feel up and

down these little hills. The trailer does make hill driving hard though (40 uphill and 65 downhill). I drove until 4:30 then just bailed out. I moved to the back of the van which we had put a mattress down in and fell asleep. Woke up to find myself in downtown Chicago, which was real nice. A cop gave us directions to the space and then the quest was finding gas. That took forever. Not a single station to be found for miles. Finally there is one on California. I really had to piss but there wasn't a bathroom anywhere. I walked for blocks, stopping in every place I could but never found one, so I had to do it in an alley. I don't quite understand the lack of bathrooms... and the north accuses the south of not having plumbing! After filling up we decide to go to Fabio's house and hang out there before the show. Parking however is a hard thing to do in Chicago when you are the size of two vans connected. We seem to find a way though. Fabio takes us to Soul Veg which I hadn't been to in years and was extremely excited. We had to sit there a good hour before we ordered but the conversation was good and that's all you can ask for. When the food did arrive we ate like kings. The protein bites are awesome, check them out if you go. The rest of the day we decided just to rest at Fabio's house. Randomly Fabio picked up a guitar and started playing one of our songs. That blew my mind for some reason. Checked my email and our show in West Chester/Philly has been canceled due to venue problems. With such a short tour we couldn't afford to have a day



out van. I tell you what though, it never fails that small town rednecks end up being extremely helpful in some way. They don't charge us at all and we tip one of the guys ten bucks. Chris, who hasn't slept in over a day but is sill driving, is blasting "For Whom the Bell Tolls" which is being jerked on and off by bumps in the road. We get into Missouri only to break down yet again. By this time we've gathered 7 canisters of water so we pull into a Duckies in Haiyti. We are definitely going to be late for the show now, so we call Lonnie to tell him. Somewhere outside of Kennet we were doing 44 in a 35 and get pulled over. Now Chris' license has just expired not to mention he has warrants out for him for evading payment on tickets and for animal rights stuff. So now we think Chris is going to go to jail. The officer ends up writing a ticket and seizing Chris' license but he still has yet to notice the expired date. We are about to pull off when the officer's radio chimes in, "Uhh, officer blah blah blah have you looked at the date of that license." We pulled off and got the fuck out of there. Chris is about to explode. Continuing on I'm about to pass out until Chris screams, "Holy crap, there is a whole family of shadow people in the front yard!" Sure enough there they were, a bunch of wooden silhouettes of people in this front lawn. It's the big thing in small town America to put flat, wooden cutouts in your yard. I mean almost everyone has them. Strange. Pull into Poplar Bluff and the two local bands had played already. Sucks we missed

off so Fabio and I start searching for a show. All I can do is email and wait. After naps and showers we head to the Odum and unload. Seems Isis and Napalm Death are playing at the Fireside and thus there weren't that many people at the show. After the first band played the crowd was still pretty small so I decide it would be fun to do a split set with Life Set Struggle. It ended up being a lot of fun going back and forth, definitely gave us breathers in between blasts. Fabio grabbed a mic and sang with us on "Imperfect Men." Before that he had been running around with the Sin Orden kids in a wrestling mask. Pretty fun show. After the show Austin and the vocalist from the first band got into an argumentative conversation that eventually erupted until the two were basically yelling at each other. This flared up our tempers as well because we didn't quite see the point in Austin taking the argument to such a level. In the end it was all worked out and the band was back to normal again. Oh the emotional roller coaster of tour... trying at times for sure. We packed up and went to Pick Me Up for an awesome vegan breakfast. In the bathroom we came across what ended up being our tour slogan scribbled on the wall, "Hey it's pretty bad but at least you aren't on fire!" No matter what has happened I still haven't been so happy in my life. I feel free and that's comforting. Fabio ended up taking care of us better than anyone could even expect or ask for. He had paid for our Soul Veg lunch and given us a lot more money than we should have gotten from the door. Gives you faith in the hardcore community if you ever lost it. He's definitely one of the most supportive friends we have.

Day Three Columbus:

I wake up totally disoriented and have no idea where I am. The first thing I see is smoke. Van is overheating again. It seems Chris has been driving on and off all morning and had given all our water to a van that had broken down earlier that morning. You see we made a pact that because no one helped us when our van blew up we had to make it our duty to help people stranded on the side of the road. Now we were stranded though. A road worker sees us and gets us enough water to drive to a gas station outside a toll booth (I really hate toll roads). Chris and I decide that our best bet on tour, even though it would take longer, was to take has many red roads (one lane highways) as possible. The speed limit fits our vehicle better and the scenery is so much better. In Carey, Ohio (at 516 N Vance just in case you wanna go), we stopped to get our picture with some wooden cut outs of swimsuit babes. It was outrageous. They were all winking or waving at motorists... there was even a motorcycle cut out next to one. The guy who makes them was outside working on his truck. He said people stop by for pictures all the time. His garage was full of them. Creepy. Outside of Columbus we started driving through a mall development that was in the process of being built. All the trees had been ripped from the ground, any living plant/grass had been burned up or laid to waste, and the mounds of dirt were marked by plywood "Coming Soon" signs. It's insane the amount of space that is given or bought up for typical commercialism/consumerism just boosted to exaggerated proportions. Finally we get to Columbus proper

and park in an alley behind the space and rest up. Dave and Austin go skate, Chris reads, and I make calls. Jenny, Adam, and Tony show up but no one knows were the keys to the club are. They do arrive eventually though. I used to live outside Columbus so it really felt like home: Jenny, Adam, Tony, Jamie, Greg, Sash, Dennis, etc etc. That's always the best part of tour. We ended up playing first and that was just fine by me. Everyone had shown up who was going to and I hate playing last to begin with. We played one of the best shows we'd ever played. Good sized and fun crowd plus us going off. The mic was really quiet though but hey it's punk right? Dead Limb Sleep played also and they were awesome. I even got to do some heckling, a fun show antic there isn't enough of in my opinion. After the show I got to hear Jenny's new band as well. Seems Columbus likes it slow and dark now a days. Packed up the van and headed to Hound Dog's for pizza, an after show tradition. Get to Jamie's house and check my email to find out Tear it Up and Fabio got us on a show in New Jersey. We are saved! A little side note, the Addition 13 where we played is sadly being shut down. It was an amazing space and will be missed.

Day Four Olean:

Night drive again. Chris took us out of Columbus and I drove for an hour but fell out so Dave took over through Ohio, West Virginia, and into Pennsylvania. I was a sleep in the back when Chris started yelling about something on the side of the road. There it was, a 50 foot carving of a groundhog just randomly standing along the side of the road. We had entered Punxsotawney where they have Groundhog Day! Excited, we pulled the van over and walked around the town like tourists following the steps of Bill Murray. The back roads from there continued to become more and more beautiful. There is seriously no other way to tour. In a place called the Village of the Burning Wells, we stopped at a gas station to fill up and go to the bathroom. We saw a prisoner being transported in full chains and all which was a random reminder of reality, something we had forgotten in Punxsotawney. In front of every house those cut out people still appear only this time there are bears too. The wind is pretty cool so even with half of our windows not working it was cooler in the van than ever. We cross over into New York and right when our trailer crosses the entrance sign it starts raining. The woods look dark and welcoming, Rorschach blasting on the stereo, and memories of childhood camping trips running through my head. We stopped at a scenery outpost and looked out into the mountains, rain, and mist. The smell of the forest is like no other, definitely a favorite of mine. It starts pouring so we drive on until we see a sign for Rock City and pull in to take a look. The guy working at the place lets us all in for free so we give him a record and went hiking. Really cool rock formations and little caves to go through which I think was enhanced by the rain. Pull into Olean early and find out the show has been moved to a later time. We decide to go to a local copy shop and make handbills to pass out. Picture a bunch of crazy punk kids running around a city of 10,000 swarming everyone like locusts in malls and shopping centers. We were acting extremely silly. Some mall cop threatened us for solicitation.

Was a real asshole too. Ate more pizza and went back to the space. The Cobra La is a really inspiring place. It was a DIY space in small town America completely done by the kids who not only put a lot of work into it but also built an impressive 'zine library and started a distro. Keeps your hope in punk alive and it's nice seeing kids appreciate what they have instead of complaining and shit-talking. Outside I had an interesting debate with the guys in Laura's Agent who in my opinion had a real distorted view of hardcore. Very pro-christian hardcore and dismissive of the importance of DIY. It's a long conversation that doesn't really need details but I will say I think it's bullshit when people leach off the punk community or defend those that do. I'm sure you know what I'm talking about. Again we played first and for the first time on tour there was a few real big circle pits. It's always nice seeing kids dancing and having a good time. Most of the kids were real young which was quite different from our other shows. After our set I had a few conversations explaining our song "Thank You, Thank You Very Much" which is about Graceland Inc and the poverty on Elvis Presley Blvd. For the rest of the tour this became a huge conversation piece. I guess people out there still really like Elvis. This one kid named Nick left our set early and bought us chocolate milk thinking I'd be thirsty after the set. This same kid had also helped us move our equipment and bought a 7" without having a record player. Stuff like that not only takes me off guard but is the reason I love the punk community so much. Because he was moved by our intensity and emotion he wanted to do anything he could to be apart of it and that's what all of us should be going for at shows. The band and crowd being one of the same... you know, that word community we throw around. I just gave him a shirt which he tried to refuse not to pay for. Nick you're the best. Lots of kids there and we ended up selling a shit load of merch. Great show in a space run by fucking great kids. Went skateboarding afterwards and broke my deck. On to the next city...

Day Five Syracuse:

The show in Plattsburgh isn't happening because our van can't take the mountains and keeps breaking down. We decide to go to Chris' hometown of Syracuse instead and try and find a show. Late at night we hit a huge patch of fog and couldn't see at all. We started going through a town soon after and it looked haunted... street lamps rubbed away into alien shapes. The only thing that kept us in check was listening to Fiona Apple strangely enough. The fog got progressively worse until we couldn't see any visible turns and had slowed the car down almost completely. The car is overheated, we can't pull over, we can't stop, and we can't see. Chris and I are both starting to fall asleep and we've been in the fog for almost an hour by the time we get out. We move Austin and Dave up front and both take a well-deserved sleep. I don't get to sleep very long though because they wake me up to fix the van an hour later. When we finally do get to Syracuse I wake up in the parking lot of a grocery store with Chris putting a Tofuti Cutie in my face. Awesome way to wake up! We go driving in Chris' old neighborhood and he starts tracking

down people he knows. In the process his friend Mara comes up with the idea that we should get a slot on an open mic night. We call up a coffee shop that is doing an acoustic only night and book a certain Memphis "folk" band on the 9:30 slot. Well we have a show! Soon after we go see our friend Jonny Hero at his new silk-screening business. Fucking cool kid with Xs tattooed on his hands. Crazy. Get him info on getting to the show and go downtown where Chris hits a car with the trailer but does no real damage. We ate at a cheap Mediterranean restaurant and fill Austin's drink with hot sauce. Soon after we went to a skateshop to try and replace my deck but instead of paying the guys they hook me up with a free one! Soon after when we are checking our e-mail at a public library Chris finds 16 bucks in the street. Get to Happy Endings Coffee Shop and start to unload our stuff in the street. Everyone is laughing and pointing and wondering what the fuck is going on. The coffee house is long and narrow with little walking room and lots of booths. There is one small gap in front of the cash register and we put our stuff up there. The guy running the night starts yelling at us to get out of here with all that stuff but in the end we just plugged in right where we were and started playing without a mic. It was pure insanity. Everyone was wondering what was going on, rushing over from there seats or running in from outside. I was jumping off counters and Dave and Chris were swinging around like crazy. Every few songs I'd yell out something about building better communities by supporting small businesses and it got a huge response. Unfortunately I pulled a muscle in my leg during the chaos. It was a totally different thing to be doing, other than five punk kids there everyone was a gap kid or a 30 something couple drinking mocha lattes. Surprisingly we got through the set and sold a lot



of merch. The owner of the place was an 80 some odd year old woman whos favorite recording artist was Alice Cooper! She had a blast and basically shut up the acoustic guy. I even got interviewed by some high society lady at her table. After the show we all hung out for a while then decided to take Chris' friend Mike along for some of the rest of our travels. Had a great time eating at an all night grocery. Veggie dogs, humus, sprouts, marinated tofu, Paul Newman's spicy pretzels, and mint marble fudge Soy Delicious for desert.

Day Six Boston:

Dave and Mike drove all night and then Chris moved up. I wake up at some huge rest stop and try to get out and walk but my leg is fucked from the night before. One of our tires has been riding super low so we attempt to fill it. This would end up being one of the big problems of the next day or two. Boston traffic sucks. Everyone there drives crazy and for themselves, cutting everyone off and not letting anyone over. We drove all around the city mainly because we got stuck in lanes and then had to search for gas. It was a nice way to see Boston though I guess. Eventually we head back out to the highway and went to Quincy which was by the ocean. Felt real nice. Got gas and then parked under a billboard and rested in the ocean breeze the rest of the day. At one point an Irishman named Dennis Hallissey came up and started talking to us. That progressed into him making us write down where to play and a thousand other things that came through his mouth. He asked us to each autograph a piece of paper for him to frame on his wall. It was really very creepy and intense. He drove off taking down a bottle of liquor. Soon after that another Irishman drove up, this time a tow trucker who bought a t-shirt from us. Crazy town. We leave Quincy and go to the show space which is a basement in an African American neighborhood. Cool road names there like Crispus Attucks and Malcolm X. The space was real nice... basically a cold concrete room full off boxes of African Essence Styling Gel and an old electric chair, straps and all. We were quite excited because we were playing with a band called Lord Helmet who sang songs about the movie "Spaceballs" by Mel Brooks. We waited for kids to show and in the end not a single one did. A show with just the bands and the kids doing the show. Lord Helmet was uncanny with dubs from the movie to go

along with their brand of self proclaimed good looking dude core. We played for all five people... six including our new roadie Mike. Finish the show and leave for Ben Jacob's house who is nice enough to lend us his kitchen and food so I can cook for everyone. Ben you fucking rock...

Day Seven Brick:

In order to get to Brick we had to drive through Hartford and New York City which looked awesome in the early morning. Soon after I

fell asleep only to wake up hacking out of breath in a Fire Department parking lot. Actually our show was at that very Fire Department that night, which I thought was pretty cool. We'd gotten there real early in the afternoon and had tons of time to kill. These local kids showed up with skateboards and a circus bike and hung out with us. In fact they ended up giving us the circus bike as a gift which became our conversation piece for the rest of tour. We stuck them into the van with us and went to see the ocean in what I thought

was Ashbury Park, home of the boss... Bruce Springsteen. I'm a big fan so I was flipping out but that was shatter when we found out it was a few miles away. The beach had this great board walk full of games, arcades, and rides but the beach itself had a five dollar fee. We walked all the way to the end of the beach where you could walk around a fence and out on a pier. There we saw a guy almost drown to death after he had jumped off another pier and gotten stuck on a rock out in the water. While we all walked across the beach with out shoes off, Chris and Mike swam in the ocean until some lifeguards said they were going to far out. We washed our feet and headed for the arcade in which we found a bucket full of tickets. With those we decided to buy everyone mosh props like smiley face super balls and Chinese yo yos. By the time we get back to the van there is a parking ticket which of course we'll never pay. The Brick kids took us to a Chinese place called Sentosa's which had some amazing vegan and fake meat dishes. After getting our fill we headed to the show, pulling up blasting Bon Jovi "Slippery When Wet" in homage to New Jersey. There we meet Max, the kid doing the show. He's super nice and very helpful. Brick ended up being our biggest show. Over a hundred people showed up and all of them were talkative and friendly. A shit load of bands were playing including Definite Choice from Chicago and Tear It Up. The one thing I did notice was the overwhelming use of the word faggot. That bothered me a lot. Not only is it a pet peeve of mine it's also a topic of our song "Four Knuckles for a Clenched Fist." Thus after thrashing away with Definite Choice, we set up and opened up with that very song. I basically opened up say that I don't think everyone who throws around the words fag, queer, or gay in general conversation or cut-downs are homophobic but it does perpetuate bigotry and our use of language is extremely important. There wasn't time for a reaction because we just jumped right into the set. Kids were enthusiastic and dancing and that just fueled our intensity... fueled it to the point that half way through our set I broke one of my front teeth on the mic. We get through the set nonetheless. Any money problems we were having are solved by lots of merch sale, especially since we don't set merch prices. Let kids pay what they can, we'd rather them have merch than us have money. Tear It Up was up next and they were bad ass like always. The highlight of their set though was this local kid, JR, dressing up in full Pee Wee Herman garb and moshing like a maniac. He looked just like him. While packing up our lock on the U-Haul breaks so we secure it with a piece of metal. Then we go to the Ocean Queen Diner for dinner with Max, JR, and Sara, but Austin runs the trailer into the curb on the way out.

Day Eight Pittsburgh:

Austin misses a turn, we have toll booth problems, and the car overheats. He's super tired so I take over and try and get us back on track. This adventure gets me to the real Ashbury Park, thus making a mistake into a brief pilgrimage. The mist is real thick again and I really can't handle it. None of the signs are visible and I keep missing turns. After getting off to get gas I decide there is no point in going on and pull into the parking lot

of a nail supply store. Mike and I are the only ones up and Dave is making strange noises in his sleep during a nightmare (added with the mist and the strange parking lot I'm freaked out). We do fall asleep then wake up at 7 am. I drive the New Jersey Turnpike and get us underway. We stopped to change drivers and fill the radiator with water. Inside the truck stop there was a Turkey Hunting video game that Chris played... somewhat disturbing and fun. It kept on saying, "You're a turkey slayer!" Not but a few miles down the road we saw a billboard that said, "God is to be feared!" Time for black metal. There are lots of mountain tunnels on the way to Pittsburgh and that was real cool. The scenery was beautiful. Because we were on a toll road Chris had our money stuck under the visor and the mountain winds picked up and blew our last 15 bucks out the window. Ohh boy. The van was having a hard time in the mountains though, sometimes not being able to go more than 15 miles per hour up a hill: Eventually it overheated for the thousandth time on tour but this time when we went to pull the cap it exploded into an 8-foot geyser that burned my chest and Chris' face. Then it was time to deal with fucked up traffic. We had to go 45 minutes out of the way to drop off Mike at the airport then drive back in the craziest traffic imaginable. At one point it took us 2 hours to go 6 miles. We did however make it to the show in one piece. The Mr. Roboto Project is an awesome space and to add to the greatness of it our friends from Tem Eyos Ki were playing with us. Tree of Knowledge Distro was with them to which I highly recommend everyone checking out. The first band that played, Fortiori, was one of the best bands we'd played with all tour. High pitched female/male vocals with great crusty yet



sometimes French sounding hardcore to back it. We played next with the best set of the whole tour. We decided to play some new songs and extend the set even though Chris and I had both gotten very sick. We all played till we couldn't give anymore and the crowd tapped into it. During the whole show, not just our set, people had discussions about band's songs during set explanations which was really amazing. I come to the conclusion that I can't even fathom reality any longer at that moment. The road, music, faces, life was so much more real to me. But all things must come to an end. I traded a 7" for a framed picture of Jesus that lit up in pulsating flames! Also went dumpster diving for bread. Tem Eyos Ki played and was better than I ever thought they could be. It was really uncanny, the singer pouring out something I can't explain. Afterwards we skate, eat, and skate again until we are kicked out of the University of Pittsburgh.

Day Nine Louisville:

Driving out of Pittsburgh was like being in a movie. The hills were lit up and everything sparkled like stars. The only problem is we are almost out of gas. We find a gas station but it takes us forever to get back on the right road. The thing I love about Pittsburgh is its architecture but the artists (of sorts) who created the roads built them like a maze. It functions but it makes no sense. After getting out of town we pull over into a gravel pit and sleep. I wake up after Chris had driven almost all the way to Columbus. Getting out to use the bathroom I look in a mirror and notice how ugly I look. I'm covered in grease and filth, I haven't changed my clothes, and I have all these zits forming in my beard and on my lip. Ready for a sink shower. Back in the car we listen to the first audio book of the "Lord of the Rings" trilogy which actually makes the time magically fly. Yes the power of Middle Earth. By the time the tape reached Rivendale we realized we were completely out of gas. Luckily it was near an exit so as we hit the off ramp the car just gave up. We had to push the van and trailer to a Chevron down the road. Actually this time a few people came to our aid. We fill up and continue our journey. By the end of the five tape set we get into Louisville. The BRYCC Collective is really big. There is a computer lab, radio station, art gallery, a big stage, a small stage, office space, concession stand, and zine library. To our surprise we find 8 bands are on the show. Fucking unreal. Tusk, Black Man White Man Dead Man, and a bunch of pop punk bands. Some corporate Cargo Records band is playing too and they basically get everything at the door even though they are from the shortest distance. Not the collectives' fault, but the kid who did the show. We get to snake on Ann Beretta's rider aka ego and walk around Louisville soon after. We also got to meet Jaime Miller who is fucking awesome and one of the most active people in this community we call punk. We played sick and tired but it ended up being an effective set. Seems there were a lot of Christian kids at the show and the best thing that happened was a walk out during the explanation of our song "Unborn Crucifixions." Basically I talked about the power of the Southern Baptist convention in using lobby groups to control the rights of women and their own personal control over their bodies (not to mention the traditional connection of imperialism and religion). Lots of kids leaving to not return that night. Score! We don't sell a damn thing though. We did however get enough from the door to eat at La Bamba's burritos as big as your head. Avocado kings and heavy duty food.

Day Ten Memphis:

Dave and Austin make it all the way home, which makes it the first day Chris and I haven't had to do the driving. We get into town and go swimming at Austin's parents house. Then we go our separate way to rest at our own homes till the show. The homecoming show was awesome. 7 Days of Samsara, Since By Man, Shogun, Ballast, and us. Everyone was good. During our set filled with crowd sing a longs I cranked back and smashed my other front tooth with the mic. Broken tooth number two. Luckily I don't look totally fucked up. While everyone is pouring out of the sweltering hot Tree of Woe after our set,

there is chaos down the street at a hip-hop/rap club and gunfire rings out. Everyone runs inside and the cops are called though they showed an hour later. With that everyone was feeling a bit uneasy. 7 days and Shogun still had sets to do but the uncomfortable feeling was definite a factor. 7 Days of Samsara broke it up with an uncompromising set. Good friends playing good hardcore. They even did this cool synchronized

The People's War/PO Box
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diymemphis@aol.com



dance move during a break down... NSYC style! Shogun decided to only play 2 songs. We all then headed to my house to have fun, eat, and at the request of all the Wisconsin kids watch MTV2.

Post Tour:

A day later we played Little Rock with Seven Days of Samsara and Since By Man down at the riverfront. There was some crazy guy down there with a video camera filming the show and spinning/vibrating the camera in ever direction while doing so. He really annoyed the bands but was hilarious nonetheless. I played our last song naked which was not only an insecure freedom but is also on this guys film. 7 Days' dancing was top notch this time around. Not long after the Little Rock show our covers and inserts arrived in the mail. They look amazing... it's actually quite a feat. Soon we had another local show with What Happens Next and Life's Halt which was really great. There was a constant four square game that got extremely intense. We were all taking it way to seriously and having a blast doing so. Four square is the game of kings! The Poplar Bluff kids were there singing along during our set. Life's Halt unleashed their fury and for once Memphis kids actually danced and moshed it up. A few of us had even sharpened up on the lyrics for sing-a-longs. During What Happens Next a huge pillow fight broke out with all the pillows from the couches and chairs. It got to the point where everyone there had something semi soft and was pounding someone else with it. That's hardcore... thanks WHN?!

By the end of tour our van had broken down 29 times. We are still alive and kicking though. Our new EP "Making Enemies" is out now on Coalition and is available through Ebullition. It contains 10 songs, a 20 page booklet, a poster, a photo fold out thingy, and tons of other goodies. If you bought one of our tour 7 inches and want all of the above PLEASE WRITE US!!! Oh yeah and we just added a second guitarist... Brian welcome to the family! LP soon...

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JASON (Dr&Vo) TOSH (G&Vo) GOAT (Brains&Noise) Athens, GA U.S.A.

malefaction
MALEFACTION 7"EP
CLINT - Guitar, CORY - Drums, MIKE - Bass, TRAVIS - Vocals Manitoba, Winnipeg CANADA

A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS
A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS 7"EP Webster, NY U.S.A.
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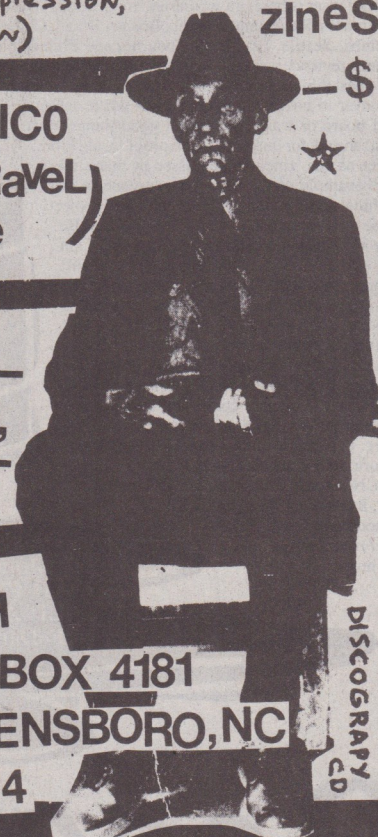
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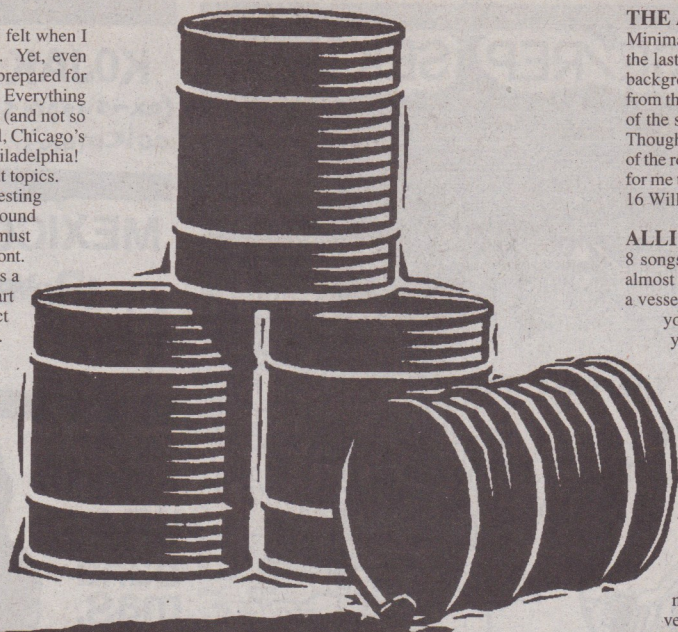
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INSIDE FRONT #13 with V/A • CD

Dear Reader, you can't imagine the excitement I felt when I picked this magazine up out of the review box. Yet, even from reading past issues of Inside Front, I was ill prepared for the sheer magnitude of things to read in this issue! Everything you could want is here, travel diaries from exotic (and not so exotic) places like Alamut, Zagreb, Bosnia, Brazil, Chicago's Gay clubs, Seattle, Prague, Melbourne, and Philadelphia! Columns, reviews, writings on a hundred different topics. But the best thing about this 'zine is that it is interesting from cover to cover, not a single part where I found myself bored or wanting. But all good things must come to an end, for this is the last issue of Inside Front. Yet even as this 'zine will be missed by many, it is a perfect example of the need for everyone to start something. Everyone should partake in a project of some sort, be it a band, 'zine, or something else. (There are a billion possibilities you know!) I am going abroad fairly soon, and this 'zine will accompany me to far off lands. I am sure that I will find new articles or ideas hidden away in this massive text while I am on the long flight, and the various boat and bus rides. I can't wait. BTW, this 'zine also came with an equally wonderful CD comp. Every band on this CD would be the standout on almost any comp, but together it's impossible for me to pick a favorite. On this CD, we are offered tracks from Milemarker, Newborn, Redemption, Endstand, Point of no Return, Newspeak, Constrictio, Abuso Sonoro, Shank, Ruination, Speak up!, Lariat, Memnoch and Cwll. This Inside Front comp is a bit more



MH=Marianne Hofstetter, KM=Kent McClard,
JL=Jonathan Lee, AM=Andy Maddox,
CD=Chris Duprey, RG=Ryan Gratzner,
ALP=Alex Pasternak, LO=Lisa Oglesby,
DF=Dan Fontaine, ADI=Adi Tejada, GOR=Eric
Gormley, SJS=Steve Snyder, CF=Chuck
Franco, DO=Dylan Ostendorf,
CNE=Carsten Nebel, DD=Denver Dale

Record Reviews

diverse sounding than the last one, with everything from tightly played metal-core, thrash, to straight out hardcore. Many of these bands are from other countries that are outside the usual international punk loop (i.e. N. America and Europe). But each of these bands take an "established formula" to a specific style of hardcore and add something totally new to it. From Redemption's haunting style of metal/hardcore to Abuso Sonoro's absolutely raging and furious style of HC that blows many Northern bands away. The lyrics and explanations to all the songs are printed in the final pages of the magazine, and all of the lyrics bring new perspectives on a few tired topics. I am left speechless by this comp and magazine, and I feel only one word is necessary... Bravo! DD (Stickfigure Distribution/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

12 AULLIDOS • 7"

This is a really good record. Blistering hardcore and crazed screaming that is strained and powerful. The lyrics and singing are in Spanish, so I really don't know what they are singing about, but fuck they go off. Aggressive and painful. Intense, harsh, and well done. KM (Puto Jefe Records/doce_aullidos@hotmail.com)

357 JUSTICE • CD

To me, most of the Hater Of God releases are a style that I call demonic mosh. It just seems like it emerges from the belly of the beast. With that in mind, I was not surprised to hear 357 Justice's wicked, wicked hardcore. This release will beat you into submission and send you to hell in a handbasket. LO (Hater Of God/PO Box 666/Troy, NY 12181)

A-TEAM • Sewer Rats 7"

I had some fun reading the silly lyrics and listening to this trash record. There are already too many records like this and I'm sure more shall be made. This is however above average. ADI (Rat_Core00@hotmail.com)

AGEHA • 7"

I must say the layout of this record is beautiful, very DIY. It comes with a 'zine, *Mokini* #4, unfortunately, however, it's all in German. The music is emotional hardcore with instrumental breakdowns and male and female vocals, very nice. DJ (Tomte Tumme Tott/Schlichthaber/Handwerkerstr 1a/33617 Bielefeld/Germany)

ADVOCATE • 7"

3 songs. This Rhode Island band plays heavy, somewhat metallic hardcore that features lots of pissed off screaming. The songs are fast and angry. They remind me a little of bands like Struggle and Mine, but they're certainly more modern sounding. The cover artwork is very cool, even though it's a little hard to read their band name. The record comes and goes quickly, like a sudden violent burst of emotion. Scarring, but refreshing, too. MH (Dead But Dreaming Records/44 Gesler Street Third Floor/Providence, RI 02909)

AEROPAJITAS • CD

Aeropajitas as from Peru and they play around with different stylings of the poppy side of punk. The songs are snappy and have a nice groove to them, a lot of this is more like raw rock n roll with guitar solos and stuff. This CD is pretty long 22 song @47:06 but the songs go by pretty fast. ADI (Cochebomba Rekords/PO Box 546/Randolph, MA 02368)

A DEATH BETWEEN SEASONS • 7"

Fuck, this is some noisy-ass-powerful-assaulting-ugly-ass-goat-fucking hardcore! The vocals are total distortion; pain and suffering. And the music is a wall of noise; grind and slow droning heavy hitting sludge. Brutal. Negative lyrics, of course. KM (Satan's Pimp/PO Box 13141 Reno, NV 89507)

AGATHOCOLLES • Mince Core History 1989-1993 CD

Agathocolles is a grindcore band from hell, oops, I mean Belgium. Though they must have to pay Satan some kind of royalty for borrowing his essence. This CD contains all of their releases from 1989-1993. It tells about their background and beginnings, includes all the lyrics, and lists their discography so far. Jesus fuck! They have 89 records! LO (MCN Recs./PO Box 5726614 Radom 16/Poland)

AKKOLYTE • Future Fascists of America 7"

This is a two man grind/crust assault from Dallas TX. They crank out some furious tracks not unlike early Extreme Noise Terror, or Napalm Death. The only thing is these guys are tough enough to do it with just bass and drums. Dueling vocals of only the finest extreme quality of highs and lows. Politically conscious lyrics and a kick ass unique sounding MOB 47 cover. D.I.Y. crust grind attack hardcore shanty fuckers!!! CF (1127 N. Clinton/Dallas, TX 75208)

THE ALBUM LEAF • In An Off White Room CDep

Minimalist music with minimal packaging. Four tracks in all, the last of which is mostly the sounds of birds and other slight backgrounds that goes on for as long as the CD will hold. Aside from the fact that a couple of the tracks sometimes reminded me of the soundtrack to "Twin Peaks," I was pretty bored by this. Though the point of this release is probably to just fill the void of the room you are in with sound... but that really wasn't enough for me to want to listen to this a second time. LO (Troubleman/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

ALLI WITH AN I • Long Story Short CD

8 songs. It seems this brand of melodic poppy hardcore has almost gone extinct. Nowadays, you either scream till you pop a vessel or you pledge to fight insomnia and go all emo indie, you either grunt and sweat in the most unpleasant way or you hum la-dee-da till your grandma falls asleep. Nobody sounds like Sleeper anymore. Except Alli, that is. They play music that is sweet and melodic, but not indie rock. I think I like them. MH (\$8ppd to PO Box 5655/Raleigh, NC 27650-5655; www.geocities.com/alliwithani)

AVENGED SEVENFOLD • Warmness... CD

Oh my, oh my, is this CD good. This quite possibly might be the funniest thing I have seen all year, it is that ridiculous. The music I guess would be metal, except for that this is more or less a CD single for their power ballad "Warmness on the Soul" (single version mind you, not to be confused with the upcoming album version). Though wait, there is more. The CD is enhanced with a video for the song and it is simply amazing. They had these gorgeous synchronized dance moves that would make any member of *NSYNC blush (well, except for Justin, he can take them in a dance off), they even had a well-timed shot of the guitarist to make him seem larger than life for his solo. This is classic. I mean really you need to get this, and to make it even better they are serious this in no way is meant to be as funny as it is. I only hope Synyster Gates and the rest of Avenged Sevenfold can get together and release another single. AM (Goodlife Recordings)

ANDLAT • Salt CD

7 songs of Icelandic bass drum heavy mosh/blastcore, more on the mosh though. Super screechy vocals over galloping and chugging heavy on the riffing and usually mid paced. There was only lyrics to one song, the title track Salt. From what I can tell the subject matter takes on the dark depressing and hateful emotions of humanity. Really crazy stuff "...I would like to have your head on a spike in my room..." whoa! Great slow and dark acoustic parts similar to Dystopia. Super thick sound quality, if this is a demo recording I'd like to see what these guys come up with next. Very dark heavy stuff. CF (Sigorour Trausti Trasustason/Bugoutang 32/270 Mosfellbaer/Iceland)

ANODYNE • Berkowitz 7"

Mosh with a death wish. It is tough and dreary, and all together fierce stuff. The 7" doesn't consist of much more but a list of songs and a picture of guys with guns in the record... but it ain't hard to get the idea that these dudes are here to beat you into their groove. They have a CD out on Escape Artist as well. LO (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

ANYTHING GOES • 7"

Anything Goes plays tough guy, moshy sounding youth crew hardcore that is pretty standard for this sound. Five songs about not being true to yourself or pretending to be something you are not. I wasn't into this at all, and I am not even sure if people who like this sound would be, but then again I thought people wouldn't like Hatebreed and rumor has it that record went gold, hmmm. AM (Broken Glass Records/1688 Fairway Dr./Jamison, PA 18929)

ASTRID OTO • At Home With 7"

I really like Astrid Oto. So I have to admit that I took this for review mostly so I can keep the record. As a reviewer, I don't have much to add that I haven't said in a previous reviews for this band. The play poppy, catchy, and snotty punk with an early era feel. Each time I ear it I think of the Avengers. Great stuff. LO (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

...AND SOMETIMES I • 7"

This posthumous release from was recorded in 2000. There are three songs on here. They play screamy emo stuff. They do a decent job of it, but since they are no longer around I am not sure if anyone will really care other than those that saw the band live. Decent. KM (andsometimesi@hotmail.com)

ALLERGIC TO WHORES • Shadows In The... CD
Bloodied bodies on the cover, extra punky flyers pictured on the insert, not to mention the band's name... all the ingredients for success with some emo wuss like me. And yet, as much as I'd like to flat out diss ATW, I can't. Granted, the name is fucking stupid. But if you get into the disc, you will find some pretty hectic thrashy stuff worth mentioning. At best, such as "Fashion State" (track 10) and "In One Ear and Out the Other" (track 14), this is Swing Kids-ish. At worst, it sounds like a band that would call itself Allergic to Whores. "Start to Finish Again" is apparently an anti-orthodontist anthem, with the climactic screams of "BRACES OFF!" In any case, this has some pretty solid craziness. Some crap in there, too, but for me to give it any praise is saying a lot. 22 songs, 31 minutes. DO (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

BACKSTABBERS INCORPORATED • While... CD
These folks play metal hardcore with lots of heavy guitar and double bass pedal action. Some of their more classically hardcore parts sound like From Ashes Rise, and the more metal bits are reminiscent of local metal heroes Uphill Battle. Overall, the sound on this CD is real good and the lyrics are quite good as well. Generally, I find it is hard to get a real original sound in this genre, but Backstabbers Incorporated have succeeded in that. LO (Trash Art/PO Box 725/Providence, RI 02901)

BALTIMORE • In Love CD
6 songs. Raw and fragile music that carries traces of that Braid, Hoover and Current sound from way back in the mid-nineties. This Argentinean band does a good job at crafting their own sound out of that background. The recording is not as sickeningly slick as that of many other bands who emulate that sound; on the contrary, it is almost low-fi. The lyrics are in English (with Spanish translations). I liked this. MH (Sniffing Recording Industries/CC 3288/1000 Buenos Aires/Argentina)

THE BANANAS • A Slippery Subject CD
This scared me a little at first, yet I was intrigued to listen to it and experience what The Bananas were all about. Frankly put, it is very listenable poppyish punk with some sing-a-longs and other monkey business. The songs kind of shift around though, with some having more of a faster edge, yet still keeping it cool with some grinding guitar work. 12 songs total, and the lyrics seem to be about this and that. I would have complained if they were all about girls, but they aren't. RG (\$5 Plan-it-X Records/5810 W. Willis Road/Georgetown, IN 47122)

BLACK DICE • 7"
I heard that when 31G wanted to do a Black Dice record they told them they would make anything they wanted. So, on a dare, Black Dice asked for a 40 page, full color booklet. They got what they asked for, but what do you get... The booklet is indeed large; and while images abound, their context can be harder to discern. Most of the art is mixed media of manipulated images, collages of original and borrowed pictures, plus some stuff that just looks freaky. Lots of patterns and lines, but where do the lines lead? Well, the music takes you on a freak ride of noise and rhythm—not quite jumping full scale into either, staying on the periphery and remaining unnamable. Sure, some might just name it crap... but the artier side might say "experimental." The ideas aren't concrete, but there are ideas in there. Where your exploration of these lines takes you is indeed unknown. It is up to you to decide if you want to spend \$8 to find out. LO (31G/PO Box 178262/San Diego, CA 92177)

BONNY BILLY • More Revery CD
This is a six song CD of covers played by the soft folkish rock out fit of Bonny Billy. The songs he does covers of I'm not familiar with and I'm not familiar with Bonny Billy's other releases either, so I cannot give the best reflection of what Bonny Billy is really like. But the songs are mainly acoustic guitar driven with mellow drums and other instruments accompanying. I really can't compare this to much else because the genre is a bit vague to me but its on Temporary Residence and like everything else I've heard from them it could be considered slow core. But this is the only release from Temporary that I'm really not that into. ADI (Temporary Residence Limited/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

BLOODHAG • G.L.O.W. 7"
The booklet is constructed like a mini swimsuit calendar from G.L.O.W. which stands for Gorgeous Ladies Of Writing. Each page has a picture of a woman writer (sorry no swimsuit pictures available) and each song is named after and is about various women writers. The lyrics talk about their lives, their books and how great they are/were "you were a genius and boy was your dad pissed". The cool thing is that the songs are totally metal, with an 80s feel. The singer sounds like he eats small children for breakfast and he's singing about all his favorite women authors. This release is very clever and worth getting just for the novelty and the hand screened cover, even if you don't like the cool metal. ADI (Rock N Roll Play/634 NW 48th/Seattle, WA 98107)

BEN DAVIS • The Hushed Patterns of Relief CD
10 songs, 38 minutes. So the bass player of Sleepytime Trio does indie rock now. The one thing that is dominant in all these songs is the piano and that itself is a welcome change and kind of interesting. But even though this is certainly quite pleasant and well played... rock my world, it does not. If anything it makes me feel apathetic and lost. Why is it that in America birds sing at night? Why does our bathroom always smell even though the window is open 24/7? Why did I ever come up with the concept of the "grease box"? These are just some of the questions that popped up in my head while I was listening to this. This is a bad sign. I think it means that this record is too mellow, too non-descript. I could not stay focused on it. MH (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 22210)

BEYOND THE SIXTH SEAL • A Homicide Divine CD
This is fucking bad ass! Crazed black metal influenced hardcore. The riffs on this little gem are so awesome and the musicianship is killer. Sweeping melodic riffs and strained screams at a pace similar to At the Gates. Depressed poetic lyrics thrown from the gut. Fans of Suicide Nation take note. Nice packaging and layout. Very pro, super slick production and feel. The song "A Revelation For The Forsaken" is so awesome, the layout of that song gives me goosebumps. I wish I could write riffs like that. Very sad lyrics of moments close to suicide. That song is sooooo awesome. I must have listened to it 10 times over just waiting for the solo after the acoustic break. I usually hate 'em but this one fits. Super great listen. Don't skip the hidden song at the end. CF (Voice Of Life Records/PO Box 1137/04701 Leisnig/Germany)

BLOOD RED • CDep
As I listen to this melodic hardcore, I can't help remember seeing bands like Sparkmarker and Samiam with Chris Smith (who put this out). Chris Smith is a really nice who wouldn't put out a bunch of crap; it has got to have a heart. The songs are nice and solid, and they do remind me of both the bands I have already mentioned and the good times I had at those shows. LO (Redwood/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

Rules of Engagement:

We will NOT review anything with pre-printed bar codes on the cover.
We will NOT review special "promo only" pressings.
We will NOT review anything that is defaced.
We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit 'zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.

BOBBY PERU • The X-File Conspiracy 7"
Oh yeah, this is dirty fucking hardcore in the vein of Hacksaw (who in turn sound a lot like Swiz). But this is more modern sounding (even though at times it reminds me of Born Against). Then they're all catchy again sometimes, like a heavy weight version of Kid Dynamite. Hmm, it turns out this is pretty hard to describe. What stands out, though, is the extreme heaviness (not heavy as in heavy metal) of the sound. It's a little like getting run over by a bulldozer. That and the fact that the songs have so much drive is what makes this a winner. Now that I think about it, I guess this is some sort of garage hardcore record. Looking at the pictures of these guys, that certainly is a fair assumption. However, I'm sure this would sound equally good if played in a basement, or maybe even a spacious gazebo. This is a picture disc, by the way, and it comes on vinyl thick enough to crack somebody's skull. Definitely one to watch out for. I enjoyed this a lot. And not just because they mention the X-Files in the title. MH (Strange Fruit/Achim Roschmann/Silcherstrasse 31/73329 Kuchen/Germany)

BURD EARLY • 7"
This 7" adds two more songs to Redwood acoustic singles series roster. They are filled with meandering music that only sometimes peeks its head out, and it is accompanied equally soft and occasional vocals. This record pats you lightly and sort of plays to you from across the room. LO (Redwood/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

BRASILIA • CD
12 songs 34 minutes. Gainesville-based Brasilia plays slow, trippy, non-hardcore that reminds me a lot of that English trip hop band Portishead. It must be the soothing keyboard in the background, I guess. The problem is that Beth Gibbons, the singer of Portishead, has such a distinctive voice. She is really the one who takes their songs to another level where a merely pretty song turns into a haunting piece of art. So, while I'm listening to Brasilia I constantly find myself yearning for more poignant vocals. Jen's vocals on here are just a little too breathy and non-distinct for me. I really enjoyed the melancholic music on here and the lyrics that are critical of modern society, but that in itself is not enough for me. I wish this had been a little more edgy vocally. MH (Unovis/725 NW 31st Pl./Gainesville, FL 32609)

BRANDO • 7"
I must admit that judging from the cover I was expecting some sort of artsy-fartsy post-hardcore thing. Imagine my surprise then when I played this and it sounded sooo much like Beyond, Headfirst and Inside Out (east coast). I'm still a sucker for this stuff, even after all these years. I wonder what that tells me about myself, because in a way this seems so backwards ("hate upon hate is all that I know and by holding my ground it will only grow," "only 19 and won't amount to shit, mind grows old, heart grows black"), but the thing is, this stuff still rings true sometimes. A lot of the bands that play that old school sound are just too damn positive. Clearly, I'm more attracted to the "dark side," and no, I don't mean that in a Star Wars kind of way. Boy, this just takes me back to the summer of '89, driving rental cars from A to B, listening to my NYHC hate core mix tapes. It was one of the hottest summers I can remember and everybody I worked with thought I was a weirdo (okay, that hasn't really changed since). I was just really getting into hardcore. Life was rarer back then, more black and white. Sometimes it felt like the sky could come falling down any minute or your head was going to explode or something. These days, I've mellowed out, the sky will stay right where it is, no exploding body parts, you just fizzle out and then you die. (Wow, didn't that bring the sun right out...?) My point is, any record that triggers memories like that must have something going for it, right? Sure, Ryan and Andy who were in the same room with me when I listened to this weren't too impressed. They probably thought it was dumb and generic. I don't know, it wasn't to me. I really, really liked these three songs a lot. MH (denounce98@aol.com)

BY ANY MEASURE • 7"
3 medium paced metal-based songs played in the style that is prone to drone. If I was trying to be nice I would compare them to Hell No (but considering the fact that nobody apart from me and some misguided others really likes Hell No or even knows who they are, this isn't very nice, either). If I wanted to be mean I'd simply call this meandering and boring. It really is just a nonstop drone. No quiet parts, no real breaks, nothing. Sorry, I couldn't see much good in it, but that doesn't mean you have to send me a piece of shit in the mail. Thank you. MH (11900 Glen Gary Ct./Richmond, VA 23233)

BROTHER'S JUSTICE • Total Automation CD
This band is from Southern Germany. That's what I got from deciphering their lyric sheet (and that wasn't easy). Very metal. Very moshy hardcore with pained Rottweiler vocals. I've been having a very hard time breathing lately. As soon as I got back to Switzerland my asthma kicked in again. These vocals sound like the singer is out of breath. It is very painful for me to listen to him. I keep wanting to offer him a hit of my Ventolin. But, of course, this is the sound he is going for. To me, that is weird. I know there isn't much fun in almost suffocating and it isn't very cool looking, either, when you start puking on yourself because you're coughing so hard. I feel extremely bad saying anything negative about this, though... I've known the label boss for more than 10 years. I ordered my first hc records from him!! The fact is, I don't really like this at all. I'm wondering if this should have been reviewed by someone else, but I can't even think of anyone in Goleta who would be into this. So, I'm sorry... I can say this, though: this was only meant to be a demo, I think, but it does sound very, very good for that. MH (Prawda Records/Scholastikastrasse 29/9400 Rorschach/Switzerland)

CEREBUS SHOAL • Garden Fly, Drip Eye CD
Even with the loss of some old and the gain of some new members, Cerebus Shoal has not lost their freaky style that has always set them apart in the past. The sound of Garden Fly, Drip Eye is a cacophony of faint sounds that chant and weave their way into your ears. This recording is like an incantation. Cerebus Shoal moves further down their path with each release, so expect this one to be a little different than the last one you head. LO (North East Indie/PO Box 10315/Portland, ME 04104)

CHOKING VICTIM • CD
Kinda edgy, some nasal vocals, a bit of that Citizen Fish bounce, and some familiar power chord progressions, this CD has two parts. The earlier and rougher "Crack Rock Steady" EP has mostly political lyrics. Neither part sounds dark, but the four cleaner sounding songs under the name "Squatta's Paradise" have dark titles like "Death Song," "Born to Die," and "Suicide." The booklet recommends stealing it instead of buying it. DF (Tent City Records/101 W. 23rd Street/New York, NY 10011)

CORPSE FUCKS CORPSE • CD
Creative madness. This is loosely structured rock music with guitars, effects, bass, and drums. The vocals are pure nonsensical insanity. If you listen to this too much, you might start twitching and talking to inanimate objects a lot. GOR (jpmkay@hotmail.com)

COSTA'S CAKE HOUSE • CD

Well, I don't understand the name and I don't think I ever will... but fuck, the music is insane! This chaotic, German brutality is composed of grindy, heavy, moshy metal with low growls, high screams, technical guitars, and two bass players. Fuck yeah... and holding it all together of course is the intense, powerful drumming of none other than Nanouk! Watch out, y'all! "Devastating metascramoviolencemoshmayhem straight from the black forest." ALP (Per Koro)

COUNTDOWN TO PUTSCH • Ideas For The... CD/Book

With this project Countdown To Putsch embark on a journey of inquiry into the sources and meanings of our internal and external struggles. They attempt to fuse words and music into a densely woven suite of essays and observations on the human condition circa 2001. In doing so they look to some powerful voices from music outside the insular confines of hardcore. The spirit of Albert Ayler and his compatriots in the New York City lofts of 1960s and 1970s free jazz and creative improvised music are very present. The members of Countdown To Putsch have incorporated the energy of that music, their own manifestos, and an already broad conception of hardcore into an invigorating and cathartic construction. Countdown To Putsch write and sing of race and gender politics, addiction and consumption, social strata, family relationships, and relentless change. At the center of the music is a triptych of songs that reveal something about their whole project. The first, "Don't Say the Years," digs into hidden pasts, sifting through old possessions and photos and realizing that our insides change as quickly as our exteriors. Following is a slow and menacing track called 41/19. This begins with a heavy saxophone, bass, and drums workout, leads into a countdown of the shots fired and closes with a long spoken segment that puts the murder of Amadou Diallo by New York City police into the context of race in America, how we value the other, and hope damaged by repression. The third track, "Futile Taxonomy," questions our desire to categorize everything into appropriate order and ends with a clever self referential inside joke. In those three songs Countdown To Putsch seem to ask of themselves as much as anyone else: "Will our ideas change anything?" That sort of eternally vigilant self evaluation coupled with an expansive cultural awareness and a bit of hope is the source of much visionary creative production.

By making a connection with the accomplishments of free jazz and creative improvised music Countdown To Putsch look beyond hardcore for inspiration and their project benefits greatly. The creators of free jazz envisioned a utopian world through ecstatic expression. Their music questions social constructs and inequalities while exploring human spirituality and our place in the universe. It creates from anger and from joy. Ideas For the Living and Willing to Act is heavy with writings on protests, violence, and frustration. From the 2000 non election to the brutal inequalities of corporate globalism the very real problems of the world are addressed. Mixed in with those writings are healthy doses of humor lightening the mood here and there. It seems Countdown To Putsch understand that creativity/art does not exclusively result from anger and disgust. In fact they say exactly that in one short essay. After contemplating the role of anger in life they conclude "We need to appreciate that art doesn't exist because there are terrible things happening to and around us all the time. It exists simply because we are here." To that I will add the following writing from Sun Ra titled "Cosmic Equation." "Then another tomorrow they never told me of came with abruptness of a fiery dawn and spoke of Cosmic Equations: The equations of sight-similarity, The equations of sound-similarity. Subtle Living Equations clear only to those whose wish is to be attuned to the vibrations of the Outer Cosmic Worlds. Subtle living equations of the outer-realms dear only to those who wish fervently the greater life." SJS (Ebullition Records/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

COURSE OF ACTION • Carving Our Way... CD

Post-technical metal core (what ever that means, I think it means getting all metal then wussing out and throwing in some effects once in awhile). The heavy parts are pretty cool, mixing heavy rhythms with melodies. The vocals are harsh most of the time but then start to bug when they do the dramatic, emotional talking behind the unmemorable clean guitar breaks. The singing however I can actually hang with, which is rare for me for this style of music. I guess the music is diverse enough that the melodic vocals don't seem too far out of place. Kind of reminds me of that band Reveal who I gave a good review to a few issues back. 11 Songs at 60:18 is way more than I can take of this band in a sitting, the CD keeps tricking me; they'll play a long song and do an epic ending with detuned guitars making lots of noise or do some other fade out that makes you think they're ready to finally call it an album... but just when you didn't think it could get any longer there'll be another song and another and even one after that. It seems that these guys spent a long time composing these massive songs but not enough time being self-critical. Sometimes there's just too many parts and the songs are too long, maybe that's how they wanted to come across. All in all I'm being pretty hard on this CD, it is good and has enough rocking parts, cool textures and inventive interludes going on that in the end I dig it. Just doesn't leave me wanting anymore. ADI (Goodlife Records)

CRIME • Against Me 7"

Long ago there was a really cool punk band called Sticks & Stones that played awesome punk anthems with a ton of soul, intense singing, and great lyrics. Crime totally recalls the spirit of Sticks & Stones. The music is punk rock meets some folk influences, but with totally intense and strained singing. Really fucking good. Think Sticks & Stones, Billy Brag, and maybe a tiny bit of The Clash (Sandanista era), and that will give you a pretty good idea of what Crime is doing. KM (Sabot Productions/PO Box 28/Gainesville, FL 32602)

CYAN • 7"

This record is limited to 222. It has some long lost recording from Cyan, but in a style you might not remember. They played mostly emo core at the time of their existence, but this 7" documents a more indie rock style. The first song wallows and the second songs shakes it off and shakes it's butt. Some of the member of Cyan are now in The Robocop Kraus, and their one sheet suggests this record is the "missing link" between them. I can see that. LO (Bachelor c/o Mattias Werner/Langestr. 6/39590 Tangermuende/Germany)

VIDEO REVIEWS

GODASS • VHS

Godass is the story of hip young punk girl who travels to New York to distribute her 'zine and is forced to deal with her real (gay) father and herself. Interwoven with this story is the story of a goddess battling a beast, which acts a metaphor for the main character's relationship with her molesting stepfather. The story is better than you would expect and the acting by the main actress is above par of an independent film. There are some innovative film making techniques and it looked good overall, though keeping its independent feel. LO/JLG (Bloodlink Motion Pictures/4434 Ludlow St./Philadelphia, PA 19104)

GOOD GRIEF • VHS

Inspired by Dungeons & Dragons player killing, "Good Grief" tells the tale of a young gamer who's frustrations manifest themselves in some sort of bizarre melding of fantasy and reality. The film quality is pretty good, and the story works, but I have to admit it was just too hard to watch Al Burian on screen. I have met him far too many times, and it was just hard to forget that it was Al Burian on screen. Singer, guitar player, writer, actor. When will he stop!! Also, if this had been an independent film (as opposed to a very DIY film) then the special effects would have been bombastic and that would have allowed them to trim the story down to the essentials. Still the story is well told, the visuals work, and over all I enjoyed watching this movie. I would recommend it to anyone interested in DIY films. There is also an extra bonus short on here called "2-Ply Comply." Two for the price of one, can't beat that. KM (Suede Productions/www.goodgriefmovie.com)

KAIJU BIG BATTEL • Mayhem in the Atrium III VHS

I can't even begin to describe the insanity that is contained in this video! This is a video recording of live monster wrestling. All your favorite wrestlers are here, those brutal bananas the Plantains, the overly muscled Beefy La Ox, the patriotic American Beetle, the crazed Space Bug, the fiery Hell Monkey, the vile Dust Bunny, the durable Silver Potato, The crazed Super Akuma, The relentless Shadow Trooper, the mighty Midori no Kaiju and he evil Dr. Cube! This is 36 of the craziest minutes ever caught on tape in wrestling history! The battle between Super Akuma and Shadow Trooper is by far the best. "Remember as Kaiju's most brutal battel!" Every fan of wrestling needs this. Period. Mine came with pins and magnets, rad! DD (www.kaiju.com)

KUNG FU JEW • VHS

"Kung Fu Jew" tells the story of martial arts and the struggle of oppressed people throughout the ages. It links physical power and spirituality, and shows how some groups have been kept down despite there struggle. The film opens in Ancient times, everyone is speaking Hebrew and we learn the ways in which kung fu (given names like Jew Jitsu here) is an important tool for self empowerment and the betterment of one's people. Flash forward a few hundred years and you see young protesters in the 1970s using the sacred arts to help further their civil and political platforms. But all is not well, and some things fall apart as blacks and Jews are divided before we get to present day. We see how the ways are tested when groups are set against one another. Don't worry, there is still a happy ending. The plot of Kung Fu Jew is not entirely bad, but it is quite kitsch. I liked the way they used sped up action sequences and overdubbing. (Just like the classic kung fu movies always have.) The only real problems exist when DIY filmmakers who don't have nice equipment (like lights) try to film action sequences indoors or at night. You can't tell what is happening; you know that someone is fighting only by the sounds they make. The other hindrance to the film is the simplistic acting and script. In keeping with the style, it is not supposed to be great—but it can be better. LO (Bloodlink Motion Pictures/4434 Ludlow St./Philadelphia, PA 19104)

KILL SADIE • "The Surgeons Muse" VHS

This video basically consists of scenes from the movie Taxi Driver. If you know the movie then you know the video. They just cut a bunch of scenes together and then put it all to music. It is just one song long, and the Kill Sadie song is called "The Surgeons Muse" ala the title. It is well done and looks pretty cool. This won't be for sale I imagine since it is highly illegal. The best thing is that the cover states "Copyright Dim Mak or just copy it right." Dim Mak better pray that this never gets too big an audience or they could be in for some serious trouble. You crazy punks and your disrespect for authority! KM (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

CROSS ME • Drug Free Zone 7"

The thing with posi core is this: it seems to be the one genre where it's totally okay to conform and not push yourself in any meaningful way. On the contrary, the more you stick to the old school rule book, the more the kids will love you. But consider this: once your crew is gone you'll live your life straight and alone. You'll probably have a family and you'll spend your life working, slaving away. You have to put clothes on their backs after all. You'll turn forty, maybe fifty, you're no longer cool, you're just some boring ass old fart who doesn't drink. Nobody gives a shit why you don't drink. Your buddies at work, they probably think it must be something religious, or that you're lacking something. You've long since grown tired of explaining why you do what you do. Without your crew, the X on your hand makes you look like a fool. Nobody at your grocery store has ever heard of Project X. Pack up that shirt, nobody gives a shit. Did what I just wrote really piss you off? Yeah, well it should. Being Straight Edge is such a fundamental, life-changing choice, it must take balls the size of watermelons to pull it off and stick with it and yet all you do is take pictures of yourself in your old school shirts and sing about back-stabbing and the "new breed." The real world is out there and sooner or later you'll find yourself caught up in it, so you better be ready. I am not impressed by self-congratulatory songs about how great it is to hang out with your pack. Is this a fucking hobby or is this your life? You can hate me all you want. The truth is I probably just gave you a good song idea. PS: It is probably unfair to attack Cross Me like that, after all, they're just one band among many. They play aggressive, catchy songs. They have a decent recording. They have a song against homophobia for crying out loud! MH (Commitment Records/Klein Muiden 38/1393 RL Nigtevecht/Holland)

CURSIVE • Burst and Bloom CD

Five songs. I must say I was damn proud of myself when I thought that this sounded a little like Lullaby For The Working Class and I then found out that their singer Ted has actually joined. Aren't I smart?! That's not the only change they've gone through; they've also added a cello player. You might think that these changes would add up to a mellower sound, but you're mistaken. This material is a lot edgier and catchier than their last two albums. I don't know why I so often choose to shit all over bands that are featured in CMJ, but I then decide to spare Cursive. It probably means I have no back bone, that I'm shifty and a hypocrite. All I know is that these songs are all really well written, that they're smart, satisfying and fun. Check out the first few lines of song number one: "I'll make this perfectly clear/I'm so transparent I disappear/these words I lyrically defecate upon songs I boldly claim to create/Clint steps in to establish the beat/4/4 hip hop and you don't stop/this unique approach to start an EP intended to shock/create a mystique/a cheap strategy/a marketing scheme building awareness for the next LP/they've got a good fan base/they've got integrity/they've got a DC sound/Shudder To Think/Fugazi and Chapel Hill around the early '90's—this is the latest from Saddle Creek." As for the emo factor, this record has it all: "It's a good life if you don't weaken/hold on/hold on." Fuck yeah!!! MH (Saddle Creek/PO Box 8554/Omaha, NE 68108-0554)

CHOPSTICKS • 7"

Super fast hardcore with frantic screamed vocals coupled with lo-fi rock and strange lyrics about chopsticks. Strange and freaky. Not really my thing but I know that there are folks out there that dig this sort of bizarre hardcore. KM (Burning Fight Records)

CARRY ON • It's All Our Blood CD

Carry On play explosive hardcore, and are probably one of the best Southern California straight edge bands currently playing live. Their sound is very powerful and hails back to the Chain of Strength days before mosh, metal, and wind mills took over. This CD includes both of their 7"s as well as some bonus tracks. Has the edge gone dull? Not for Carry On. KM (Teamwork Records/Youngblood Records)

CARRY ON • Roll With The Punches 7"

Offering up six more straight edge hardcore tracks, Carry On will not disappoint fans of tried and true Chain of Strength style hardcore. Carry On does it very well. Some people might find "Fuck Your Politics" to be totally asinine, and the enclosed insert that basically states that Carry On doesn't give a fuck about politics and just wants to have fun won't win too many converts from the "more-than-music" crowd, but I will give Carry On points for being honest (thought they ought to realize that their statement is extremely political and if they really don't care then they probably shouldn't have any lyrics). KM (Teamwork Records/PO Box 4473/Wayne, NJ 07474-4473)

THE DEACONS • 7"

Guitar based rock'n'roll with catchy little sing-a-longs. The music is much like the packaging though; minimal, sloppy, and easily forgotten. JL (The Deacons/1005 Foster Ave. 3rd Floor/Brooklyn, NY 11230)

DECIMATE • In the Name of God CD

Supreme mosh metal that lives up to the name Decimate. Not the most original but when you're this heavy and gnarly it really doesn't matter. If you dropped this CD on your foot it would crush every bone and leave you with a bloody floppy mash dangling from your leg...that's how fucking heavy this is. My friend who cruises around in a big ass pick up truck blasting Shockwave and Indecision and also likes to jump really high on his deathrace bike and stacks hard loves this CD. So I told him I'd give it to him when I was done reviewing it but I'm just going to have to take back that promise...I really have no choice in the matter. If you like Arkangel or Day Of Suffering this is essential. The ante has been upped now keep up by buying this. ADI (Blackfish/PO Box 15/Ledbury/HR8 1YG/UK)

DISKONTO • There Is No Tomorrow LP

Here's another Diskonto LP to harm you and leave you asking for more. Unrelentless in their attack, Diskonto rages through these twenty-four songs without so much as a consideration for the weak. The lyrics are intelligent, dealing with everything from sexism to consumer culture to violence on TV. If you like fast Swedish hardcore then this is a must. DJ (Flowerviolence Records/Augartenstrasse 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany)

DENAK • 7"

Denak = grinding madness from Spain! I would compare this to the likes of old Napalm Death (they cover Lucid Fairytale!) and Agathocles. There is also a Ripcord cover! Brutal as all fuck. The lyrics are in European Spanish and there aren't any translations provided. But with my limited American Spanish, I know that they lyrics are political in nature. A solid release for fans of the grindcore madness! DD (Wilhelmsson/Kaserig. 2-850/422 42 Hisings-backa/Sweden)

DEADSERAPHIM • 7"

Screamy emotive hardcore that sometimes reminded me of Bury Me Standing. Deadsaphael has a healthy dose of metal and some traces of melody in their music. The recording is raw, the songs unrefined and full of anguish. Not bad for that kind of thing. Not bad at all. MH (Head Coach Records/PO Box 473/Wilomar, CA 92595)

DOWN TO FAIL • Monkey Suite Pt. 1 7"

Technical hardcore with some metal influence but not too much metal. This band has their own sound that is harsh and makes my nuts throb. They've got some inventive crazycore going on but its all jumbled together and starts to come off as a wall of noise after awhile. Reminds me of Seven Days Of Samsara without the break downs or shout out parts. Two songs and a nice layout. ADI (Flowerviolence Records/Augartenstrasse 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany)

DEEP END • Tsunami CD

Airy, trance-like, and smoothly flowing math rock from Italy, that falls somewhere in between June of 44 and Cerberus Shoal. I put this on while I was stuffing records and it kept me moving at a steady pace without causing me to become too engaged in the music, yet I never stopped to change the CD out of boredom and that sums it up enough for me. AM (Love Boat/Andrea Pomini, CP 215/10064 Pinerolo/Torino Italy)

DUGONG • The Eastmoor Rules CD

13 songs. Very pleasing melodic punk that reminds me a lot of a late '80s band called the ABS. Dugong use the same kind of bittersweet vocal harmonies in the choruses. Maybe comparing them to All and Sleeper makes more sense, who knows. Another good, but not outstanding record. I wish I could say more about this, especially since this is coming out of Leeds, but I just can't. MH (Bombed Out/PO Box 17/Leeds/LS8 10P/England)

DEAD END • Killing The Messenger 7"

Dead End has a sound that combines Minor Threat style hardcore and chugga chugga straightedge. It all comes together nicely with poignant lyrics and strong vocals. Overall, a pretty good record. This a split release between 625 (a thrash label), Underestimated (a straight edge label), and Bridge (a label I can't really designate) so it sort of makes sense that this is the sound you come up with. LO (625 Productions/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

DON KNOTTS • A Black Day for Mayberry 7"

With long, somewhat witty Charles Bronson song titles and a Combat Wounded Veteran like sound this band is just a blaze of fuzz and fury. Two high pitched vocalists backed by at least five maniacs with instruments they may or may not play. The mayhem is through the roof but it doesn't mean much with no lyrics what so ever. I don't understand why bands like this even scream words if they aren't going to share with the rest of us. JL (Friction Records/PO Box 6605/Grand Rapids, MI 49506)

EXCITEBIKE • Beak/Scoop/...etc CD

Emotional punk rock with a general midrange tempo, melodic yet it stays interesting with heavier crashing parts and by not being simple. The vocals are mostly sung in a nice pretty voice, but there's also some screams that show up every once in a while, which I thought was a nice touch to remind us that it's still a hardcore record (as stupid as that sounds). I was impressed with the good guitar work—there were even some little solos, and my friend that actually plays guitar liked the little twangy string job on the slow parts (I can't remember exactly what he said). The packaging looks very DIY, and the lyrics seem to be about... stuff. 5 songs at 18:21 or so. I've listened to this a lot lately, and I think it does good justice to the decent Nintendo game they are named after. RG (\$5 Handstand Records/PO Box 16281/Alexandria, VA 22302)

FRATELLANZA • In God We Trust 7"

Decent punk rock music with political lyrics about Nato, imperialism, Palestine. The idea of a straight edge punk band sounds promising, but in this case the music isn't energetic and tight enough to make me tap my feet and the political lyrics and explanations don't get me thinking. Somehow I feel that this deserved a much better review, but I am simply describing the final product that I hear see, and not all the effort that the people behind it put into this. Maybe I am just jaded. CNE (Cane Records c/o Paolo Gaiarsa/via S. Cristoforo 12/I-36061 Bassano del Grappa, Vincenzo/Italy)

FUTURE ADVENTURES • Movimento Il Futuro CD

Light and airy indie rock style stuff that stays constant throughout. It reminded me a lot of this one Karate album. (Of course, I can't remember the name of the album.) After a while, it got to be a little too minimal for my tastes, but it was done well throughout and someone else would probably like it quite a bit. LO (Hermit Records/PO Box 309/Leeds/LS2 7AH/UK)

FAZED • 7"

This record is rad. There is one song in English and four in German, so I can't understand much of what is being said, but it kicks ass anyway. The music is kind of mid-paced peace punk sounding with some faster parts. The female vocals go along with it very well. I recommend this to anyone who likes Post Regiment or other female-fronted hardcore. DJ (Matatu Records/J. Halbauer/Nordstrasse 16/07548 Gera/?)

FACE DOWN IN SHIT • LP

Good stuff from this angry hardcore band out of Greensboro, North Carolina. The sound is hard and harsh and it has a dismal overtone that helps to give the record some quality depth and character. In addition, the songs are both memorable and catchy, which makes for a really good listen. The lyrics are political and fairly negative with a lot of anger bleeding through. This is some good shit, and it wouldn't be the end of the world to have your face down in this shit. KM (Face Down In Shit/PO Box 66146/Greensboro, NC 27403)

FACE OF CHANGE • 1990 Demo 2x7"

These two 7"s contain the demo recordings of an early nineties Japanese hardcore band. Even through the low-fi recording, their energy and musical style comes through. It crosses back and forth between melodic hardcore and a more driving punk. The sound is classic and has all the components of great hardcore records past (especially ones prior to 1990). The only insert included in this record is from Max 625, in which he talks about how this demo rekindled his faith in hardcore when he heard it. LO (625 Productions/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

THE FOAMERS • Six Pints and None the Wiser CD

Oi is just fun, and I always enjoy it. The Foamers have a classic sound, fast and catchy with a few horns here and there, gang vocals, and lots of Oi! I especially enjoyed the vocals and how they came out. The lyrics are mostly political with one requisite beer song. No matter how many times I hear Oi, I can't resist singing and dancing. DF (Tent City Records/101 W. 23rd St/New York, NY 10011)

FORGARDUR HELVITIS • CD

It would appear that Bjork is not the only music that they have in Iceland. But this is nothing like Bjork. This sounds like a whole bunch of blackmetal guys started a grindcore band and threw in a few punk parts! Blast beats, gruff vocals, evil sounding metal riffs here, punk riffs there. This is pretty diverse! This seems to be a discography since it has material from 1999, 1995, and 1993. I am totally hooked on these 29 brutal "songs." They lyrics that are actually printed (which isn't many) are very good! They are about real topics and aren't just slogans or catchphrases. Yet while the lyrics printed are in English, I think this whole CD is in Icelandic. The cover is all black and only has FORGARDUR HELVITIS written in runes on it, sweet! DD (PO Box 51/801 Selfoss/Iceland)

THE FRAMED • You're Wreckin' Me 7"

This totally reminds me of a band from Idaho called Shades of Gray circa 1984, which is probably the most cryptic reference I have ever made. Basically The Framed play melodic punk that is influenced by Social Distortion. The recording has a basement tape quality that totally works, but could be a bit better. The guitar sounds a little strange at times, but overall this is pretty good. Catchy and melodic early '80s style punk that is influenced by the Posh Boy sound. I enjoyed it. KM (\$4 to Lucky 777 Records/3617 12th Ave. So. #3/Minneapolis, MN 55407)

GHOSTS AND VODKA • Precious Blood CD

As it is likely to matter to several people, it should be stated that GNV contains former members of Cap'n Jazz and Joan of Arc. For the record, I liked the former, didn't like the latter, but did like this CD. It's all instrumental and I can really get into that. It's mostly melodic and poppy, so it works while you're reading, writing, or lying down to sleep. Besides the music, the unbound booklet is highly entertaining. DF (Sixgunlover Records/3203 Overcup Oak/Austin, TX 78704)

THE GATE CRASHERS • Loud At Any Volume 7"

The gate Crashers do a cover of D.Y.S.'s "More Than Fashion" and ultimately I would describe them as sounding like a cross between D.Y.S. and maybe the Abused. They have a song making fun of youth crew bands that copy the '88 style, so The Gate Crashers either have a sense of humor and ability to see the absurd, or they are simply morons. Anyway, this is a good record. I loved the bands that they are influenced by, and they do the sound really well with lots of energy and catchy song writing, so I found this really enjoyable. I guess '82 lives on. KM (Parts Unknown/PO Box 4835/Toms River, NJ 08754)

GODSTOMPER • Art Damaged Masochists Vol. One 2xCD

Godstomper are a grind two piece; one guy beats the drums and the other wails on the guitar. It is often so chaotic that it turns into noisy thrash, especially when they play the really, really fast songs. (Most of their songs are under a minute, so by really fast I mean more like 20 seconds.) There are 104 tracks on these 2 CDs, and if you leave to go to the bathroom you could miss an entire release's songs. Since this is part one of their discography, it has all the tracks from records that have come out prior to this point. After a while, they will scoop up the current release for volume two. LO (Get The Axe/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

GUYANA PUNCH LINE • Irritainment CD

Damn, I laughed out loud reading the booklet a few times. The imprint in my head of twenty punks wildly flailing their arms in what might be called "dancing" while the frantic aural destruction of Guyana Punch Line fills the space with the spirit of smashesism was chuckle inducing. The thought of these same bodies in the fuck-pit was transcending funny, and verging on terrifying. Funny and terrifying. What better way to describe Guyana Punch Line. Like the name itself; having a festive cup of punch to induce mass suicide. Another great release from these freaks. KM (Prank!/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

GOOD MORNING • Iconoclasm 7"

This is a cool record, but hard to describe. Anarkopeace garage punk, crusty vocals and some fast tunes. Kind of strange, nothing mind blowing, but with a good message. Comes with a cool little booklet/lyric sheet to explain the songs, with a styling cut and paste layout and lots of juicy bits of info, and some anarko cartoons. I like the song in Spanish the best. Good job Good morning! CD (427 W. 5th St./Winona, MN 55987)

GOB • The Kill Yourself Commandment LP

Gob has been around for a long time, and they have put out splits with Spazz and Agoraphobic Nosebleed among others, and they have had comp tracks as well, but this is their first full length. The music is an oppressive violent clamor of musical noise. They hit hard and try to keep everything unpredictable with a lot of change ups and speed variance. The constant is that it is always uncompromising and ugly. Not easy listening by any stretch of the imagination. Very negative, both musically and lyrically. There are twelve tracks in total. Prepare to be assaulted, and remember to follow their commandment. Another nice looking record from Satan's Pimp. KM (Satan's Pimp Records/PO Box 13141/Reno, NV 89507)

THE GRUFFALOS • Yummy Appetizers CD

This is pretty good. They are a three piece from Germany with beautiful female vocals. I am not sure of an accurate description though. Maybe if you combined The Get Up Kids, Velocity Girl, and Jeune you might be close. The lyrics range from personal to somewhat political and the CD ends with a spoken word segment (though it is in German so I have no idea what it is about). When all is said and done this is a pretty solid release. AM (Strange Fruit c/o Achmin Roschman/Silcherstr. 31/73329 Kuchen/Germany)

HALCYON • 7"

This is an interesting 7". Halcyon sounds like an indie/emoish band, though with trumpets. I am not sure how well the trumpets work. The whole sound seems like a mess to me, though it is by no means sloppy. Confused yet? Maybe someday they will pull this off. Right now, though, it sounds as if they are trying to force different sounds together that aren't really going. AM (Burning Fight Records)

THE HATCHBACKS • 7"

There is a huge low fi rock scene out there and this would definitely be on the turntable of the record stores that specialize in that stuff. It's all down to the raw basics. The focus is only on the rock and fuck everything else. It's everything I'm sure you think it is. JL (Turkey Baster Records/PO Box 222059/Dallas, TX 75222-2059)

HELDBACK • Kill 'Em All 7"

Oh yessss! If you're going to play old school hardcore, this is how you should do it! Get a dirty, late 80s guitar sound, a pissed off singer with marbles in his mouth or a speech impediment (your choice), some really fast drumming and cool melodic, moshy breakdowns and you got yourself one killer record. Somewhere in between Lifetime, Kid Dynamite, The Chase and the Gorilla Biscuits. Very Awesome (yes, that's Awesome with a capital A). MH (Seven Records c/o Flycht/Torgatan 1C/64151 Katrineholm/Sweden)

HERO DISHONEST • Pleasure/Disgust CD

This is my first exposure to Hero Dishonest, apparently it is their first release, and my advice to them is that sometimes less is more. There are twenty-seven songs on this disc, and as their twenty-seventh song says, "Yeah, this is the same song you've heard before..." I liked their sound, and they have decent lyrics, but there was just a bit too much of it all at once. Anyway, the music is pretty good. It is fast punk rock as one might expect from Finland, though they do have a tiny bit of a youth crew influence. Catchy and harsh at the same time with introspective lyrics that are questioning of both the outer world and the people in the band. Good stuff. KM (If Society/Kaupparkartanonkuja 3 F 70/00930 Helsinki/Finland)

THE HELLIONS • 7"

This band hails from Texas and I must say they have that Texas rock'n'roll sound. Solid drums and steady beats you could definitely slam to. I picture some sort of dusty roadhouse full of half drunk punks and rockers with cowboy boots alike. Side one has two studio songs which I didn't really get into but were surprisingly fast with guitar solos to match. Side two on the other hand has two live songs that are awesome. They just rock like thunder. If you are into the Texas rock sound then check this out. JL (Turkey Baster Records/PO Box 222059/Dallas, TX 75222-2059)

HIGH STRUNG • See You At The Bottom 7"

Passionate and moving hardcore with a intensity throughout. The stripped down recording gives it an even rawer feel and, really, makes the 7" that much better. Fast and furious, but not overbearing in any way. Denied A Custom has put out a lot of good records and this is one of them. LO (Denied A Custom c/o Yoshiyuki Takahasi/3-5-12-106 Hashigadai/Narita-Shi/Chiba 286-0037/Japan)

THE HOLY FALLOUT • 7"

Energetic rock and fucking roll in the vein of The Tight Bros. From Way Back When. Two songs and a lot of attitude. Fun. LO (Trackstar/PO Box 60/Forked River, NJ 08731)

HOT HOT HEAT • 7"

Two more songs from this no wave, postmodern band that display even heavier arty overtones. They stick to keyboards and jazzy drum beats, and they stick to catchy stuff for you to pose to. Bands such as Camera Obscura or Song Of Zarathustra play something close to this, though they pull in more hardcore references and this release is based more in stripped down rock. LO (Monoton Studio Records/Arneckstr. 2/44139 Dortmund/Germany)

HUNTER GATHERER • Low Standards For High... CD

Melodic and driving songs that sometimes remind me of Hot Water Music and/or Small Brown Bike. The overall sound is very gentle, but very full at the same time. Though I admit I haven't heard every Scene Police record, this one definitely fits into the style of the ones I have. A nice recording all around. LO (Scene Police c/o D.P. Merklinghouse/Humboldtstr. 15/53115 Bonn/Germany)



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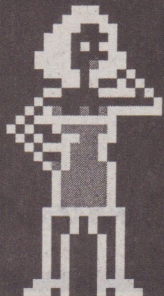
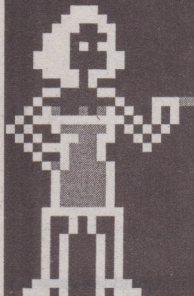
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complex and complete set of instructions including electronics
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are a set of custom software tools needed to build your own
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dealing with this subject matter by Creation is Crucifixion (CIC)
along with spoken word by CAE and ambient noise undertones
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HEARTSCARVED • ...And Tomorrow We Escape CD

Six songs of melodic metal with religious overtones. No lyric
sheet, just quotes about how man cannot comprehend the
knowledge of god. I can't comment much on the subject matter,
but they can play this style well. LO (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/
Greensboro, NC 27419)

I QUIT • That's It 7"

As in "that's it, I quit!!!" Angry but catchy sounding thrash
stuff from Sweden. I Quit has a sound that is built from the
early '80s hardcore sound ala Teen Idles or State of Alert or
what not... just playing fast but hanging on to some sort of
melody and what not. The lyrics are pretty negative with a lot
of judgmental statements and declarations of hate. Nothing
super-duper special, but they do what they do quite well,
especially in the really catchy parts. Enough with this review, I
can quit too!! KM (Busted Heads Records/Box 275/901 06
Umea/Sweden)

IDENTITYTHEFT • New World Odour CD

This is pretty damn rocking. Elements of French hardcore greats
Fingerprint, Canadian indie-metallic rockstars Grade and some
of their own genius blend together to make for a very good
listen. Galloping guitars and sing/scream dual vocals and good
energy. Australians with some good rock instincts. Check out
track 4 ("Dust") for a kick-ass singalong. If you like the two
bands mentioned earlier, I'd say there's a good chance you'll
enjoy this. Really the only negative thing I can mention is the
fact that they write their lyrics out like junior high girls (or
some moshy New York bands), complete with "U" in place of
"you" and "N" instead of "and." All it's missing is hearts and
smiley faces. J Friends forever! J/K! (The music rocks and
it's just the right length, if you missed it amid all the sarcasm.)
8 songs, 18 minutes. DO (Deplorable Recordings/PO Box 191/
Balmain NSW 2041/Australia)

IN DECAY • 7"

Now I don't even remember why I thought this wouldn't be
any good. I guess the cover looks kinda so-so, but the 4 songs
on here are really very cool. Probably not as hip as similar
bands like Strike Anywhere or Kid Dynamite, but still fucking
good. This is probably just a tad older, squattier sounding, but
apart from that, this is total killer, in your face punk rock, catchy,
fast and angry. Sometimes records have a very muffled sound—
it feels like you have to dig your way through to the bottom to
finally hear the song. In Decay, however, is right there on the
edge. The songs practically jump you and then they give you a
good shake. My favorite was song number one which featured
some great ska parts. Keeper. MH (Tent City Records/175 5th
Ave., Suite 2341/New York, NY 10010)

INFINITY • The Infinlife CD

Banal indie rock that's made friends with the DC sounds on a
few songs. I find this pretty boring. They do the little picture
square thing on the back of the CD and almost all of the pictures
are totally lame; generally blurry off center pictures don't look
good, kind of like indie rock. ADI (Hope Records/PO Box
71154/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

INSIDE CONFLICT • Unearthed From Wonderland CD

This release could easily be on Genet or Good Life. Overcome
seems to have begun adding to the mosh metal pile with bands
from France and Spain, and this CD is no exception. It is furious
and unforgiving, and very similar to Liar. Overall, the CD
continuous sound and pretty well done. LO (Overcome
Records/BP 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

INTO ASHES • If You Need A Reason CD

Maybe I just need to turn this up, but this CD isn't doing much
for me. Revelation bands Statue and Texas Is The Reason both
come to mind as I listen to this. The recording lacks some
energy and since the style is mostly on the gentle, indie side it
hasn't really sucked me in. LO (Copter Crash Recs./PO Box
6095/Hudson, FL 34667)

INTOXICATED YOUTH • Jesus Died With A Stuff CD

Demo punk at its most raw; nothing but noisy stuff going by at
lighting speed. It reminds me of F.Y.P. quite a bit, just totally
snotty and wild. The lyrics are all very angry and full of
commentary. LO (\$2 Mike Croft/252 Grand Ave. #1/Johnson
City, NY 13790)

JAMES LOVES JACKSON • CD

It looks like they're a power trio. Although not instrumental,
the lyrics are terse and repetitive, so it does seem that the focus
is on the interplay of the instruments. In between emo and
frantic, I'll say they're in the hard rock range of punk. Like the
majority of things 'well, I guess that's what I'm saying. They're
like the majority. It didn't exactly excite me, but it is well done
and there's some secret bonus live stuff at the end. DF
(www.phillyshreds.com)

JUNIPER • CD

This CDR contains two generic emo songs complete with a
mediocre recording. Sorry guys, I've got nothing against this
style of music. It's just that this has no spark to it. GOR (9001
Brucewood Dr./Richmond, VA 23235)

JAMES PLOTKIN'S ATOMSMASHER • CD

The promo release for this says, "unbridled cacophony meets hypersonic velocity and painstaking attention to detail. With meticulously layered grind/noise tracks and clinical precision, Atomsmasher deploy a hail of bleeps and chirps fired like buckshot through simultaneous stereo channels in a flurry of samples and blastbeats." It then goes on to list the member's previous band and label affiliations. Apparently Plotkin has played with KK Null, which is where I assume much of the influence for this comes from. If this is your style, also check out Hanatarash and other Japanese noise bands from the 90's on Slap A Ham, HG Fact, and other labels. DF (Hydra Head Records/PO Box 990248/Boston, MA 02199)

JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS • Kill Trend Thrash... 7"

With the rise in popularity of Japanese thrash in the US right now, this is the perfect time for Youth Attack to put out this record. Which is ironic because the 7" is apparently anti-trendy. The Jellyroll Rockheads have also put out a 7" on 625 but it is out of print now. For those of you longing to thrash, you still have a chance to get this record. Musically, Jellyroll Rockheads are driven forward by the incredible drumbeat. It does not give up. The rest of the noise is set into pace by this and it catches the listener much in the same way. Thrash, thrash, thrash. Wee. LO (Youth Attack Records/PO Box 126321/San Diego, CA 92112)

JEROME'S DREAM • Presents CD

Okay, I will be the first to admit that I thought that Jerome's Dream had god awful vocals and that they went a little too crazy for their own good. Listening to them was sometimes torturous. I hear they want to "get big" now, so they have toned down anything that was out there and come up with nine new songs that are, unfortunately, boring. Where their records were once shitty and simple, they are now slick and overproduced. They have lost almost all originality with this release. Where are the squawking bird vocals? I guess they are trying to appeal to the harder rocking, dude crowd. I'm not really one of them. To top it all off, they have really descriptive lyrics that go so far that you can't really tell what it is that they are describing. It just turns into silliness. For example: "Her green grass is blue-green, green grass. Doin' the dew dude's dew dude!" What? I'm not rocking these rock guys' new rock, guy. LO (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

JOSHUA • The Teardrops Trio CD

3 songs. 14:39 minutes. At first I couldn't really believe it but this is the same band that used to be on Doghouse. I think I liked their very first release—it was a CD in a cardboard cover and it was pretty, dreamy emo stuff. This has moved on beyond emo, though, moved on beyond post-emo even. It's extremely mellow and laid-back, melodic, meticulously produced, anti-septic pop. Offensive in a way, but I guess this is still an independent release. The thing is that I suddenly crave some Hootie And The Blowfish... I remember them being a lot edgier than Joshua. Does that make you as sad as it makes me? MH (Does Everyone Stare?/Nr.910, 9825-103 St./Edmonton, AB/T5K 2M3/Canada)

JUDOBOY • CD

Intro reminded me of Neurosis Soul at Zero, and the songs go into a similar direction but mix in the 'Canadian style' of bands like One Eyed God Prophecy. It works well with the groovy parts that really rock, the faster parts sound too grindcore-like for my taste and the more chaotic parts are too guitar-acrobatic. Admittedly I am a simpleton, if Judoboy kept their songs simple I would have enjoyed this much more. Oh, by the way I can't stand it when I have to download the lyrics from some website. CNE (Nihilove Records)

JUNE'S TRAGIC DRIVE • 7"

This reminds me of Iconoclast a lot. The sound is very similar, especially the great drumming that opens up space for the rest of the music. But there must be a more modern comparison... Sorry, can't think of one, right now. This is powerful hardcore that has a good forward drive, but it isn't the typical screamo kind of thing that's so popular these days. Partly it's the reasonably melodic guitar sound which is just a lot more hardcore than it is metal. And probably the vocals that are harsh and raspy. No screech in sight. I think 5 years ago this would have been conceived a very heavy and brutal release. Things have changed a little, I guess, now that everybody guts pigs on stage and every song has seven million parts, June might not be considered extreme enough. I still think this is heavy. Just heavy without the metal, that's all. Oh, I forgot to mention the very emo packaging that must have been a pain in the ass to assemble. Very nice indeed. Good record. MH (Tomte Tumme/Schlichthaber/Handwerkerstrasse 1A/33617 Bielefeld/Germany)

KILL DEVIL HILLS • 36 Minute Struggle CD

Kill Devil Hills are a three piece that play simple but passionate hardcore with gruff duel vocal singing. A little melody, a little anger, and a lot of spirit. The lyrics are personal and somewhat introspective and all in all I would say this band has some heart. KM (\$8 to Honest In Secret/PO Box 11747/Murfreesboro, TN 37129)

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JUST FOR TODAY • CD

Indie rock that is kind of generic. I don't like a lot of these bands but this CD really reminds me of Inside and older bands that helped create the now overly played-out style. Its also doesn't hurt that these guys got a good recording and put some effort into writing these songs and hand making the pretty packaging. DIY meets indie rock...cool. Damn some of this reminds me so much of Inside but not in a total rip off way, if you liked Inside then this is a mandatory purchase. 5 songs 18:31. ADI (JustForToday99@hotmail.com; www.OnIcarusWings.com; I guess if you don't have internet you're just screwed)

KAMMERFLIMMER KOLLEKTIEF • Maander CD

13 tracks, 57 minutes. Suck on the exhaust pipe, roll over, close your eyes. Atmospheric, sullen instrumentals for rainy days. A soundtrack for those last few minutes before your mind snaps and your cat attacks. There is some tape noise on here, a standup bass, jazzy rhythms and strings. This definitely has its charm and if you're into this kind of avant-rock (my guess, though, is that you're not) you should check this out. Drill a hole into your skull and let the images come to you. MH (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

KELLERASSELN • 7"

This is fast and angry German punk. Not the most refined kind of music, but I guess that's what makes it so fucking punk in the first place. In a way this could be a demo by Dackelblut or Boxhamsters, two smart ass German bands I adore. Die Kellerassel still have some way to go as far as song writing is concerned, but they've certainly got the attitude right. Oh, and their packaging is made out of pink plaid wall paper. Pretty damn cool if you ask me! MH (Michael Stephan/Rosplatz 10/99628 Buttstadt/Germany)

KIDS ARE SICK • CD

13 songs, 35 minutes. The first thing I thought when I played this was that their singer sounded a lot like Kurt Cobain. Weird. In a way this is a straight up "rock" record. It's still pretty hard and somewhat fast, but, fuck, this is ROCK. ROCK, I tell you!!! No lyrics, not much info, what the fuck am I supposed to comment upon now? I'll just keep playing this and go read some fan fiction. (...) Okay, I'm back, it's still rock, there's nothing else I can say. I'm sorry, I just wasn't into this. MH (Lowlife Records/PO Box 255/114 79 Stockholm/Sweden)

KILLSADIE • Experiments in Expectation CD

Ten songs, forty-two minutes. Steve, I feel sorry for you; this recording must have been so expensive... It sounds so fucking good, I can hardly wrap my head around it. In a way this is almost like a concept album, the way that Radiohead's "OK Computer" was something of a little rock opera. There are fast gritty and twisted rock numbers, but in between there are more pensive quieter parts that have a beautiful haunting spaced out quality. So when I compare them to Radiohead I don't mean to say that they actually sound like them, it's just that this record definitely has a very grown up, operatic quality. I promised Steve a very long review, but now I'm approaching the deadline and suddenly I can't find the right words to pay this CD justice. I just wanted to say that for me this record has everything; it's very modern cutting edge hardcore that is filled with all sorts of emotions, covering everything between anger, frustration, joy and sadness (which in turn fills me with happiness). The song writing is just so smart and diverse, I'm really quite jealous. It's the kind of record that I will always come back to if I'm looking for inspiration. I mean, what else can I say, except: Good golly gosh, this is amazing!!!! Hands down, this is the best record I've had to review in a long time. MH (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

KINJITE • 7"

4 songs. Angry screamo hardcore with lots of changes in tempo and mood. Slow parts, fast parts, crazy parts, all held together by pained screaming. Oh wow, there's even a double bass mosh part and some metal licks. The lyrics deal with personal freedom, racism and this system of shit. All pretty negative. Nothing wrong with that. I must admit that I probably would have been more excited about this 2 years ago, but at this point in time there seems to be an endless slew of bands that play this style. And while Kinjite is certainly one of the good ones, they still don't have that extra kick. That doesn't mean this is a bad record. I'm just getting tired with this style, that's all. The artwork—gold on black—is simple but effective. If you like the screamo style you should definitely check this out. MH (Pop Counter Project/H.P. Hlebec/Johanniterstrasse 55/51067 Köln/Germany)

KOLYA • CD

Yet another solid release from this Mass band, somewhere along the lines of Plunger and Moss Icon we find Kolya. Spoken vocals that shift in urgency over mathy music done really well, lyrics range from personal to stream of consciousness obscurity without becoming pretentious. I've been screening shirts to this for the past couple hours and it keeps getting better with each listen. I expect to hear a lot more from them in the future so keep an eye out. AM (Caulfield/PO Box 84323/Lincoln, NE 68502)

KENT BROCKMAN • 7"

I'm a big Simpsons fan, so naming your band after the dynamic news anchor of Eye on Springfield can't be a bad idea. This record features a good looking cover with a nice fold out design and neatly hand written lyrics. Each side was recorded at a different time though, one in February and one in October. Side one resembles Kontraattaque but with a dual vocal element added, one on the lower end of things (like Kontraattaque) and one kinda snotty. Side two sounds like a completely different band. The songs are faster and sound a lot like Opstand. This is the more enjoyable side for me considering the vocal dynamic doesn't work to well on the flip side. 13 songs end up doing the job nicely though. JL (Hombre Lobo Records/Kaiserslauterer Str. 11/66123 Saabruken/Germany)

LACK • Blues Moderne: Danois Explosifs CD

10 songs, 40 minutes. Oh yeah, this is great!!! Total emo power hardcore in the vein of JR Ewing, Refused, Dawnbreed and maybe Converge (at times) and all the other new school heroes. Great vocals, too, they're raspy and harsh but still very emotive. The sound is powerful and as big as a house, the songwriting varied and technical, but it always rocks. So basically I thought this record was amazing already and then I read the lyrics and now I'm completely won over. "I feel raped by all the must do's, all the have to's. All we succumb to. I'll define your apathy with the exact same word you use to categorise my tinkering as childish and spoiled. Because it bites me at night when sleep won't seduce me and dreams refuse to lie. It could be different. Not another worthless, meaningless day. Let's grant this culture its death wish. One word silently whispered between my lips; freedom." This band is from Denmark. Are you hardcore enough to buy it anyway? (Dennis also told me to mention that this is a split release with Nova Records, so now you know.) MH (Scene Police/c/o dpm/Humboldtstrasse 15/53115 Bonn/Germany)

THE LADDERBACK • Introductions to Departure CD

The first time I listened to this I totally hated it. Ready to write a fucked up review I sit down and spin the CD again to find that this is actually really cool. The songs are a total noise frenzy, screaming insanity, but not metal or even hardcore sounding. Just three dudes playing chaos with half distorted guitars strummed madly that can also quickly go into a mellow rock part for a second or slow part that the vocals can babble over. Among the hysteria and random interludes there seems (seems is a key word here) to be some sort of order and the definite tightness of a loaded sling shot ready to fire. There's even a violin part on a song. You know this reminds me of Cornelius and I fucking loved that band...also reminds me of Honeywell. Fuck comparisons because these guys are doing something different and that's reason enough to at least respect it. OH yeah the packaging is cool except there's no easy track list and they write the lengths of the songs with no numbers of song titles by them...what a bunch of witty art fucks. Oh I just thought of any other comparison, At The Dive In meets the Escape Plan. ADI (Bifocal Media/PO Box 50106/Raleigh, NC 27650-0106)

LICK GOLDEN SKY • Enjoy Terror CD

8 songs, 17:26 minutes. This is the new school kind of hardcore, a little like Orchid, that funky bunch, except that here the vocals sound a lot like Swiz, you know, they're kinda deep and growly. It's all hectic and groovy and confusing and then there's a mosh part and then the song is over. Suddenly you need a degree in modern jazz to be able to listen to hardcore... When did all that start? And why didn't anyone tell me? I would have tried to prepare... I don't know... I did resist for some time, but then I was won over. I'd almost go so far as to call this exciting, but maybe that's just my desperate longing to hang with the young kids. Seriously though, this is very competent, very nervous, aggravating, soul-stirring, beautiful noise. Kinda like an update of the Swing Kids (and I thought they were crazy...) MH (Hawthorne Street Records/PO Box 805353/Chicago, IL 60680)

LET IT BURN • This Is The Sound CD

Explosive high energy hardcore, Let It Burn cranks out some great songs here. Featuring ex-members of Full Speed Ahead. Really this is smoking. Strong lyrics and just really exciting adrenaline pumping catchy hardcore songs. Awesome. But something sounds really fucked up with the recording. I can't tell what it is exactly, but when I listen to this on headphones either one of the drums sounds like a dull thud, or it is some clapping that is mixed really low? I am not sure what it is but I don't like the way it sounds, and it totally ruins it for me if I try to listen with headphones. Hell, maybe my CD is defective. KM (Metro Recordings/PO Box 1108/Pt. Plsnt. Beach, NJ 08742)

LIE • Discography CD

Even though there is a '70s rock thing happening at the beginning, they go right into thrash like a lightning strike by the second song. The thunder of drums and crash of guitar hit and you are left in the smoke. This CD has their A Man Die And Become A Legend LP, songs from the Bandana Thrash comp, their Legalize It 7", their side of the split 7" with LFDR, and some live tracks. The Lie stuff is some of Max from 625's favorite releases. LO (625/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

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LIKE PETER AT HOME • Volumen CD

Another metal based band on Overcome. Like Peter At Home are from Spain and their lyrics are in Spanish. I can't read them, but they seem pretty dismal and befitting of the music. The whole CD is a decent into the darkness of sound and unrelenting in its ire. LO (Overcome Records/BP 80249/35102 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

LIVING UNDER LIES • 7"

A solid hardcore record with plenty of energy and aggression. Ryan and I talked about it, and we thought is reminded us both of this one Apeface record. It is a good record with thought provoking lyrics, but I find it hard to describe in a way. It just is. LO (Primary Thoughts Records/PO Box 4995/Portland, OR 97208) (I might be wrong, but I believe that Living Under Lies features one member of Talk is Poison. - Kent)

LOVESICK • LP

"This is the debut release for a new label based out of Chicago called 'All Please Sound'. This is also a much anticipated return of the trio, Lovesick, who are three people from Michigan, making music that they love, rooted in the community they love. Musically, they don't sound like your average band, and there's a level of honesty to them that I find lacking in most bands. There really is a middle ground between hardcore and emo-pop! The singer is the guy behind the kit, and he thumps the drums with a great deal of gusto, kicking the songs up the rear as when needed... What can I say about one of the most sincere and intelligent bands around today? The music is unique, invigorating, and challenging, and it all comes together around thoughtful lyrics and singing...." Oh... whoops. Often times I forget whether bands want me to REVIEW their record, or just REGURGITATE the five or six reviews they sent me in their press packet. I think the singer's voice sounds goofy and offkey in a funny sort of way. Think of Piebald and Boy's Life... funny, goofy stuff. Playing drums and singing at the same time must be pretty difficult... good thing he can kick the songs "up the rear..." ALP (All Please Sound/PO Box 47772/Chicago, IL 60647)

LUNGBUT • Donk CD

Silly punk that doesn't go anywhere. When theres vocals theyre just babbling rants. I really don't know what to say except that I don't want to listen to this. ADI (Red Elephant Records/RR#4/Trenton, ON/K8V 3P7/Canada)

THE MACAULAY CULPRIT • CDR demo

6 songs, 7 minutes. Stop torturing that pig!!!! Oh no, wait, that's the singer. This is competent screamo hardcore that often reminds me of Honeywell, although partly that's just the chainsaw-scream vocals. The sound quality could be a little better, which is too bad, this band could rock. The lyrics certainly are very smart and they come with explanations, too. Yeah, I would definitely like to hear more from this band. MH (macaulayculprit@hotmail.com)

MAN VS HUMANITY • In The Line of Fire CD

What the hell is this doing on Troubleman?? It seems totally out of place. Man Vs Humanity play hard hitting aggressive German hardcore that is very metal influenced (in both sound, style, and production). Their vocals are screamed and angry. Brutal, blasting, angry, and metallic hardcore on Troubleman? Very strange, indeed, but a good release for those that are into the German style. KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow Street/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

MAX REBO KIDS • Some Moments Are Longer... 7"

Strong and standing tall, the Max Rebo Kids put forth a fullbore hardcore record with a straight edge sound. Each song has a crispness to it that makes each part catchy and cool. The lyrics are dedicated anthems about staying true to who you are and making the best of things. Overall, a good record with a solid recording. LO (Blackbust Records c/o Henning Luehrig/Gruener Platz 4/38302 Wolfenbuettel/Germany)

MEMBER OF TINNITUS • 28-33 7"

A trippy ride into the aural realm of this band. The 7"s has separate tracks, but it is really one long jam with some weird lyrics thrown in. Lots of drippy sounds and short beats throughout, plus jazzy and folksy influences. This 7" is limited to 300 with intricate plywood packaging and minimal explanation. LO (Promenade Fanzine Recordings c/o Fredrik Kullman/Oesterlaengen 65, 3 tr/50337 Boras/Sweden)

THE MINUS TIDE • CD

The name of the first track (I smell Blood and I like what I smell) made me skeptical, and when the first few seconds reminded me of Iron Maiden (at least as far as I can remember, luckily that was a long time ago) I was prepared for something seriously bad. But then I really enjoyed the 17 minutes of moshy metal hardcore, at the best moments it reminded of earlier Converge and later Threadbare. At least musically, admittedly it doesn't have the kind of emo-touch that these two bands have. Tight heavy music not with some melodies, catchy most of the time. And, unlike many bands these days, the songs don't get boring after listening to them a couple of times. Cool. CNE (Factory R)

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MY NAME IS SATAN • Refuse To Kneel CD

My Name Is Satan is some beastly stuff. Hard rock with a dark edge that reaches into your chest and grabs your heart. It borrows from the most appealing parts of hardcore and metal to create an intense noise. Thick and right. LO (Enslaved/PO Box 169/Bradford/W. Yorks/BD1 2UJ/UK)

"NEW" TERROR CLASS • Did You Hear That... CD

Hmmm... I am not sure what to think about this one. The lyrics are a mess of ideas, some that make no sense to me at all, I mean the shit is gibberish, but some parts are profound, in their own way. The music is a car crash of hardcore, rock, experimental stuff that I can't define, and probably influenced by a whole lot of bands I have never heard. The band has risen from the ashes of Harriet The Spy and Party of Helicopters, and it seems to me that fans of those bands will relate to this "new" stuff. I have to listen to it a lot more before I make my final decision. KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow Street/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

THE NATIONAL BLUE • Jaune-Bieu CD

The National Blue sound somewhat like Sonic Youth or a more rocking Cerberus Shoal. This CD wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for the press sheet they sent a long with it, but hey, I guess it was important for me to know they played with both Orchid and Bane and frequently play bars as well as DIY hall shows. So yeah, if the bio wasn't there to distract me I might have said this record shows promise and isn't that bad, oh well. Judging by their write up they seem to want to be big, so I have this feeling they are not too worried about this review. AM (Violette Records/PO Box 263/Allston, MA 02134)

THE NEIGHBORS • Negative Reaction CD

I was shocked to see that The Neighbors have a new release. This band has been together for something like 9 or 10 years I reckon, but the last release they put out just kept reappearing in different formats, so I didn't think they would ever do anything new. But low and behold here we have Negative Reaction! Be warned The Neighbors play 1,000 mile an hour thrash with some amazing vocals and angry lyrics. This new release is totally up to par with anything they have ever done before, and if you like super fast thrash hardcore then this shit will eat you alive. Really well done. KM (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

NINE SHOCKS TERROR • Paying Ohmage CD

I have never seen Nine Shocks Terror play live, so maybe that explains my next statement, but listening to this I can't help but wonder what all the hype is about? I don't think this is bad, not by a long shot, but the way people go on and on about how great this band is I would expect to be blown away, and well, I wasn't. The style is fast and furious, but with actual song structure and solid bass lines. It is way more musical than some thrash bands that just seem to play as fast as they can over and over again. Hell, parts of Paying Ohmage can even be described as rockin'. Their live shows are legendary, so maybe I need to see them creepy crawl a club. Until then I will have to rate their recorded material as good, but I am still still waiting to be blown away. KM (Sound Pollution Records/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

NEW GRANADA • 7"

I swear the first song on this record sounds so much like Christ On A Crutch, it's creepy. I wonder if anybody even knows what that means. Basically this is fast (but not super fast) thrashy hardcore, not unlike Econochrist and Born Against dressed up in our new millennium's clothes. The lyrics are angry and anti-government. Fuck this system, fuck your control! This is really quite fucking good. (I've decided to use the word "fuck" as often as possible in this review. Why? Fuck, I don't know. I just fucking feel like it.) MH (Council Records/PO Box 220691/Chicago, IL 60622/Fuck)

NNY • Don't Happy Be Worry LP

Very jerky guitar work with a solid bass and strange vocals. The song structures remind me of Blatz or even Rudimentary Peni, but I wouldn't go and say NNY sounds the same. Definitely very strange with random vocal changes and everything from barking to squeaking literally jumping out of nowhere. There is a cool brief essay on what the band is about and against, in two languages no less, but there are no lyrics which kind of defeat the purpose. The song titles are random and silly so I'm not sure if they are political in nature or not. Really ugly record cover, too, but if you are interested in taking a walk on the wild side check this out. JL (Manufacture/5410 Bergen-op-zoom/Nanaimo, BC/V9T 2M2/Canada)

NUNNERY NUTTY • Waiting For Reply... CD

Classically catchy and poppy punk rock from this five piece. I can imagine they put on quite an energetic live show, because there is energy flowing from this CD even at a low volume. LO (Slide Chorus/c/Pez No. 14/28004 Madrid/Spain)

ONE SATURDAY MORNING • CD

Straight up poppy indie punk, no lyrics, and hardly any info. Though be warned folks, this CD is copyrighted—that they did tell us. You've heard this record done much better many times before. AM (1650 Carter Circle/Creedmoor, NC 27522)

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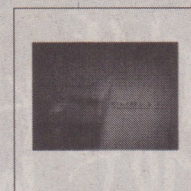
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THE MEBERS OF TINNITUS "tactics for instant music" - LP
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label: **IDEAL RECORDINGS**



YAGE | THE ROBOCOP KRAUS "split" - 7"
this seven inch celebrates the common tour of these two bands. each one comes with their typical sound, YAGE rock emotive energetic, THE ROBOCOP KRAUS swing catchy.
label: **NOVA RECORDINGS**



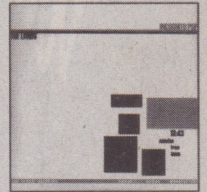
WINFRED E. EYE "glasses" - CD
WINFRED E. EYE bring you pure homegrown music in the mood of BLACK HEART PROCESSION and JOHNNY CASH. relax a little.
label: **MONOTON STUDIO**



SIR "the night I met my second wife" - LP
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label: **SUPERKID DISCOS**



ENGINE DOWN "under the pretense of present tense" - LP
ENGINE DOWN's grand album finally released on vinyl. the CD is on LOVITT. with people of SLEEPY TIME TRIO. awesome.
label: **EARTH WATER SKY**



INCOGNITO POP | THE LIVIDS "split" - 7"
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OFF YOURSELF • CD

These guys sweat Weezer so hard, I swear there are parts where they are outright jacking them, though to give them the benefit of the doubt I'll just say that it is very similar. It's poppy, it's sugary and it has that "we want to be on Vagrant" sound that the kids love. Occasionally, though, Off Yourself throws in the fast harder angry song that is not very good, it has the feel of only being there so they can say that they have punk roots. Maybe you will like this but most likely you will simply feel that you have heard this before, only better. AM (Fudge Sickill Records/444 S. Illinois/Villa Park, IL 60181)

PELVIS WESLEY • Shut the Fuck Up. We're... CD

With songs like Taco Bell Girl, We Will Electrocute You in the Ass, and the title track, the lyrics on this CD are absolutely hilarious. Pelvis Wesley have a lo-fi, garage rock sound with mixed male and female vocals. True to the sound, it's low budget DIY as well, with a photocopied booklet and a home burnt CD. It's not the best sounding garage rock of all time, but I doubt that's what the genre is about. It is kinda fun. DF (\$5 to Heart as Viper/20 NW 16th Av #306/Portland, OR 97209)

THE PEOPLES WAR • Making Enemies 7"

Shit this has a thick booklet, each song gets its fold out with lyrics and explanations (there are 10 songs so that's a lot of pages right there), plus a poster and a separate little fold out with color pictures. The music on the 7" is trashy, pissed and in your face and it is definitely hardcore (with no metal attached... what a concept). Unfortunately its really muddy sounding to the point where it gets really hard to make out what the music is trying to achieve. Lyrics make stabs at issues ranging from the evils of capitalism to Christianity to more local issues that play into a bigger picture. I'm looking forward to picking up more records from this band when they come out. ADI (Coalition Records)

POINT OF FEW • Silence 7"

Nine tracks of angry thrash from Holland's Point of Few will certainly make any thrash freak one happy mosher. These new tracks are a little less Seein' Red influenced than their previous releases, though the style has not changed much. While I was in Holland this summer Rik from Point of Few gave me a place to stay, and his living room was filled with Seein' Red records (I gather he likes them a lot!) so though I don't think this record sounds too much like Seein' Red there is probably no way in hell that Seein' Red is no longer a big influence to Point of Few. In any event, Point of Few play powerful thrash accompanied by angry screaming about politics and injustice. Good stuff. KM (625 Productions/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

PILOT TO GUNNER • Games At High Speeds CD

Associations are a weird thing. For some reason, the fact that this is on Gern Bladsten make me want to compare them to The Jam. Pilot To Gunner doesn't really sound like The Jam, they play a modern rock sound that doesn't have the same mod catchiness. But yet the idea remains that their sound is somehow based on the other sound. Oh, just listen to it for yourself and see what you think. LO (Gern Blandsten/PO Box 365/River Edge, NJ 07661)

PINTSIZE • Collapse In Style CD

I thought this was kind of interesting and cool but I wasn't wholly convinced until I heard track 7 when they sing "And in the room the women come and go talking about Joey Buttafuoco." I'm sorry, but anybody who comes up with a line like this deserves nothing but praise. Pintsize plays very pleasing melodic poppy rock that is well produced and supremely catchy. If you can get into stuff like Jimmy Eat World and late Jawbreaker this is definitely for you. Very, very charming. MH (Building Records/1220 Surf Ave. Third Floor/Brooklyn, NY 11224)

PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS • Fuck With... CD

I'm sure a lot of you have already heard this band being as they have been around for a while, and those of you who are already fans will not be let down with this CD. It's what I have come to expect from them... dark, gritty, and angry hardcore. They sound kind of like a raspier dirty Red Scare. This is a solid angry record, they are our self-proclaimed rock pals forever and they more than live up to that declaration. AM (No Idea Records/PO Box 14636/Gainesville, FL 32604)

PG. 99 • Document #8 CD

It took me a long time to really take in this monster. Eight people in a band makes for a lot of shit going on! The sound is built from a lot of different genres. They take some awesome Born Against style hardcore and combine it with some screamo elements, and they play both fast chaotic rippers and more slower emotive stuff as well, but heavy. It comes together pretty well. Over all I would have to say I hear a lot of Born Against in here, and yet they don't ever really sound like Born Against; the influence is there but it plays itself out with plenty of subtlety. The lyrics are defiant and they seem to be honestly screamed and written. Plus it has nice art and design. I will keep Document #8. (Robodog Records/12001 Aintree Lane/Reston, VA 20191)

PLAYING ENEMY • CD

I heard this had members of Kiss It Goodbye but I wouldn't know who because any text contained inside the booklet is completely fucking useless due to the illegible font they wrote everything in. I've shown this to a bunch of people and no one can read the font or figure out why in the world someone would use such an insane font to write all the important stuff in the insert. The music is similar to KIG with more fucked up rhythms and droning heavy guitars and vocals that are more straight forward. For a three piece these guys make a lot of noise, but after awhile the whole thing get old and monotonous. There is something about this that can suck you in and set you in a trance. This is like one monolithic mass that just swirls around in circles. ADI (Escape Artist Records)



photo by ?

Tem Eyos Ki

POINT OF FEW • Buying Satisfaction 7"

Point Of Few play harsh hardcore with elements of thrash and general craziness. This is another one of the 7"s that Hardcore Foundation is repressing for Japan, but I don't know what label is pressing it for the rest of the world. I can't tell if these are songs from another 7" either. The only lyrics are small and in white ink on a busy orange and purple background. Each time I try to read them my eyes bug out. They have two other 7"s, one on Coalition and one on 625, plus a few comp songs out there. LO (HCFoundation@aol.com)

POINT OF NO RETURN • Sparks CD

The folks at Catalyst sent along a one sheet with this release asking not to describe it as "vegan mosh from Catalyst Records." But I'll be damned if that isn't exactly what this CD is. Hell, Point Of No Return even calls themselves "São Paulo Vegan Straightedge" on the CD booklet. (A booklet that looks quite nice, by the way.) The songs are strong, and each is well done vegan mosh. LO (Catalyst/PO Box 30241/Indianapolis, IN 46230)

PREVAIL • Curtain Call CD

This is a Prevail discography CD. The tracks include their 7", LP, comp tracks, and anything else I might have forgotten. Prevail play heavy handed hardcore with a metal tinge, and they did all of this before it was as popular as today. They crash and bang and scream all to a delightful discord. Now is your chance to get all their stuff in one place, since it is pretty much out of print. Thirty-one tracks in all. LO (Hanged Hero Records/PO Box 99/Scranton, SC 29591)

PROUD YOUTH • Nothing's Changed 7"

Proud Youth play youth crew style hardcore with no holds barred. The recording isn't the greatest, but you can tell they are giving it their all. Songs baring traditional themes such as friendship and staying straight are mixed with more serious commentary on rape, serving in wars, and resistance. That makes for a nice surprise on an otherwise predictable release. LO (HCFoundation@aol.com)

PROUDENTALL • What is Happening Here CD

This CD sure is rocking, I've listened to it a few times already and these songs are pretty well stuck in my head now (which is OK by me). I guess think of a more Jawboxish influenced Sunny Day without the annoying Geddy Lee sounding vocals and you may have Prudentall. My only minor complaint with this CD is that the insert is so hard to read, I could not make out half of the lyrics. Luckily the vocals weren't that hard to decipher. I recommend this, rock. AM (Caulfield/PO Box 84323/Lincoln, NE 68501)

PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES • LP

Four songs of fucking perfection. Hard, melodic, mid-paced punk from Seattle... It rocks, it stirs, and it leaves you wanting some more. These folks are members of Killasdie, The Murder City Devils, and others... and the singer is from the Death Wish Kids, though she sings more than she screams on this. Straight up fucking awesome. These people know how to get shit done. The guitars bang out twangy-rock sounds... kind of like Killasdie... but the songs are far more poppy with melodies that sound a bit like Discount. I only wish there were more songs on this record... Great stuff. ALP (Sound Virus/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)

PROVIDENCE UNION • Die Me Infinity + 4 CD

13 songs, 57 minutes. It must be my lack of imagination but I keep comparing a lot of new bands to At The Drive-In... Providence Union from Jacksonville doesn't even sound that much like them. They do have a very modern, kind of twisted post-hardcore sound, but they're probably closer to Jawbox and other DC bands of that time period. Or they've modernized that sound and added some of that Sunny Day feeling, yeah, that's what it sounds like. I couldn't really find anything bad about this. It's all competently recorded and proficiently played emo rock. There are slow songs, there are faster, groovier ones. Some of it is dreamy, some of it almost kind of edgy. No complaints, but I didn't cream myself, either. And it's not like I didn't try. I gave this at least 4 listens and it's a bloody long record, too. With each listen it got better, but I'm still not wholly convinced. I can't rave about it, so I best shut up and get on with it. MH (Donut Friends Records/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240)

PSEUDO HEROES • Maps, Math, Violence and Silence CD

This starts off with an atrociously annoying 4 minute blipity keyboard part that should never have taken place. After suffering through that it turned into some mediocre poppy punk, which wouldn't be so bad except there are no cool sing along parts that I feel are a must for this type of music. In other words, it just dragged on. The lyrics are silly at times which makes me wonder about how seriously I should take this band. I still don't have a final decision on that one. AM (Chumpire/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake PA 16316)

PUSSYCAT THRASH • 1992 to 1995: The Brat Years CD

In the early '90s the riot grrrl thing was going strong in England (remember Huggy Bear?) and Pussycat Thrash was one of those bands making the scene. Their records have been gone for a long time, and this CD includes every song they ever released (40 in total). The sound is exactly what you would expect from a band like this with boy-girl vocals and a low-fi garage rock sound. Two members of Pussycat Thrash went on to form Red Monkey, which in my opinion is a far better band. Still this will definitely appeal to those that are into the early riot grrrl sound, and those interested in the current Red Monkey stuff might want to check this out as well. KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow Street/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

THE REAL ENEMY • Too Little... Too Late 7"

The Real Enemy are a supercharged political straight edge band from the Twin Cities. Their lyrics are rife with worthy commentary and real drive. The songs are about getting religion out of straight edge, revolution, cherishing life, rebellion, and finding a way out of the boxes we live in. Really, pretty good lyrics all around. Unfortunately for them, their recordings never seem to do them justice. The demo was bad, the first 7" was better and, while this 7" is certainly the best, I really feel like this band could do more. Go see them play and talk to them after the show and you'll see what I mean. LO (Underestimated Records/PO Box 13274/Chicago, IL 60613)

REAL REGGAE • Maze + THC Best CD

A discography of forty-one tracks from this Japanese thrash outfit. The forty-one songs are a little much to really digest on one sitting, but there are some real catchy ones that come on every now and again to keep you hooked. I liked "Open The Door" the most, even though it is one of the few with a reggae part (and I normally hate reggae). They are down with the weed (you can hear the bong on one track even) but apparently even the dope can't slow them down. Fans of 625 Records will no doubt want to pick this up, but it is probably too intense for someone who isn't really all in to thrash. Real Reggae are unrelenting and rat-a-tat at your ears precisely the way they want to. LO (625 Productions/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

RUINACRE • LP

This record came out sometime last year, so I am not sure why the label waited so damn long to send this in for review. For all I know it might be sold out by now, but here goes anyway... First of all the record looks really nice with well done art and a snazzy lyric booklet (as do all the Satan's Pimp releases). The music is an intricate assault of harsh sounding hardcore and totally distorted vocals (which is also pretty true of most of the Satan's Pimp releases): Powerful and destructive. Kind of reminds me of something that might be on Prank. Decent, but not mind blowing. KM (Satan's Pimp Records/PO Box 13141/Reno, NV 89507)

RUN AROUNDS • Easy Action CD

Yep, stupid cock rock, just like I thought. Why is there a woman in this band? No matter how much this band could ever rock, this shit sucks. Isn't this the same label that put out the religious mosh CD? I'm confused. LO (Tribunal/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419)

THE RED LIGHT STING • LP

From Vancouver, The Red Light Sting does shit right. Both honest and sassy, this band knows their own style well, sinking their teeth clean into the groove and utilizing big-keyboard sounds, rollin' bass and tight ass beats. They must put on a fuckin' hell of a show... Dancin' and singin'. Nothing's overdone, for using just the right amount of rock, melody, and hip, they form an interesting blend. Solid playing, great music, keen lyrics... shit... check this out. Another great release on Sound Virus... ALP (Sound Virus/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)

REMAINS OF THE DAY • An Underlying Frequency CD

Hardcore that's both melodic and ugly. This is similar to a darker Tragedy or the slow parts of His Hero. The first 9 songs are recorded with the bands current line up which includes a violinist and I really like the stuff, especially the slow heavy sorrow parts. The violinist works really well with the heavy distorted guitars and low-end bass, the three instruments do a lot together and don't just mimic each other but add an extra dimension which can be awesome. The extra songs are from their 7" and some extra from the same recording session are a little faster and straight-up but its not as memorable as the newer epic stuff. I know a lot of kids that would like this and I'd say anyone who likes From Ashes Rise, Tragedy and His Hero should give this a listen. The epic songs are a good soundtrack to me cutting my toe open trying to rid myself of this fucking ingrown nail. ADI (Crimes Against Humanity/6200 78th Ave N. Apt#112/Brooklyn Park, MN 55443)

RENO KID • Sun You've Got To Hurry CD

Seriously, I don't know where all these bands on the German Defiance label came from. They all sound so incredibly professional, so totally American, it's freaking me out. Take Reno Kid which basically sound like some long lost Jimmy Eat World tapes and you've got to wonder where this is going to end. I mean, this is really quite good for what it is, but is that enough? Shouldn't this have a little more personality? A little more pizzazz? This is too much like that dream I had the other night: I was at this orgy and these two guys kept describing (in much detail) what they were going to be doing to me and it all sounded good to me except that we never really got to the part of actually doing it. And that's what this record is; a lot of building up, a lot of promises, but that roll-your-eyes-back-in-your-head orgasm to end all your orgasms never really comes. Bummer. MH (Defiance Records/Ritterstrasse 52/50668 Köln/Germany; www.defiancerecords.de)

REPLY • Nine Batteries to Fuel our Dying Teenage... CD

Chugga metal, hardcore emo rock from Belgium poetic lyrics, solid build ups, and good use of the chugga guitar. Some singing and chanting but mostly Orchid style screams. Good stuff. CD (Funtime Records c/o J. Quinten/Dutsehoek 12/3220Holsbeek/Belgium)

RIVETHEAD • City Sound Number Five 7"

I'm not quite sure why this is on Blood of the Young... maybe they are trying to cover all the bases? Very pop punk. I can't help but think of all the local pop punk bands we end up putting on shows for. They mean well and I'm very happy to have them around but sometimes it just "happily" drones on until I want to smash my head repeatedly into a wall. Not for me, but definitely for anyone who likes Pinhead Gunpowder. Big booklet inside which is always nice to see. JL (Blood of the Young/PO Box 14411/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

ROTO • Low Power Hour CD

This CD begins with a catchy folk song that reminded me of Rain Like The Sound Of Trains. Unfortunately, that trend does not continue for the duration of the CD. Though the lyrics stay interesting, the folk songs and minimal rock sound experiments turn into background noise that can easily be tuned out. Seventeen tracks in all. LO (Resin Records/PO Box 5601/Washington, DC 20016-1201)

RUSHIN' ATTACK! • CD

Rushin' Attack sound like Born Against if they had more emo parts and the occasional punk rock guitar solo, it's not bad. And as the cover says they are a firm believer in DIY OR DIE so they seem to have their hearts in the right place so they get props for that alone. The songs range from personal to political and steer clear of a lot of the clichés that can plague this type of music. This is a decent CD hopefully they will keep going and we will hear more from them. AM (DIY or Die/1204 Harmon Pl. #8/Minneapolis, MN 55403)

STANDARD ISSUE • Incite 7"

Extremely standard issue straight edge hardcore. They couldn't have picked a more apropos name. Positive '88 go!! KM (Third Party/21 Nancy Lane/Amherst, NY 14228)

S. PROCESS • More Me CD

Strange quirky rock stuff from this East Coast rock band. Some members of Trans Megetti play on here. I didn't really care for it. The sound is varied and they change it up here and there. Their sound isn't too polished and it does have a lot of edge, but I just couldn't get into them. Too arty and too rock for me. KM (Track Star Records)

SAS • 7"

This Sas 7" is another volume in Redwood Records' acoustic singles series. This one has light guitar and airy female vocals that cover you with a soft blanket of sound. The lyrics are introspective and real, just right for the style. LO (Redwood/PO Box 6041/Fullerton, CA 92834)

SCALPLOCK • On Whose Terms? CD/LP

This absolutely has to be one of the best releases I've heard in a long time. Raging anarcho-punk breaking the sound barrier and smashing windows and police cars all the way! Super screaming political lyrics over driving anarcho-punk blasts!! Many different topics are taken on but stay in the realm of fighting back against corporations and institutions like the WTO, and IMF. This is the perfect soundtrack for running through the streets high on tear gas and adrenaline and all shot up with rubber bullets. You really should consider getting this LP or CD if this is your thing (even if it's not). You'll be blown away by the pure energy and angst that goes past just a few appealing slogans and rhetoric. CF (Sound Pollution)

SHOCK TREATMENT • In/Out... The Cage 10"

Shock Treatment play melodic rock that goes from hard to soft easily. Their enigmatic style encompasses a few different elements that keep the songs fresh and experimental. It all sounds good, though the songs aren't structured in a way that really appeals to me. Lyrics in English and translated in Italian as well. LO (Rumble Fish Corp./Via Gusti 93/72015 Fasano (BR)/Italy)

SCHOLASTIC DETH • Shackle Me Not 7"

Featuring one member of End Of The Century Party, Scholastic Deth makes their debut with a raging thrash attack. Totally hard and angry. The lyrics follow suit, with explanations that help to give their songs a really honest street smart feel. A total shoe in for a 625 release (actually other than the What Happens Next?/Life's Halt split 12" this is probably one of the best things to come out on 625 this year). I really liked this one. The lyrics and explanations made it all that more enjoyable. Totally thrashing cool. KM (625 Productions/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

SHED DWELLAZ • Redwood's Most Hated 12"

Okay, I don't listen to much hip hop, actually that is an over statement, I don't listen to any hip hop. Shed Dwellaz play hip hop, and their record is out on Satan's Pimp and the band features members of Spazz, Plutocracy, and No Less. I don't know if this is good or bad for hip hop. The local kids that are into hip hop seem to dig it, and it didn't make me run in fear but I can't say that the Shed Dwellaz turned me into a hip hop fan. Hmmm. KM (Satan's Pimp Records/PO Box 13141/Reno, NV 89507)

SCROTUM GRINDER • The Greatest Sonic... CD

An appropriate title for a band that looks to expand boundaries of thrash and metal punk. Their songs drive forward and draw, from many different sections of dark sound. It all comes together really well under gutwrenching the male and female vocals, and tears you a new one in the process. One of the nicest looking and better sounding Prank releases in recent times. LO (Prank/PO Box 410892/San Francisco, CA 94141)

SELF HATE • At The Beginning... CD

Dark and mean grindcore that thrashes and demolishes at every turn. Each of their 13 songs is tight, really tight. You get all the blast beats, growling and squelching vocals, and blazing guitar you would hope for on a CD like this. LO (MCN Recs./PO Box 5/26614 Radom 16/Poland)

SICKBOY • CD

Good, solid indie rock from this Norwegian quartet. This self-proclaimed "promo" CDR contains three well-crafted songs that clock in at just under 17 minutes. The music is pretty and pleasant... but I can't get over how much the vocals on the second song sound like Kurt Cobain. There's some sort of Nirvana melody in there. Also, the last song is surprisingly similar to an instrumental Thumbnail song... hmmm... go figure. ALP (Mediocre Records/Jarlehaugv. 4/4274 Stol/Norway)

SNAFU • Anger is Not Enough CD

Super pounding hardcore from Iceland. Heavy punishing music with screamed low and high vocals. Similar to mosh core as you would know it, but this is not at all generic. The kids in Iceland must be going crazy. Similar to Andlat, also reviewed, but the opposite in lyrics. Songs about getting off your ass, turning off the TV and living with a positive attitude. Super pounding drummer, this kid goes off! It does go off with some fast thrash and blast beats. It has an added live set at the end that proves just how pounding the drummer really is. Really tight and heavy, excellent original riffs. CF (www.dordingull.com)

SINCE BY MAN • Starter Kit... 7"

Wow, there is some really thoughtful packaging with this record; a nice booklet and pretty screened sleeve. As for the music, Since By Man plays some good hardcore. It is heavy and leans towards metal at times, but they find a way to keep it fresh and brutal without being generic mosh. I can see what people like this band. Check out their split LP with Seven Days Of Samsara. LO (World Won't Listen/PO Box 1681/Auburn, AL 36831)

SONNA • Sing Soft Tonight CD

This CD is genius. Soft pitter patter drums and guitars that weave a soft and intricate net to catch you as you fall into a comatose yet relaxed and blissful state. Vocals are scarce which is fine with me because they'll just remind me that I've been staring at the wall for a half hour while my minds been wandering to distant lands. The power of this CD lies in the repetitive yet oh so slowly changing and progressive structure that mesmerizes. The only complaint I have is that sometimes I think the drums are mixed just a little to high (mainly on the 2nd song). With that said its also worth mentioning that this was produced by Steve Albini and has a kind of elegant raw sound that Steve has a knack for achieving. It doesn't sound over-produced or processed but the tonality is still pleasing to the ear. Beauty. ADI (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

SOUL EMBRACED • For the Incomplete CD

Christian metal core. This is actually really fucking heavy, and I don't even think there's anyone playing bass (if there is its Jason Newsted). This is what you'd expect for a metal-hardcore band, lots of chunk beefy evil riffage and some double bass rapped in a super slick production. They do however throw in a Scandinavian melodic black metal part in one of the songs. So if you like you metal-core in god sized bites, eat up. ADI (Clenchedfist Records/PO Box 10571/Wilmington, NC 28404)

SILENCE • CD

Indie emo rock that often times borders too close to alternative/modern/radio rock or whatever the kids call it these days. I wasn't into this at all, and at 60min it was even harder to enjoy. Next record please. AM (Uncarved Block/PO Box 3195/Dana Point, CA 92629)

SCALLY • Que Fue De Los Dos 7"

Scally plays fast kick ass hardcore. The music reminds me a little of Born Against but in Spanish and with some different elements. Overall it's really good. Get it while you can, only 800 copies. DJ (Oliver Garcia/Dorfplatz/8750 Riedern/Switzerland)

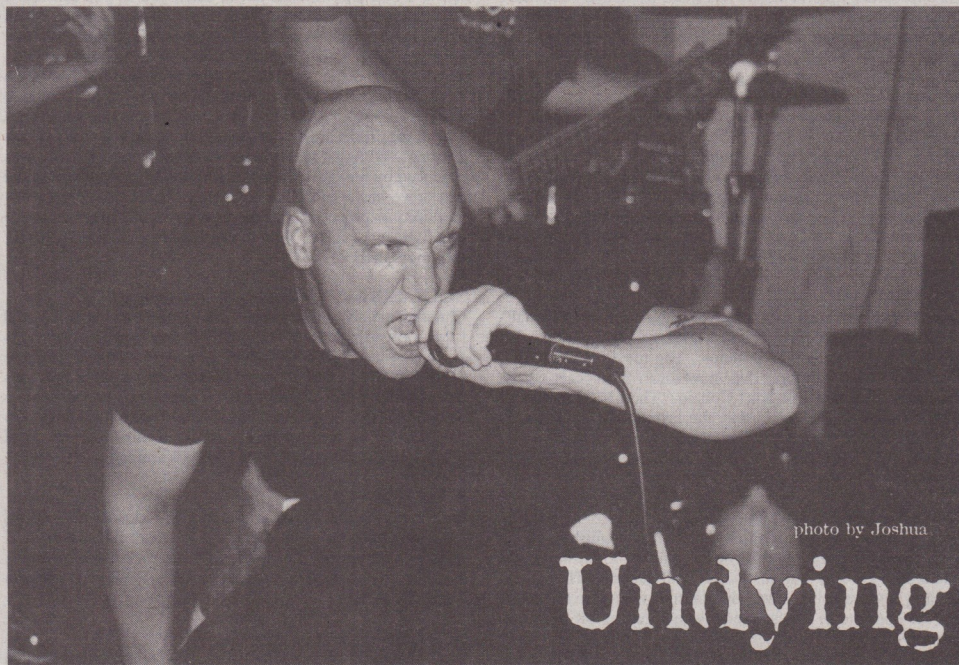


photo by Alex Pasternak

Planes Mistaken For Stars

STACK • CD

When I was in Europe in 1992 I saw Stack play. They were a crazed assault of thrash and aggression. While in Europe this summer I once again saw them lay a smack down on the audience. Brutal and heavy. This CD includes the *Konkret Lichtgeschwindigkeit 10"*, the *Mondonervaktion 7"*, the *Selbstfindungsgruppe 6"*, and their splits with Carol, Capitalist Casualties, Narsaak, and Seein' Red plus some comp tracks. A total of 44 tracks in total. German thrash metal from one of the bands that helped to define the genera. KM (Six Weeks Records/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)



SUBMISSION HOLD • *Sackcloth and Ashes* LP

To establish cred as a reviewer, I could prattle off some subtle nuances that differentiate this record from previous Submission Hold material, but that would really miss the point. This record is built on the same foundation that makes Submission Hold the incredible band that it is. Sincere, thematic intensity. They make no effort to sound the same as, or different than others. Rather, the sound simply evolves from their individual passions. You can feel the passion in the lyrics and music from start to finish. A friend of mine once said that this is the music he'd still be listening to in ten years. I rarely make such statements with any confidence, but with Submission Hold there is little doubt. Lyrics and commentary in English, French, and Spanish. DF (Ebullition/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

THE SIX PARTS SEVEN • *Silence Magnifies Sound* CD

I thought I would hate this, I mean really, am I supposed to like an all instrumental band using lapsteel, guitar, ebow, bass, drums, and viola? At first I did hate it, no doubt, but the more I listened to it the more it soothed my tired shoulders. I have now probably heard it over 50 times. It is just so damn relaxing and soothing. It served as a nice relief when my hectic day got to be just too fucking much. Will it soothe you? Who knows, and frankly I don't give a shit. My only complaint is that there is no lyric sheet. What the fuck is that about? Instrumental music with no fucking lyric sheet! Shit, Troubleman is one cheap fucking label. KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow Street/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

STRUGGLE • *One Settler, One Bullet: Anthology* CD

Struggle, along with Downcast, helped to define what many people still consider the Ebullition sound. Driving hardcore with harsh political vocals and extreme energy in every song. They are one of my favorite bands from the early nineties. I remember getting their 7" and screaming along countless times to the line: "Welcome to Amerikka, you have the right to be beaten." I had so anxiously awaited their next record, the split 7" with Undertow, that I sent the money to Bloodlink the day I saw the ad in MRR. (Of course, the Beiben just kept my \$3 and I eventually had to buy it somewhere else.) Heck, I can even remember the day Kent came home and said, "I got the Struggle 12" recording. It is pure metal." I recall all of these times because Struggle impressed me so much. Members of Struggle went on to be in Swing Kids, Unbroken, Bread & Circuits, and The Locust, just to name a few. This CD contains all of their material, with new packaging and a complete list of the lyrics. The art is redone and there are a handful of pictures to help you remember when. Struggle is everything that hardcore should be. It is intense music that grabs you by the throat with a serious message to engage your mind. LO (Ebullition/PO Box 680/Goleta, CA 93116)

SHIKARI • *Robot Wars 10"*

Delivering eight blasts of adrenaline and energy, Shikari come on strong and furious. The sound is a cross between full throttle chaotic hardcore and heavier more damaging outfits. The sound totally works, and I think they could easily please a lot of different kinds of hardcore cliques. The lyrics are about everything from robot fighting (thus the title) to serious complaints about society and our little scene. Pretty damn good. KM (Deadlock Records/PO Box 324/7900 Ah Hoogeveen/The Netherlands)

SWARMING HORDES • 7"

At first I was so very concerned that I was unable to figure out whether this band is called Obtuse Mule or Swarming Hordes, then after I had listened to it, I pretty much stopped to care because, really, does it matter at all? If I and some friends hung out one night and decided to come up with new styles of hardcore that the world didn't need, instrumental free jazz metal would probably be one of them. It's fast and tough like an old French whore, tiresome and complicated like a 13 year old who just discovered existentialism. Another thing that didn't bode well with me is the inside cover which shows a picture of three teenagers born without lower bodies sitting on skateboards. What is this? Am I supposed to stare at this? Looky-look, a bunch of freaks! No hardcore cover should be without it! Maybe I'm kidding myself but I hope I can go beyond seeing disabilities as merely a sideshow attraction. I resent it if people use these kinds of pictures for nothing else than shock value. I refuse to be turned into a spectator. It's undignified. MH (www.obtusemule.com)

STRONG INTENTION • *What Else Can We Do...* CD

Hardcore thrash. Need I say more? Strong Intention plays song after song of head bashing music with much velocity and eye opening lyrics about the harshness of life. Twenty-four tracks that don't lose an ounce of energy. Very appropriate for Six Weeks. LO (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

THE TANK • *Demonstrating Potential* CD

5 songs, 14:50 minutes. Well, I guess they are demonstrating potential... These 5 songs sound a lot like Blink 182 and the likes. Success might be imminent. Prepare your sleep apparatus... MH (Does Everyone Stare?/Nr. 910, 9825-103 St./Edmonton, AB/T5K 2M3/Canada)

TEDDY DUCHAMP'S ARMY • CD

I liked this a lot. Please excuse the categorizing shortcut (and take it for what it is), but I would put this in the post Shotmaker, Three Penny Opera, Braid, Stratego realm. I say that for reference only, because the Army is doing far more than falling in line with a particular established sound. The lyrics are thoughtful, and the music does just the right amount of exploring to give this CD a nice personality. There are many, many people I would recommend this to. DF (Hope Records/PO Box 71154/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

TURUN TAUTI • *Laumasielut 7"*

The first track is funky and melodic, an very similar to The Clash at times. By the second track, however, they have abandoned that for pure driving punk. Circle pit action with lyrics all in Finnish. LO (Raato Toropainen/Stalarkinkatu 5 D 42/20810 Turku/Finland)

TEM EYOS KI • CD

The copy I have here is a tour CDR, so I am not certain if this is something you can really still get. Anyway, I had heard good things about this band but never found the chance to actually hear them. Upon listening, I was pleasantly surprised to find they are a lot like another fine band, Sake. They play intense hardcore punk with operatic and crazed female vocals, often bringing in extra instruments and other weird sounds. A very cool sounding CD. LO (4424 Dawson/North Little Rock, AR 72116)

THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER • *Judas Didn't Sell...* CD

Heavy and strong hardcore with melodic interludes to keep you sucked in. Their sound can be very big or precisely in one spot. I was impressed that they pulled so much off in this recording. The lyrics are heartfelt about relationships within the scene and finding a way to make it all good again. I liked each of these 4 songs. LO (Keith O'Neal/1219 Deer Trail Rd./Birmingham, AL 35226)

THREE JAPANESE AND ONE CHINESE FRIENDEE • *How To Cook Sushi-Wook 7"*

Weird, poppy and corrosive at the same time. Another review of this 7" said they were a hybrid of Bikini Kill and Melt Banana—that's pretty right on. TJ&OCF play stripped down garage punk with vocals that sounds like she is busting a gut. They sing about Japanese phenomena, like Hello Kitty and Pokemon, and other stuff that is so freaky you don't really know. Most songs are in English, but a few are in Japanese (I think). This 7" is totally insane all the time, but also strangely enjoyable. LO (Promenade Fanzine Recordings c/o Fredrik Kullman/Oosterlaengen 65, 3 tr/s-50337 Borås/Sweden)

TIME X • *Straight Edge 7"*

Outside: retro-style youth crew packaging, like in the good old days. Inside: Posi-core like in the good old days, with posi-core lyrics and posi-core music. And this is not meant derogatory. The recording isn't too great and the sound kind of rough, so surely there are better 'old-school' (whoever came up with that label probably didn't know there was an era before 1989) bands around musically. But it is nice not hear a super-slick record for once, and in contrast to many other bands this sounds very sincere and the kids are really into it. Needless to say, they don't introduce any new musical concepts, which is great in this case. Nice to see that sXe kids try to connect their lyrics with politics. The label seems to be worth supporting, too. CNE (Cane Records c/o Paolo Gaiarsa/via S. Cristoforo 12/1-36061 Bassano del Grappa, Vincenze/Italy)

TRANSISTOR LEGION • CD

Transistor Legion offers three songs that sound young, emotional and melancholic. Maybe you think it's weird that I would call the songs "young," but that's what they sound like to me. There's still so much youthful wonder and hope in them. In a way this is what Still Life used to sound like, even though TL sounds a little more laid back and a tad more polished. I'm not sure whether this is a demo or a real release, all I know is that I would definitely like to hear more from this band in the future. MH (The Michael J. Fox Record Collection/6348 Cory St./Simi Valley, CA 93063)

TREASON • 7"

Anarcho punk and proud! Political and pissed high energy crust reminding you about the fucked up state of the world and life, great lyrics and explanations. You won't get any washed out crap from these guys, this is bare bones anarcho punk. These guys should stick around because I can see them really kicking ass. Not to say that this isn't good, but it could only get better. Get on the streets and start smashing the corporations because they have been smashing us for too long. You can sense it with the urgency of the music. Let the anarcho punk take away the stress! Give strength and bring the ruckus. CF (Common Senseless Records/PO Box 87253/Vancouver, WA 98687)

TRUE FEEDBACK STORY • 7"

This sounds a lot like Rites of Spring. Passionate and honest. I enjoyed this one and would recommend it to anyone interested in DC influenced music. KM (see address below)

TRUE FEEDBACK STORY • 7"

True Feedback Story play good solid rocking hardcore, I hear a punkier version of 12 Hour Turn but that might just be the over all Gainesville sound it has to it. The lyrics are articulate and well written and really bring the songs to the next level. And to top it off it has a really boss silk-screened cover. Check this out. If you are a fan of good honest music I think you will dig it. AM (PO Box 12773/Gainesville, FL 32604-2773)

TWELVE HOUR TURN • *Bend Break Spill* CD

Awesome, hands down the best record I have gotten to review this issue. I'm sure most of you have heard of 12 Hour Turn by now and if not what are you waiting for? At this point I doubt a comparison is necessary but maybe 400 years, I Hate Myself, True North, though they definitely have a sound all their own. This is a step up from their LP. These guys are consistently amazing and have yet to disappoint me. Fucking purchase!! AM (No Idea/PO Box 14636/Gainesville FL 32604)

UNITAS • Porch Life CD

11 songs, 37 minutes. Hey, I thought, this is dirty, dirty punk rock somewhere in between Swiz, the Dead Kennedys and Sleeper (here I go again, comparing bands to Sleeper, but to me they're just the ultimate melodic poppy punk band, sorry, can't help it if you don't know them). At first I was kind of quick to dismiss this, but I gave it another chance. Well, it's still dirty rock'n'roll with rough, melodic vocals, but it's actually pretty cool. I imagine this band would be pretty fun live. For some weird reason I picture a bunch of truckers with mesh baseball hats strumming away and covering ALL songs. Check out these sample lyrics: "Get off that floor pretty boy/A catchy chorus won't save you from this/I'll give you something to cry about/I want that 45 minutes of my life back" or "I'm not as poorly behaved as you/I blame it on my Southern Baptist upbringing/what's your excuse?" Then song number 4 comes along and suddenly they sound like the Gin Blossoms. Odd, fucking odd, but damn entertaining at the same time. MH (No Idea Records)

VOLUME ELEVEN • Kotadelic Cytex LP

Get ready to go to the outer limits with Volume Eleven. Buckle up, and hold on tight. It might get freaky, it might get crazed, it might go boo! in the night. And then they will get down to playing some fucking fast chaotic hardcore, just to break for another sighting of freckles. Personally, I don't spend much time stoned and so I really have a hard time getting into their trippy parts which I would describe as "arty filler," but their actual songs are pretty damn good. They are even better live since they don't fuck around with all the noise shit as much (at least when I saw them). Interesting, but I think a lot of people might find some of this material as excessively excessive. KM (Hand Held Heart/24445 Lisa Kelton Pl./Newhall, CA91321)

V. REVERSE • Now>Then: The Complete Recordings... CD

V. Reverse was a band I had always heard of but never actually heard. I know they were popular in their locale of Chicago, but I don't know how much the band spread out. So, for those of you who never heard them this is your chance. You get a whole host of short and punchy pop punk style songs, but without the godawful pop punk style per say. The lyrics are clever and written in a beat poem style. LO (Arms Reach/1624 W Columbia Ave. #1S/Chicago, IL 60626)

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA • Onnellisuus Ahoistaa 7"

Blazing Finnish punk with hot guitar licks and real speed. For those of you who know and like most of the releases on Fight Records, you would probably like this as well. Ten tracks in all. LO (Fight Records/Hijivuoorenkatu 17 D 36/33710 Tampere/Finland)

THE VOICE • Fever 7"

I guess all that was left in the review box was rock records because that's all I'm reviewing right now. This is another poorly recorded rock'n'roll record that does nothing for me. Fits in both with the garage rock and bar scenes. I'm not in either one. Why are these records sent here in the first place, I wonder. JL (Disclaim Records/1990 N. Alma School Rd. #304/Chandler, AZ 85224)

VOLANTE • 45 Degrees North LP

So this supposedly sounds like a mix between Fugazi and Unwound. I don't really hear the Fugazi thing too much and I also like this a lot more than Unwound, so I don't know where that leaves me... except that Volante really sucked me in with their catchy, groovy sound. They can get noisy and a little chaotic at times, but for the most part this is just a more accessible version of some of late Dischord's music. Smart, economic song-writing, a driving rhythm section and clear, poignant vocals definitely make this a keeper. Now, that I've listened to this many, many times I wish I could come up with something better to describe Volante's sound. I just so enjoy listening to this. They just are. No reason to play a specific style of music or behave in a certain kind of way. They just play subtle tunes that sneak up on you and give you a good old bear hug. I had this on repeat for a good two hours and still did not grow tired of it. What more do you need to know? MH (Modern Radio/PO Box 8886/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

WATER RAT EXPERIMENT • CD

Four fast songs on this CD. The members of Water Rat Experiment included a letter that lets you get to know them and what they feel is important. They play quick hardcore with an often wailing guitar sound. Licks of metal solos can be heard now and again as well. The CD I have is numbered 2/75 and they all come in hand screened sewn bags with a full booklet. LO (4901 Devon Circle/Naples, FL 34114)

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? • Second Year CD

Ah, What Happens Next?... you've got to love 'em. They rock hard and combat issues at the same time. This CD is a collection of stuff they released in their second year of existence. This includes their *Brutiful Fearing 6"*, *Ahora Mas Que Nunca 7"*, *Stand Fast Armageddon Justice Fighter LP*, *Stand Fast 2000 7"*, and their *Memories Of Tomorrow* comp song. All of this has (of course) already been released on vinyl, but more of it is out of print at this point. So this is handy for those who didn't grab the stuff up right away. Plus there is a Lifes Halt video on the CD. Get in the pit and educate yourself! LO (625/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142)

THE WHITE OCTAVE • Menergy CD

Ten songs, forty-two minutes. I feel like such a loser... I'm convinced that the people in this band have been in some other well known bands. I, however, am absolutely clueless... Well, what else is new. The first thing that came to my mind when I heard this was "unabashed" (yeah, right). This band has plenty of attitude. They sound a lot like other "grown up" bands like The Make Up, The Van Pelt and At The Drive-In. They also have that groovy, catchy DC thing going. They write the kind of songs that will grow better and better with each listen. That almost makes me forgive them for not including lyrics. I'm just a poor foreigner, how the hell am I supposed to decipher your goddamn gurgling? Or maybe you just have nothing to say? Anyway, if you can look past the god-awful cover, then this is really worth checking out. MH (Initial Records/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

WINIRED E. EYE • CD

This CD is the soundtrack to a party long since over, when it is just you and a friend lingering over a cigarette in the living room. The house is quiet, the music is nonintrusive and morbidly pleasant, and you are feeling mellow. Three songs, two originals and one cover, that drift along enough to satiate you in this frame of mind. LO (Monoton Studio/Arneckstr. 2/44139 Dortmund/Germany)

THE WORST 5 MINUTES OF YOUR LIFE • 7"

The Worst Five Minutes Of Your Life 7" was not the worst five minutes of mine. They play what I believe to be 4 songs on this record, varying in style from chaos to mosh. Since the cover is just a blurry human schematic and there is no insert, I can't really comment on the lyrics or anything. Throughout the recording they keep it real harsh, especially when we played it at the wrong speed by mistake. I must admit, one of the highlights from this 7" is the Fugazi soundbyte where you hear Guy say "ice cream eating motherfucker" from the Positron video. That shit gets me every time. LO (worstfiveminutesofyourlife@hotmail.com)

YAGE • The Human Head Too Strong For Itself LP/CD

This is an amazingly good record! I recently saw Yage in Holland with Orchid and they were fucking great. Yage was one of the best bands I saw while touring around Europe. All of the Yage stuff has been good so far, but this is by far their best release to date. Totally compelling emotive hardcore that is played with a full dose of passion, honesty, and power. In many ways they remind me of Yaphet Kotto. Both bands are playing an older style of what was once called emo hardcore but with a lot of grit and a bit of aggression, as it was intended



photo by Jan Hanke

OhuZaru

to be played before indie rock bands stole the "emo" name and watered it down into boring nothingness rock. Totally great stuff. There will hopefully be a Yage record on Ebullition sometime in the near future. So you know I like them. KM (for the CD Pure Pain Sugar/82 Rue de Meyrin/FR-01210 Ferney-Voltaire/France) or (for the 10" Code of Ethics/10101 Orange Ranch/Tucson, AZ 85742)

ZENI GEVA • 10,000 Light Years CD

I've seen the name on show lists, but never experienced them first- or second-hand. For those in my position, don't feel too bad...although the PR blurb says that "Zeni Geva don't deliver anything short of masterful," it sounds like any other sludgy band to me. It's on Neurot and was engineered by Steve Albini, but I'll take Neurosis over this any day of the fucking week. I suppose it's not awful (intricate guitarwork and drums, however mundane) other than the gruff Muppet on vocals. I bet it would rock live after taking some healthy hits from the bong, but all in all, I can't endorse this. Call me a pussy. Just don't make me listen to that voice any more. DO (Neurot Recordings/PO Box 410209/San Francisco, CA 94141 or try the web at: www.neurotrecordings.com)

PG. 99/CITY OF CATERPILLAR • split 7"

Suddenly, Pg. 99 is everywhere with a whole bunch of releases. This seven, no wait, I think it is eight member band have pushed the boundaries of what I would call chaos core. They are complex and fascinating, as many of their songs have opposing parts that someone how manage to go together. I don't know how they keep it under control, but it is cool. City Of Caterpillar has some of the Pg. 99 members, and their style is similar. But since they have only four or five members they can focus in on the sound more. When I saw they play live, the drummer "played" a big cone by breaking bottles into it. It sounded rad in the song and is, I think, a good example of how creative this band is. LO (Level Plane/PO Box 280/New York, NY 10276)

WILBUR COBB/HE WHO CORRUPTS • split 7"

Wilbur Cobb come out strong with frenzied thrash and high pitched vocal terror. A good dose of it reminded me of Charles Bronson, in a good way. He Who Corrupts play about twice as fast, and then switch in some slow part to set you off kilter. Their insanity flies by with a slap in the face, then comes around for another swipe. LO (Vendetta/Berlinerstr. 29/13189 Berlin/Germany)

SKYSCRAPERS AND THE MEN WHO BUILD THEM/REVENGE SYNDICATE • split CD

Skyscrapers plays hardcore with an emphasis on hard. It rocks along like a battle in which you don't know who the victor will be. Like most battles, it moves along with no care for a victor. They contribute six songs with socially critical lyrics. Revenge syndicate adds three songs of similar content, plus seven more that sound in line with the rest, but are instrumental. Nicely DIY. DF (PO Box 251170/Little Rock, AR 72225)

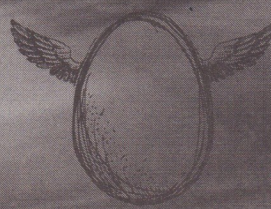
THE SKULLS/BETTER DEAD THAN RED • CD

This was by the far the funniest thing I had to listen to for this issue. The Skulls are a skinhead band from Brazil, and they make sure that you know that by mentioning "Brazil" and "skinheads" at least a dozen times in every single song. I couldn't tell if they had any really fucked up lyrics (no lyric sheet) and I refuse to listen to this garbage more than once. The music is really simple punk stuff with funny sounding singing. Better Dead Than Red are from the USA and they are just as bad. I mean really, even on a musical level, putting everything else aside, this is just bad sounding music. God-awful. KM (Pro Am Records/PO Box 304/Centerville, UT 84014)



photo by Chris Frey

SUBMISSION HOLD



SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA/ SINCE BY MAN • split LP

Since By Man have cool lyrics about living your life to the fullest while you have the chance. If you miss out on life, you will regret it... and most of their lyrics remind you of that in a way that isn't so positive that you want to puke. Musically, they play a harsh hardcore with lots of droning guitar, crashing drums, and screeching vocals. The last thing I heard from Seven Days Of Samsara was pretty metal... this recording has that same base, but they do it in a way that is still fresh and interesting to me. Two good bands from Wisconsin on one record with super cool die cut packaging. LO (Harmless Records/1218 W Hood Apt. 2/Chicago, IL 60660)

HERMANA SOL/MI AMIGA SALLY • split CD

Both bands, from Buenos Aires, Argentina, play simple and sweet indie rock. Hermana Sol sings entirely in Spanish and carries more of a "radio friendly" feel within their music. Poppy, happy, and catchy. Mi Amiga Sally explores the dreary side of rock and roll but, like Hermana Sol, they maintain the up-beat, melodic catch. I'd like to say that the singer takes on a Tim Kinsella-style whine in his vocals (AKA, the pubescent boy crack) but I think he just doesn't know how to sing very well. ALP (San Luis 54 2o 1/(8000) Bahia Blanca/Provincia De Buenos Aires/Republica Argentina)

FLEAS AND LICE/BOYCOT • split 7"

Not only is Fleas and Lice an awesome band, but the sleeve to their new split 7" is a comic book. Besides the comic book this record is still one of the coolest things that I've seen in a while. Fleas and Lice equals kick ass hardcore. Boycot attacks with speed, aggression, and intelligence. I love when reading the lyrics pumps me up as much as the music itself. Overall I am very pleased with this record. DJ (Deadlock Records/PO Box 324/7900 AH Hoogeveen/Holland)

SCORNEO/HELLBOUND • split 7"

I was actually a bit disappointed by this record. The first Scorneo 7" rules, but their material here seems to be lacking. All the elements are present, brutal male/female vocals, D-beats, Swedish style riffs, and blast beats for good measure. But it all seems boring, almost generic. But the lyrics are very good! There are four songs, all about your typical punk topics like cops, leaders, the environment and complacency. Scorneo also translated their lyrics into French and Japanese, so that is really awesome! Hellbound is much the same, Swedish style riffing, harsh vocals, but no blast beats. There are two songs, both of which are about how stupid humans can be. This also seems done and generic. Don't get me wrong, I love this type of material, but this doesn't stand out from all the other bands that play the same type of music. DD (Scorneo/PO Box 8172/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

REACT/GREED • split 7"

Greedy play fast and screaming punk with guy and girl vocals. This is some top notch stuff, definitely high in the energy content. Some songs sound more like the traditional Scandi thrash like Kontrovers and newer pointless comparisons. Definitely unique and breaking from the standard formula. There are only lyrics for two of the four songs. The lyrics are about the youth of the new millenia and environmental revolution, the other deals with the macho/sextist issues of eating meat and killing for profit. REACT play their standard thick and heavy hardcore with m/f vocals. REACT is a very great band they have an awesome heavy sound over pounding drums and dueling vocals. Lyrics take on suburban culture and the other what I believe is a song about fucking with nature and getting it in the end, a very great release and definitely worth your time. CF (no address)

NEIL PERRY/JOSHUA FIR FOR BATTLE • LP

For the past week, I've been listening to one side of this record before I got to sleep. I really, really like side A—but the labels are just images and I don't know which band is so darn good. After taking some time to stare at the lyric sheet and try to match it to the complex and building chaos core coming out of my stereo, I found out that it's Neil Perry. Wow, I heard something by them before and always thought they were a little much. But this recording does all the right things: it builds, it moves, and it totally rocks. Bravo to them. Joshua Fir For Battle do something a little different, and their side is good as well. They play strong stuff that moves in and out of fury. Both bands play stuff akin to Orchid, which I only really want to hear if it is done well. And this is. LO (Level Plane/PO Box 280/New York, NY 10276)

YAGE/THE ROBOPOL KRAUS • split 7"

One song from each of these two German bands. Yage are doing their emotive hardcore thing with plenty of style (see review of their 10"/CD in this issue). The Robocop Kraus are good, I guess, but it is really hard for me to get much of a feel for them from one song. I wasn't too keen on their song at first, but it did grow on me. I would recommend getting this because Yage is a great band, and if you happen to dig The Robocop Kraus then you get an added bonus: can't go wrong there. Cool. KM (Nova Recordings/Gladbacher Str. 44/50672 Koeln/Germany)

ASSEL/SECOND THOUGHT • split 7"

Listener, you are ill prepared for the sonic firestorm that is Assel. This Swedish outfit lives up to their previous 7" with more furious hardcore. Blast beats, crazed rough vocals, buzz saw guitar tone, and political lyrics, but all in Swedish and with explanations in English, so who could ask for more? There is even a Raped Teenagers cover! The explanations reveal some real thought and sincerity behind the lyrics, I love that! Second Thought bust out with more excellent HC in the vein of DS-13 mixed with State of Fear or Wolfbrigade! The lyrics are also political, and are sung in English save one song. These lyrics and explanations also reveal sincerity and passion. Wonderful! This kicks so much ass it's almost too good! This little 7" is not for the weak! DD (Busted Heads/Box 275/901 06 Umeå/Sweden)

COBRA KAI/SUTEK CONSPIRACY • split 7"

CK: Admirably fucked up and insane screamo stuff that features keyboards, plenty of tempo changes and nutsy breaks. There are quiet, eerily melodic, Saetia like parts, then fast, gurgly, demented outbursts. The inlet is poorly xeroxed and it's relatively hard to decipher the lyrics, however I did discover the line "sleep and hope the army of robots kills you before dawn." Army Of Robots. I liked that. Both songs are very good, actually. Cobra Kai is definitely at the top of their league. SC: I'm a bit miffed that it's so hard to read the lyrics. That's not what I call customer service. But, anyway, the Conspiracy's sound is a little more metal influenced than that of CK. Still, this is highly recommendable modern screamo hardcore. Do not miss out on this release. All the cool kids will buy it. MH (Chiaroscuro Records)

8 DAYS OF NOTHING/ DIE KOSMO GESELLSCHAFT • split 10"

Some good shit here... two bands, one split 10", thick vinyl, all great. 8 Days Of Nothing, from Sweden, play fast and chaotic Orchid style hardcore. Blasts and raw, tight, musicianship always makes for a good time. They vary up the tempos and the feels quite often, leading towards an all out ear-assault. Die Kosmo Gesellschaft (from Germany... if the name didn't give a clue) rocks the keyboard-heavy jams with danceable beats and intense female vocals. Perhaps it's a poor comparison, due to the obviously similar characteristics, but a few of these songs are reminiscent of newer Milemarker stuff. Very thoughtful, intricate music and the drummer knows how to groove... Lyrics are in German and English. ALP (The 3rd Love Letter/PO Box 102848/33528 Bielefeld/Germany)

WASTED/THE STAKEOUT • split 7"

Wasted clocks in with three more classic punk anthems. They never fail to impress me with their great sounding and catchy punk rock tunes. Really good. Flip it over and The Stakeout hammer you with four early '80s sounding hardcore assaults. They play it quick and hard but don't play so fast that it turns into thrash. This is a great split 7" and I would recommend it to anyone looking for great punk and hardcore stuff circa 1983. KM (Combat Rock Industry/PO Box 139/00131 Helsinki/Finland)

MISERY/EXTINCTION OF MANKIND • split CD

If you haven't at least heard of these two bands by now, then you must be living in a cave (not that living in a cave is a bad thing by any means!). This CD has the best Misery songs I've ever heard, and I'm not a fan of the band (especially after watching the Misery video, which should be avoided at all costs if you have any respect for this band). But these tracks are quite good. But I think the E.O.M. tracks are much better. They rank right up there with the 7" on Profane/Skuld. Both bands have the crust sound down, with a nice mix of Anti-Sect and Amebix thing going on. This is a great CD for fans and newcomers alike. Check out this CD, not the Misery video. DD (Crimes Against Humanity c/o Nick Carroll/200 78th Ave. N Apt #122/Brooklyn Park, MN 55443)

REDRUM/NEGATIVE STEP • split 7"

Redrum play fast '80s style hardcore and shares members with Gehenna and Vae Victus. They hit hard and fast. Negative Step are similar, but the sound quality isn't all that great. They just play fast with lots of anger and energy. Both bands are decent and this isn't a bad record by any stretch of the imagination, but I wouldn't say I was blown away either. Just sort of middle of the road hardcore. KM (Satan's Pimp Records/PO Box 13141/Reno, NV 89507)

SUCK IS LIFE/FUCK IT ALL • split CD

Suck Is Life sucks; boring mid-tempo hardcore played sloppy. They try and be heavy but it just makes the songs drag on. Then Fuck It All busts in with some fast pissed hardcore that's played tight and in your face. I don't really like the singers tough-guy voice that much but it works ok with the music. Buy the end of listening to the FIA stuff they also start to get boring, the last song doesn't even have any lyrics beside the occasional yelling of "Fuck it all!" every once in awhile. The shitty thing about this CD is they made the FIA songs on the even numbered tracks and SIL on the odd numbered tracks...that's a pretty weak trick to try and get people to listen to both bands. ADI (Reconstruction.ebz.com)

GODSTOMPER/FUCK ON THE BEACH • split 7"

Before putting this on, I figured I would like the Fuck On The Beach side the best. When I heard a good song, I was surprised to hear that is was Godstomper. Their double CD is too much to handle, but isolated on a 7" the two person noise assault of Godstomper was pretty listenable. Fuck On The Beach, however, normally play a tempting brand of Japanese thrash. But they kind of drop the ball on this one and their side kind of blew. Who would have guessed? LO (Get The Axe/PO Box 3019/Oswego, NY 13126)

THREE CHAINBREAK/ANOTHER WAY • split CD

It pains me to give bad reviews, but I really didn't like this at all. Threechainbreak is straight ahead, hardcore punk rhythm. Drums, guitar, bass, vocals. All rhythm. That can be good, but their monotone composition/execution made it sound kind of bland to me. The vocals and playing of Another Way had a cadence that was slightly more varied, but ultimately they were very similar. For the most part, the lyrics of both bands were personal. DF (Dork Records/PO Box 230/The Basin 3154/Australia)

MACHETAZO/BODIES LAY BROKEN • split 7"

Machetazo comes from Spain. Their name means "slashed" or "macheted". That's right, brutal death/grind to kick your ass, brutal. Bodies Lay Broken is from Minneapolis. They play also brutal death/grind to kick your ass. If you like heavy down tuning and gurgling grindcore then this is for you. DJ (Discos Al Pacino/PO Box 3051/Burnsville, MN 55337)

SORE LOSER/DIG DUG • split 7"

Two bands that play really good pop punk. They both have this serious Jawbreaker obsession going on which might be why I like this so much. Regardless of that, this 7" is full of broken hearted angst and sing along goodness that all of you who are fed up with the Get Up Kids should definitely check out. AM (Rebound Records/1231 W. Lincoln Hwy #21/DeKalb, IL 60115)

HOUSES IN TEXAS/MY OWN LIES • split 7"

My Own Lies play the kind of dark power violence that will make your ears bleed and your mothers run, but I could find little originality in it. Same goes for the lyrics: "Cold sweat all over my mortal shell, tired but could not sleep, that night's thoughts rotate and cut me like a saw, turn the screws inside my head, feed the pain inside my mind, raise the pressure." Man Is The Bastard said it, Rorschach said it, too. Time for something new. Houses In Texas takes the same approach, but they take things even further. The vocals are so distorted and fucked up it's almost silly. I don't know... Just not my cup of tea, I guess. MH (Flowerviolence/Augartenstrasse 15/68165 Mannheim/Germany)

MONSTER X/CAPITALIST CASUALTIES • split 7"

Four completely distorted sounding crunchers from Monster X and three brutal bashers from Capitalist Casualties. Put it all together in some fancy packaging with silver foil stamping and a die-cut and you get one slick looking but completely fucked up sounding slab of brutality core. Slaughtering sickness!!! Hopefully the next Monster X release will be their discography CD since they are no longer playing. KM (Hater of God Records/PO Box 666/Troy, NY 12181-666)

ROMEO IS BLEEDING/ WAITING FOR BETTER DAYS • split CD

6 songs, 22 minutes. Wow, Romeo Is Bleeding fucking rocks. They play dark twisted power hardcore that is somehow rooted in metal, but the metal influence isn't overpowering at all, it just means that this stuff is HARD. Even when they get a little melodic they're still very tough. Not macho tough, mind you. This is just very, very powerful hardcore, kinda twisted and quite technical, too. But the great thing is that they always move forward, they always rock. I was very pleasantly surprised when I heard these 3 songs. Well done! Waiting For Better Days has a more emo sound. They can play really rough, too, but they have very pretty parts in between. The guitar work often reminds me of Killsadie. I don't think I could pay them an even bigger compliment than that. I was very impressed. Goddamn France! Do you guys think you're the next Sweden or something? I'm kidding, this is a great release. MH (Plastic Culture Records/Broussard Dorian/32 Rue Portalis/13100 Aix-En-Provence/France)

AKKOLYTE/SEPTIC TUMOR • split 7"

Akkolyte do a little more experimenting on this one and do some slow dark harmonies. They stick to their guns though and blast into some more furious grind attacks that are a little more complex than their other 7" also reviewed within. More lyrics about the rot of society and dual grunts and screams. Pictures of punk rock friends also. Septic Tumor gets my props for the Bill and Ted sample! Fast crusting thrash that reminds me of the Neighbors and a faster Rudimentary Peni with some growled vocals. Burly low tuned and raw sound! Lyrics questioning the meanings of success being punk and apathy. Pretty solid rocking crust. Definitely worth your money spent on some other crap instead. Suck a... CF (Chode Brand Music/1138 N. Edgefield/Dallas, TX 75208)



TEAR IT UP/E.T.A. • split LP

Want a burst of negativity? Want to hear one last thrash attack before you slit your throat? Then this split LP with Tear It Up and Epileptic Terror Attack will give you that last push over the edge. Pure ugly thrash and negative mental out look. Tear It Up's material is harsh and mean and they have weeded out most of the melodic elements left over from Dead Nation. E.T.A. are equally fast and furious, but they still have some melodic elements to weed out. Yeah, they got the NMA (negative mental attitude) and they will be kicking your ass if you aren't careful. Negative art, negative lyrics, negative music, and negative mental attitude. How can you win with this one! KM (Dead Alive/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006)

UNHOLY GRAVE /IDI AMIN • split 7"

Watch out, Unholy Grave is going to beat you senseless, if they haven't yet. Beyond brutal annihilating grind to be afraid of. I love this shit. Idi Amin plays weird grind-influenced hardcore with very intelligent lyrics. This is one of those brutal records that shocks you every time you hear it, yes. DJ (Wicked Witch Records/PO Box 3835/1001 AD Amsterdam/The Netherlands)

DISCORDANCE AXIS/CORRUPTED/324 • split CD

Prepare to be beaten, smacked, and punished by this ear damaging cow fucking monster. Two songs from Discordance Axis, two songs from Corrupted, and three tracks from 324. Don't worry Discordance Axis fans, while there might only be two more songs for you to absorb here, those songs will shorten your life by six or so minutes a listen! Brutal and ugly. For the sick at heart. KM (HG:Fact/105 Nakano Shinbashi-M/2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

WAFFLEHOUSE/FORDIRELIFESAKE • split CD

An interesting mix of Michigan bands. Wafflehouse has a rock sound with lots of melody and some tension. They contribute three intricate, well played songs. Fordirelifesake is much more harsh and has metallic elements. The contrast is accentuated by interleaving the bands with very short intersong gaps. They whole thing is tied together by the very personal lyrics of both bands. DF (Forgeagain Records/2109 N. Kenmore apt. 1F/Chicago, IL 60614)

THE JUKEBOX SCENARIO/WINSTON • split 7"

A split release between two current hardcore bands from Germany. The Jukebox Scenario reminded me of both Yage and 400 Years with their driving rock sound that catches energy and emotion at every turn. The Winston side is a harsher. They seem to start off where the Rorschach influenced bands of Germany left off a couple years ago, and updating it a bit with dancy parts and change-ups to keep you sucked into the noise. A good record. LO (Bachelor c/o Mattias Werner/Langestr. 6/39590 Tangermuende/Germany)

TOM LOMACCHIO/ROB AND THE PINHOLE STARS • split 7"

Simply beautiful, Tom Lomacchio (aka the Deadwood Divine) does another gorgeous sad song, this time based around an awesome piano line. It reminds me a lot of the Red House Painters with a more indie feel. Slow, sad, and heartfelt. I am so into this record. Rob and the Pinhole stars are pretty similar, and they have electronic moments as well. They have this cool ethereal sound going on that reminds me a lot of some early 90s English shoegazer bands which is fine by me. Also according to the insert this 7" is part of a split series that the label is doing and is limited to few hundred copies, so you may want to check out some of the other records as well. Get this. AM (SNC Empire/PO Box 1112/39001 Magdeburg/Germany)

CRAW/SICBAY • split 7"

It is one of those records that are listenable but somehow leave me helplessly thinking what it is that I am listening to and what the bands want to say and, hmm what I should say. Well, I guess it's not my mistake that they didn't include any info except listing band members, so I shouldn't feel too guilty about making this short. Both bands play progressive music, Craw more on the heavier side, Sicbay with a bit more guitar weirdness. It something I wouldn't mind listening on the radio, but due to its irrelevance this would never find its way into my holy record collection. CNE (Obtuse Mule)

AFTERLIFE/ShOREBREAK • split CD

I think the process of reviewing records really makes me yearn for new and fresh sounding music. Five years ago this would've been the best thing that anybody's ever heard, but now it sounds kind of typical to me. But that's just me and it should be left aside. This is some classic sounding hardcore that is very talented and heartfelt. Guitar anxiety, powerful beats, and vocals as strained as if the singer's thumb was being crushed in a vice. I think Shorebreak is a former band, and Afterlife is a new one with a slight line-up change. I think they're from Spain although the socially critical vocals and lyrics are in English. DF (AL Records/PO Box 25114/Barcelona/Spain)

WAIFFLE/CRESTFALLEN • split 7"

OK, Waiffl has the "quiet, then loud" thing goin' on, I guess. They switch from clean to heavy with very abrupt, start/stop transitions... bearing a strong resemblance to Saetia, You and I, and other screamy, yet singy bands. Crestfallen is far more brutal, utilizing blast beats, guitar runs, and a Pg. 99-ish breakdown. Their sound is similar to older Cave In stuff... metal, melody... you know. ALP (Magic Bullet/PO Box 6337/Woodbridge, VA 22195)

CLOUDBURST/ACRIMONIE • split 10"

Each band does two songs. Cloudburst play epic hard core that is harsh yet melodic and crushing. Lots of distortion on the vocals and emotional guitar riffs. I could do without the drum machine interlude in between songs. Acrimonia are similar but I like their side a little bit better, not that the Cloudburst side is bad or inferior, just that I prefer the slightly faster tempo of Acrimonia. They do one short fast song and then a long epic where they play a drum beat similar to the drum break on the first track of Neuroses' *Souls At Zero* (if you don't know what I'm talking about I feel sorry for you) at least they didn't steel the guitar riffs as well but they do got some chanting going on that progresses into a cool ending. This reminds me of when I first got into hardcore with all the crazy screamo bands, but this band adds weight to it. This is a good recorde and I found myself enjoy multiple listens. ADI (Exutoire Records/27 Rue Du Grand Port/79000 Niort/France)

Cheerleaders of the Apocalypse

photo by Jan Hanke



RISE FROM RUIN/SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES • split 7"

Spirit of Versailles plays two fucked up, messy emo screamo songs with lots of volume changes and two singers; one merely screams and gruffs, while the other shrieks and puffs. The first time that shriek set in it was comical, after that I got used to it, then I got into it. This is good stuff. Rise From Ruin combusts in a similar fashion. Their songs have plenty of momentum and are quite powerful. This is the new school emo kind of stuff that kids still lap up these days. I don't know how much longer this is going to go on (and I'm not complaining), it's just that, slowly but surely, this jazz is starting to sound kind of dated. Oi, what's next?!? MH (Chiaroscuro/PO Box 785/Hermitage, TN 37076)

400 YEARS/SEEN' RED • split 7"

Four more thrashing mad political thrashers from Holland's Seen' Red. Fast and loud. 400 Years go for something totally unsuspected with a crazed cover of "Burning Down The House" by the Talking Heads. Yeah, you read it right, the Talking Heads. Crazy. Anyway, this is a good 7" though I can't figure out why only half of the Seen' Red lyrics are actually printed. KM (SNC Empire/PO Box 1112/39001 Magdeburg/Germany)

V/A • About Life... In A Dead World LP

This comp gives you a nice sampling of some of the current sounds from some German hardcore bands around today. They range from the melodic to the insane with bands you might know: June's Tragic Drive, Cheerleaders Of The Apocalypse, House In Texas, Hatemate, Gang-O-Lengo, Katemosh, Louisecyphre, and The Kinetic Crash Cooperation. You get a couple songs from each band, which makes the transition from sound to sound even better. LO (React With Protest c/o Lars Ulbrich/Vechtestr. 9/33775 Versmold/Germany)

V/A • Barbaric Thrash Demolition Vol II comp 7"

What happened to "Bandana Thrash"? I guess the monicker has become sort of over used these days, so instead 625 has gone with "barbaric." This time around they offer up Jellyroll Rockheads from Japan, Life's Halt from the U.S., Discarga from Brazil, Limpwrist from the U.S., and Esperanza who are also from the US. When this came out it was the first vinyl release for Limp Wrist as well as for Esperanza, and all of the bands are really good (provided you dig fast thrash). It doesn't matter if it is called "barbaric" or "bandana" because ultimately the bands you find on here is just really good DIY hardcore. KM (625 Productions/PO Box 423413/San Francisco, CA 94142-3413)

V/A • Prevent This Tragedy Skate Core Comp Vol 2 7"

I picked this up right away because it had a Swarm song I didn't have. The Swarm song wasn't that good, it was just some silly studio outtake, but the other bands dish out some serious (if serious is a word that can be used with this style) skate thrash. All the songs have something to do with skateboarding; with art work taken from old skate adds from a time when Tony Hawk had the eye patch going on. ADI (Element Records/23144 Cleveland/Dearborn, MI 48124)

V/A • Passing Bells 7"

A Finnish hardcore comp that showcases some of the good bands they have going on up there. My favorites were the rocking punk track from Wasted and the chanting thing that Unkind does. Manifesto Jukebox does a Born Against cover (which rocks as well). Other bands: Herodishonest, Sharpeville, and Diaspora play strong stuff that is either harsh or catchy, but it is all pretty good. LO (Ritzinkuja 1 D 20/20380 Turku/Finland)

V/A • Chicago Arise From The Ashes CD comp

This is a great compilation. There are some great hardcore songs on here by Supersleuth, Arma Angelus, Frontside, Tale of Henji, Streight In Numbers, and Monsignors, some great pop punk songs by Landos 45, Mexican Cheerleader, Rocks Penny Car, Grand Marquis, Division, Rules of Attraction, and Logans Loss, some great thrash songs by Kung Fu Rick, and Authority Abuse, as well as some great emo songs by John Brown Battery, Sig Transit Gloria, and Hysterics. The comp leans towards pop punk and straight forward punk stuff, but the quality is actually quite good and even I liked 99% of the pop punk stuff, which is a rarity. The CD comes with a nice booklet, and serves as a great sample of all the stuff going on in Chicago. KM (Sinister Label)

V/A • Intense Energy • 7"

This 7" is a comp of all the bands that played the living room 12-16-00 in Goleta, including Whatever it takes, Diehard Youth, Fields of Fire, Over My Dead Body, Life's Halt and In Control. I wanted to review this because I missed the show. All soCal hardcore and youth crew. I'm not too into many of the band except Fields of Fire and Life's Halt, but the energy is intense, and this is a good little record. My only complaint is the last line of Whatever it Takes song "Cold October" when he says, never again will I open my heart to such a bitch. Fuck sexist bullshit. CD (Camel Clutch/333 Sunset Dr./Oxnard, CA 93035)

V/A • The Killing Fields CD

This is a four band split CD from Germany featuring Destiny, Should Have Known, Self Conquest, NarziB. All four bands play metal influenced hardcore that sounds a lot like Cave In before they went all arty. Actually, I did not even realize this was a split CD until I looked over the booklet. That's how similar the bands sound. There are some spoken word parts, but as usual I have no idea what they are saying being as it's in German, but it sounds all cool and spooky with some space age effects behind it. This really isn't the music I am into, but if you are you may like it. AM (Benihana Records/Jagerstrasse 6/38302 Wolfenbuttel/Germany)

V/A • Wild In The Streets Vol.2 7"

Tear it Up, Fury for Another, The Third Degree, Crispus Attucks, Killed in Action, Holier Than Thou... radical. Do you skate? Do you listen to hardcore? Then why the hell don't you have this record yet? It is a necessity. Thrash and skate or die. DJ (Element Records/23144 Cleveland/Dearborn, MI 48124)

ZANN • 3 song demo

Brutality German style. This is pretty cool, it would be a lot cooler with a good recording but for a demo its not to bad. Lots of distortion and screaming. Reminds me of Acme with faster drumming. I'm going to be sure to keep my eyes open for future releases from this killing machine. ADI (Schulze/Scheffelstr 38/04277 Leipzig/Germany)

THE ATTACK • demo

I really like this demo. It's fast, it's upbeat, and it's hardcore. Comparisons to a lot of the modern revival bands come to mind but The Attack add an extra element those bands don't have... Dag Nasty. So much of this sounds like the Can I Say LP which I can tell they aren't doing on purpose which makes me love it more. One of the guys in this band is also in Ballast who are incredible and definitely should be checked out as well. JL (1637 West 62nd Ave./Vancouver, BC/V6P 2G1/Canada)

SEE YOU IN HELL • demo

See You In Hell are from the Czech Republic and play fast thrashy hardcore that has some double kick drum action happening as well. This probably one of the most brutal and pissed bands I've heard from the Czech Rep. The lyrics are in Czech but I believe they are political in nature. This band seems to be getting stuff done because they already have a couple other releases out. ADI (Dyjova 10/682 01 Breclav/Czech Rep)

SELF DEFENSE • No Holds Barred demo

Raw and fast hardcore with an old school feel. You could easily call it skate thrash, even though it does slow at times. There are 9 original songs and one Last Rites cover on this demo. Pretty good. LO (Chris/PO Box 822/Woodbury, CT 06798)

V/A • Soul is Cheap: The First Two Years tape

I think this is pretty cool. My friend Zach, who does a cool DIY label called Soul is Cheap, put out a cassette filled with music from all the bands he does records with and added a cool booklet with all sorts of political content. On the actual tape you get a variety of stuff from Pezz, Remus and the Romulus Nation, Kill Devil Hills, Serotonin, Her Way, and others, including demo tracks from Bury the Living and The People's War. In the booklet you get stuff not only about the label and the bands but content focusing on regionally oriented issues like the death penalty and grassroots organizing. Unfortunately nowadays I think a lot of little labels get overlooked, but Zach just moves forward doing his own thing his own way and you benefit in the process if you pay attention. Not sure if you want to check out his records? Well, why not send 2 bucks for a tape and see. JL (PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

AENIMA • demo CD

3 songs, 10 minutes. Very harsh, pained and crazed metal. The recording is quite good for a demo. The vocals go from growl to screech (I guess that goes with the style). It's all pretty hectic and complicated and it's well done, too. Not my cup of tea. But that's just personal taste. Whoever is into the insane screamo metal thing would certainly like this a lot. MH (teamcrew@aol.com)

MAN AT ARMS • demo

Catchy melody and hardcore backbone come together in these 3 songs. The recording is a little thin, but the songs make up for it by putting in enough straight forward stuff to keep you listening sharp. LO (Tim Flinth/Hagavagen 5/68332 Skoghall/Sweden)

LAI TO REST • CD demo

3 songs 11:13. Raspy metal core. The recording is raw and hollow sounding. It sounds like the band is just a guitarist a drummer and a singer but I think they're might be more members. Even with the low sound quality you can tell that the playing is tight and the drummers got some double bass chops. They lyrics speak a lot about "Ha'Shem" and "g-d." ADI (www.LadiToRest.net)

JOHN RITTER • demo tape

Another band with an actor's name. This isn't the only reason, though, that this reminds me of Charles Bronson. John Ritter plays fast, growly power hardcore that is pleasingly rough. This definitely shows potential. Hopefully we'll be hearing from these guys again. MH (xritterx@totaldeath.com or www.geocities.com/xjohnritterx)

DEAD SILENT DAYS • demo CD

Dead Silent Days plays the bouncy, dancy indie rock that was prevalent in the mid-90's. This little 4 song demo has definite Railhead vocals, Texas is the Reason driven guitars and jazzy drumming. Pretty decent start for the band, although it hits some flat spots now and again. A fuller recording, more information and some more energy will produce some solid songs in the future. I suppose you'll have to email them in order to get to know the band or to order this disc. In some ways it reminds me of the Pilots V. Aeroplanes CD I reviewed last issue. Good potential. 4 songs, 19 minutes. DO (Dead Silent Days; deadsilentdays@hotmail.com)

THE DEAD ONES • demo

This could be really good, but the guitar has no distortion so the Dead Ones just end up being dead in the water. The songs are real good and the vocalist is going off but the sound isn't anywhere near perfected. I think with some work the Dead Ones will be a force to dealt with. It's great old school hardcore which is definitely Boston influenced. Let's see what happens after another recording. JL (Anton Hansson/Skeppsbrog 28/5 TR 972 32 Lulea)

RED HERRING • demo CD

Raw and lovely punk from folks who are looking to create an honest and real hardcore band. Their lyrics critique and question, and they put forth the effort to actually explain what they are addressing in each song. Their chaotic sound is similar to Reversal of Man or Prevail (some of them were actually in Prevail) and I thought it was pretty dang good overall. LO (Hanged Hero Records/PO Box 99/Scranton, SC 29591)

FUKROT • Drowned, Decomposed and Gnawed demo

Noisy crust sludge that gets fast sometimes. This might be good if the recording was better and they spent some time on the packaging. Fuck they didn't even bother to write something on the CDR to indicate it was that bands CD just in case it fell out of the case. Just fucking lazy I guess...why am I wasting my time listening to this. ADI (the lazy fucks didn't even put an address on this)

CALVARY • Seven Songs demo

Calvary sounds a lot like Current 'if Current' was more straightforward in their rock assault. And not too drop the ex-member tagline (because this band can stand on their own) but I don't think this is a coincidence being as it is ex-members of Current. This is a really good solid demo and I would be really surprised if they didn't have some vinyl out pretty soon. AM (Council Records/PO Box 220691/Chicago, IL 60622)

MADELINE FERGUSON • Songs In The Key... demo CD

4 songs, 13 minutes. This is extremely moody and intricate screamo he with lots of clearer parts and then total fucked up, but not overly fast emotiveness in between. It still sounds very east coast, very New York, though. It is funny but this sounds different from west coast emo—don't ask me why. It might be the tiny, tiny trace of metal in it. At any rate, I loved the very smart lyrics that are both personal and political. This band needs to go to a decent studio and then I'm sure they will produce a killer record. There is no doubt in my mind that, unless they break up, this band is headed for greatness. MH (105 Records/PO Box 19/Troy, NY 12182)

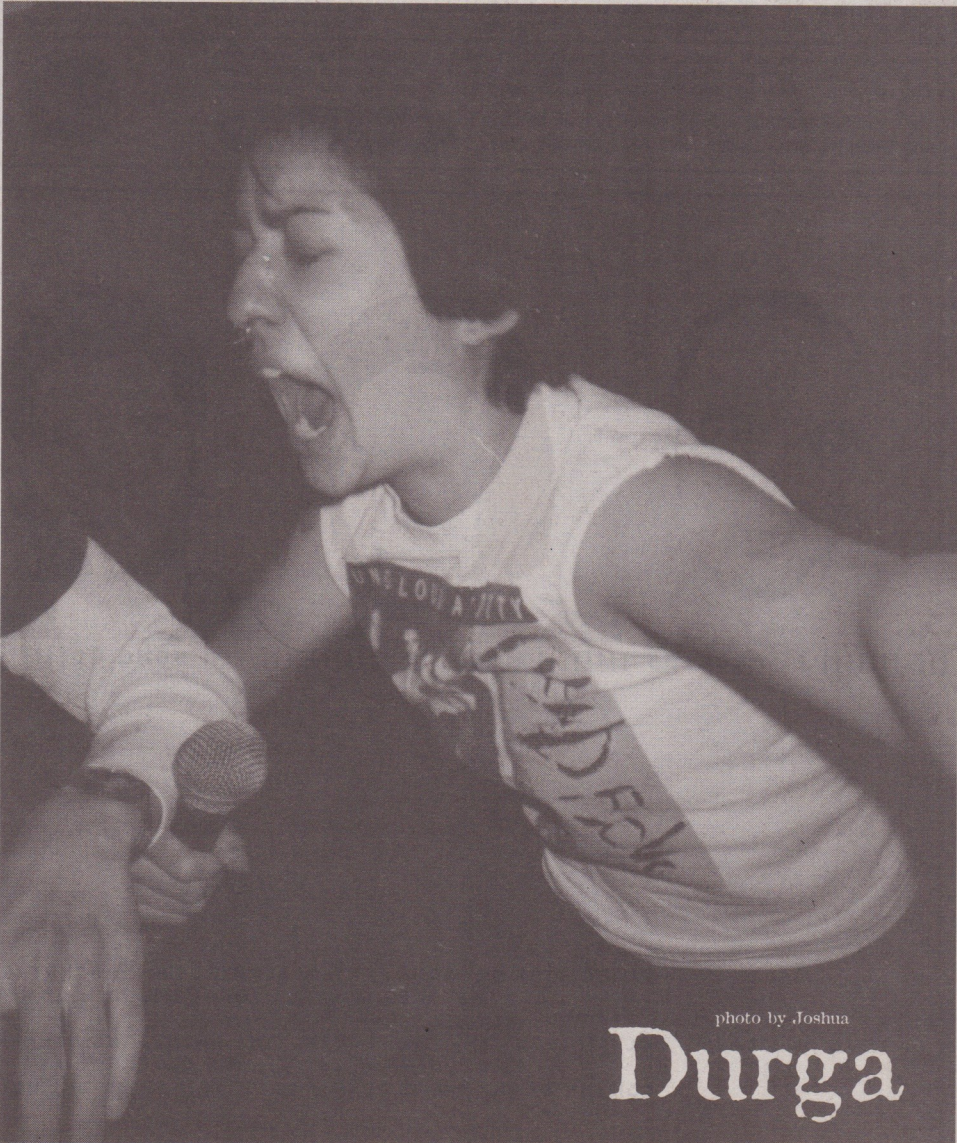
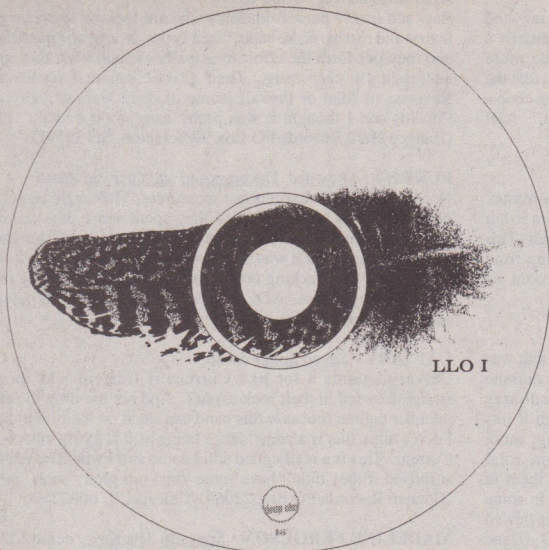


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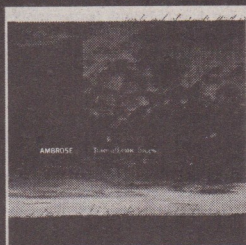
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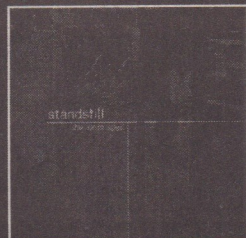
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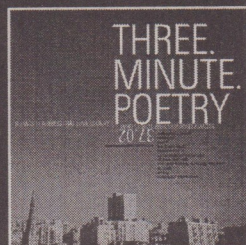
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OUT JUNE 26TH, 2001



ALONE IN A CROWD #6 5.5x8.5 \$2 24pgs.

A nice little 'zine that is mostly in Dutch. This issue has a reprinted interview with Chris from Slug & Lettuce and a Crimethinc. text, which are in English—but all of the other personal pieces are in Dutch. These pieces are poems about emotion for the most part. The intro describes them as being very intense for him, so I wish I could read them. Though I am glad he chooses to express himself in the language that is the most true to him than simply translate it for others. Back issues are available as well. LO (Joris Focquaert/Grote Doel Straat 2/2820 Bonheiden/Belgium)

ALTRUZINE #1 8.5x11 free 40pgs.

This is a music 'zine from Edmonton, Canada. Within its pages you will find interviews with Kim Coletta, The Red Light Sting, Saves the Day, Sinclair, (By A Thread), and the Burning Heads. These interviews cover band histories, discographies, non band activities, and musical interests. There is an essay on reflexivity and a video game called Dane Dane Revolution. Another article asks a bunch of people to describe their first rock show. Also there are some music reviews and reviews of 'zines created in and author Alberta province. *Altruzine* begins with a number of columns on making music, activist, and some personal issues. SJS (Hose Clamp Press/PO Box 35078/Edmonton AB/T5K 2R8/Canada)

ARISE! JOURNAL 8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.

A free journal publication from an independent bookstore and resource center in Minneapolis. I've written the price as \$1 because I suggest you send a little something for postage. There is a lot to read in this issue, some of the articles are on tree-sitting, debt, community supported agriculture, racial profiling, veganism, biotechnology, sprouting, and the drug war—as well as some info on local happenings. I admit that so far I haven't read all of the content; though the sampling has been interesting. LO (2441 Lyndale Ave./Minneapolis, MN 55405)

ARSENAL #3 7x10 \$4 44pgs.

Arsenal is subtitled "A Magazine of Anarchist Strategy and Culture." Its focus is on the theoretical foundations of anarchy put into action. The first article discusses the grass roots struggles against gentrification of San Francisco's Mission District. The article focuses on how anarchists interact with the many concerned groups in the neighborhood. Another article discusses the relationship that anarchists may establish with nations and national movements using Chiapas as an example. Other articles describe anarchist interactions and involvement with people trying to stop a highway reroute in Minneapolis and the establishment of an anarchist space in Philadelphia. There is a critical analysis of the writing of the post anarchist group "fire by night" and a comic that suggests some possible fashion ideas for the anarchist street demonstration groups. SJS (1573 N Milwaukee Ave./PMB #420/Chicago, IL 60622)

APEX #1 8.5x11 free 26pgs.

This is not a 'zine per say, but rather a college journal that shares many characteristics with a 'zine. Its purpose, as an Asian Pacific Exchange, is simply the exchange of ideas. Those ideas are expressed in art, in essay, in poetry, and in commentary and they focus on issues involving the asian-pacific islander community. It was assembled by students (past and present) of the University Of California at Santa Barbara in hopes to fill the void they saw in the current journals circulating there. I think they have done a good job with this introductory issue. LO (PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

A SIMPLE DESULTORY PHILIPPIC #2

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

The sophomore effort of *A Simple Desultory Philippic* does not disappoint. Plenty of fleshed out ideas and thoughtful pieces. Topics discussed herein include cell phones, Generation X, Transcendentalism, community action, President Bush, and the musical art of Bruce Springsteen. Every section provokes and intrigues. Short, but sweet. LO (107 Somerset St./New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

AVOW #11

5.5x8.5 \$? 28pgs.

Ah, yeah, this one kicks ass! Filled with stories of life, love, and art, the new *Avow* delivers all you really want in a punk 'zine. You get to know the author, you get to hear some funny shit, you get to think about a few things, and you get to feel like this whole underground media thing is really worth all the effort. Do yourself a favor and pick up this, and previous issues, because *Avow* really does kick ass. LO (Keith Rosson/20 NW 16th Ave. #306/Portland, OR 97209)

B. BOTTOM SMOOTH

5.5x8.5 stamps 38pgs.

A journal of sorts that documents many different experiences the author has had while traveling around North America. Much of the traveling is done by train hopping, and a lot of interesting stories can come out of that alone. The writing is done in a simple style, and the stories and adventures themselves are interesting enough, and some commentary is often placed within them. All I can say is, that sounds fun to travel around like that! I'll add that he sure steals a lot! The layout is simple, with a few pictures of trains and stuff, and the text is all handwritten—but it's very legible. RG (Overground Distribution/PO Box 1661/Pensacola, FL 32597-1661)

COUNTDOWN #3 4.5x6 free 24pgs.

Mostly talks with AFI, Death By Stereo, Mustard Plus, and Level Of Intensity about what their bands are doing and what they have gone through. Its done like a newspaper, where the pieces are finished on pages later on in the read. I find this annoying. Their newsprint looks nice, they include reviews as well. LO (1513 Tanglewood Dr./West Chester, PA 19380)

'ZINE

BEN'S LITTLE ZINE #1 3x4 SASE 20pgs

'Tis little indeed. Different stories and observations make up this 'zine. No central theme or anything, just words about life and school and death, some of it from a fictional perspective. I went to elementary, junior high, and high school with Ben, and I can vouch for him as a good fellow—even though I did wake up at one of his birthday parties with a carrot in my nose. This is a short, little 'zine with a few words but lots of meaning. RG (Ben Jaques/316 Kirkwood Dr./Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

CALCULATING CHAOS 5.5x4.25 ? 88pgs.

While it flopped around awkwardly the entire time I was reading the 'zine, I have to say that I liked the cover art a lot. It's a piece of silk-screened cloth, and the design on it is quite nice. Inside the cover I found pages upon pages of introspective writings. While it seems that they are coming from many perspectives, I can't tell if there is one creative author or multiple contributors. There are many topics addressed within these pages, all centered around life and death and the experiences one has while living. An interesting read. LK (no address)

THE CHEESE STANDS ALONE #1

5.5x8.5 \$1+stamp 36pgs.

Another personal style 'zine from the editor of *Con Queso* (who insists he is not lactose obsessive). Most of the stories are personal anecdotes and/or thoughts the editor had. There really isn't much detail to go into without giving it all away. This 'zine is limited to 100 copies, so maybe you'll never see it anyway. LO (Franco/400 Park Rd./Parsippany, NJ 07054)

CONDUCT #3 5.5x8.5 free 72pgs.

Subtitled "an insurrectionary green-anarchist quarterly" this 'zine does its part to bring on the destruction of civilization. Within it's pages you will find reports from many of the mass demonstrations that followed global trade talks. Included are descriptions of the action on the streets and the preparations made by each city or nation for the events. There are also descriptions of eco-sabotage activities from around the planet. This 'zine also packs many pages of theory to back up the green-anarchist philosophy, and a few nice essays on the utter void of "postmodernism". Other items include discussion of sexism in militant activities, humorous comics and writings, and communiqués from radical factions of the last thirty odd years. SJS (Anarchist Action Collective/PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

CON QUESO #3 5.5x4.25 stamp 16pgs.

Con Queso really isn't a good 'zine, but the guy tries. He tries to express himself. Well, obviously, he does express himself. I mean he tries to do it in a way that personal 'zine are lauded for. Instead he just sort of rambles on and on. You get sense of him, that's for sure. You get a sense that he is nice, he is lonely, and that he is up for adventure. Past issues have been similar and future issues probably will be as well. LO (Franco/400 Park Rd./Parsippany, NJ 07054)

DISEMBOWEL MOVEMENT #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

Quite a moving amount of toilet humor. No seriously, as the *Movement* commences it becomes painfully obvious to me that I do not want to be a participant. But they talk about other stuff than just poo and doing acid, they also get emo, discuss a cure to the old people problem, and show weird pictures. I thought the cover art was pretty cool. RG (1865 Snowden Road/Memphis, TN 38107)

DISGRUNTLED CARPETBAGGER & FRIENDS #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 68pgs.

This is a cut and paste 'zine full of opinions, comics, and other writings. Much of the contents seem to be from the editor, "Andrea Buggy" plus several contributions from other folks. You get stories about personal experiences with a talkative cowboy, observations made in Iraq, a visit to a deer hunter's slaughterhouse, and train hopping. There are long pieces on building a log cabin from a self assembly kit and community provided by small towns. There are two comic strips. The first looks at American history from a Howard Zinn point of view. The other is a story about trying to get some sleep. There is some information on author Kate Chopin and an excerpt from her book, and some correspondence between 'zine editor Andrea and a white supremacist. There are many other things in this

'zine, including poetry, drawings, activism, and more. SJS (787 Ellsworth/Memphis, TN 38111)

DISORDERLY CONDUCT #3 5.5x8.5 free 72pgs.

Subtitled "an insurrectionary green-anarchist quarterly" this 'zine does its part to bring on the destruction of civilization. Within it you will find reports from many of the mass demos that followed global trade talks. Included are descriptions of the action on the streets and the preparations made by each city or nation for the events. There are also descriptions of eco-sabotage activities from around the planet. This 'zine also packs many pages of theory to back up the green-anarchist philosophy, and a few nice essays on the utter void of "postmodernism". Other items include discussion of sexism in militant activities, humorous comics and writings, and communiqués from radical factions of the last thirty odd years. SJS (Anarchist Action Collective/PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

DOWNSIDED #4 5.5x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

What Happens Next? on the cover and plenty of other thrash within! You could say this is a more internationally inspired *Short, Fast & Loud*, since it comes from Finland and talks about bands from all over. The interviews are with Shikari and Max from 625, and there are additional pieces such as fest diary, a Finnish fanzine medley, and reviews. All well done. The interviews were especially good because they went in depth on a number of different topics and sectioned off the pieces by theme. Very cool. LO (Toni Eiskonen/Siltapellonkuja 2 K 98/00740 Helsinki/Finland)

DWELLING PORTABLY April 2001 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

Dwelling Portably is a forum for experiences with living and traveling lightly. Contributors send in descriptions of practical solutions to issues of DIY housing, healthcare, food collection, and travel. The editors often offer advice based on their years of dealing with similar issues. In this issue you will find information on tents, staying comfortable while working in hot weather, a checklist of travel necessities, thoughts on push scooters, living out of a pick-up truck, how to select a good place to establish a dwelling, and some thoughts on finding food for free or cheap, poison oak identification and treatments, and dentistry in Mexico. There are several longer articles in this issue. One describes unfortunate experiences with a

"We cannot be afraid of stating and defending our positions, but we also cannot be afraid to refine and develop our own ideas through listening to others and honestly considering their ideas." - (The) *Mechanics Of Disrepair*

used motor home. One is excerpts from a book titled *Plants of the Pacific Northwest Coast* that provides a glimpse of the information contained within that book's pages. A third is a condensation from *Grundig #3* in which the author recounts his experiences traveling throughout mainland Mexico, learning to play son jarocho, and the differences between tourist towns and towns not frequented by the tourist trade. *Dwelling Portably* contains brief reviews of and contact information for many 'zines and journals of a similar mindset and there is a catalog of previous issues. SJS (PO Box 190/Philmath, OR 97370)

EAT SHIT MAGAZINE #18 8.5x11 free 32pgs.

Eat Shit is a punk rock activist 'zine from South Lake Tahoe, CA. This issue contains a variety of writings and columns that look at issues of concern to punks and anarchists. You get some info on injustice in the US economy, mink releases by the ALF from a fur farm in Washington state and more facts and figures about the global animal industry. There is also current information about a few anarchist related criminal cases in northern California and Oregon. This issue contains short interviews with Plague Rages and New Society of Anarchists, and a long interview with The Voids. Other stuff includes some vegan recipes, a listing of independent music stores in the Lake Tahoe region, and a short essay on Emma Goldman. SJS (PO Box 4766/South Lake Tahoe, CA 946157)

FASHION FREAK FANZINE #5 5.5x8.5 \$3 24pgs.

This is a music 'zine from Norway. This issue is titled "The Fuck You! Issue." Some of the columns that begin this 'zine take up the theme and give their "fuck you" to posers and people with whom they disagree. Other columns are a bit more wordy, mainly dealing with personal experiences and social commentary. The remainder of this issue contains short interviews with Skårnspege, The AlbumLeaf, Billion Dollar Mission, and Seraphim. SJS (Paraply/Box 299/1709 Sarpsborg/Norway)

FBI #4 8.5x11 free 34pgs.

Another highly political and motivating issue from the 'zine that wants you to do more than just read what they have to say. They want you to go out and live it! Features in this issue include the prison industrial complex, the debate of voting versus direct action, depression, media control, technology, and a really interesting self-interview. There are also reviews, inspiring art, and some ads. For those who like *Inside Front*, FBI is a good 'zine to checkout. LO (15 W Dayton Hill Rd./Wallingford, CT 06492)

FRACTURE #16 8.5x11 free in UK/\$3ppd 82pgs.

Fracture is a music 'zine from the UK. This issue is made of three parts. Columns, interviews, and reviews. The columns cover music, animal rights, depression, social issues, and personal experiences of many kinds. The interviews are the best part of *Fracture*. This issue contains lengthy and revealing talks with Small Brown Bike and Ben Deily (Varsity Drag). There is also a shorter interview with several members of Propagandi. The interviewer provides a series of smart and well thought out questions and the each person responds intelligently. Such interviews are a pleasure to read. Ben Deily discusses his history with the Lemonheads and what he does with his life currently. The Small Brown Bike folks talk about life and punk rock in a small Michigan town, running their own label, and keeping the DIY spirit. Propagandi discuss their new record, running their own label, and how they relate politics and music among other things. The remainder of this issue is filled out with the *Fracture* 2000 music poll and many pages of music and 'zine reviews. SJS (PO Box 623/Cardiff CF3 4ZA/Wales/UK)

FENCESITTER #1

4.5x5.5 \$1 38pgs.

This calls itself a bisexual activist 'zine, and includes pieces on awareness and acceptance, common myths, poetry, and some things written by guest writers. Some of the guest writers have pieces on things other than the main theme of the 'zine, but they still tie in because of the activist orientation. There are also lots of pictures scattered throughout of the author and some of her co-op housing members, as well as some other pictures and collages. The 'zine has a positive feel to it and there are a lot of nice and inspiring things written. RG (Brandy Dettmer/6612 Sueno/Isla Vista, CA 93117)

FILM GOOFER'S DIGEST #2

5.5x8.5 \$1 10pgs

This is really short. I read it cover to cover in about 20 minutes. There are five parts. An introduction which talks about trying to create a community for DIY films (as opposed to "independent films" which are still extremely expensive films), an article about shooting a commercial with Mr. T, an article about doing some set work in a prison for "The Fugitive," an article about the DIY film "Good Grief," and a closing statement. Most of it is quite funny, with the occasional insight here and there. It was worth the effort it took. I even gave it to a friend that would enjoy the Mr. T stuff. KM (Andrew Dickson/PO Box 12324/Portland, OR 97212)

THE FLAGBURNER #8

8.5x11 \$3 16pgs.

At first glance I was not expecting too much from this 'zine, but once I sat down to read it I was pleasantly surprised with the content (which there is a lot of for only 16 pages). There are lots and lots of reviews and a few interviews with Unkind, Riot/Clone, and La Sarita. The parts though that I found most intriguing were the sort of biography sections on people that I had never heard of before such as artist/activist John Heartfield and Crazy Kat creator George Herriman—I found both articles to be well written and informative. An article on alternative energy sources and a journal account of a couples railing trip through Europe round out this well done 'zine. AM (Janne Nyström/Eurantie 12A9/00550 Helsinki/Finland)

FRESH COW PIE #6

8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.

This is a music review 'zine compiled by a guy who farms the land in North Dakota. Apparently he does a lot of the reviews listening to music on headphones in his tractor. Go, man go! I say. Farmer P (the reviewer in question) is interested in a variety of music genres, mostly in the indie/punk/funk. From Atom Bomb Pocket Knife to Roy Montgomery. He only reviews records that he likes so there are no negative feelings to be found and quite a bit of good humor instead. This issue contains and interview with an Oklahoma attorney who does public defender work for people under the death sentence in that state. He describes death penalty trials and the appeals that follow, and the nature of the Oklahoma death row. Lastly, they discuss the problems with eye for an eye justice. SJS (5112 77th Ave. SE/Montpelier, ND 58742)

GAME OF THE ARSEHOLES #4 1/2

8.5x11 free 2pgs.

This half issue was made for the Chicago Fest, as a quick thing for people to check out. One page of reviews and one page of commentary about politics and music. LO (Stuart Schrader/9 Fenwick Rd./Whippany, NJ 07981)

GHOLA #3

5x4 \$1 38pgs.

Ghola is now pocket size. This issue has writing on various topics, including a court defense for wrongful death, some movie reviews, commentary on the Taliban, and many other subjects—often personal thoughts, etc. The movie reviews were funny in that I think she is right about probably being the only one to have viewed any of these movies, at least in a long time (she closed her eyes and took them randomly from the horror rack). This issue also has the continuation of her journal writings from back in 1993, in the midst of much depression and drama. One could say some of the new writing could be from the standpoint of a post-depressed person, but that generalization probably means squat. Overall, I found the writing to be thoughtful and interesting and it kept my interest. RG (Jen/638 Lehigh Rd. Apt. M-10/Newark, DE 19711)

GLOBALISATION

5.5x8.5 free 48pgs.

Yes, this 'zine is actually about the topic of globalization, and not just cashing in on the idea. The read starts off with a description of neo-liberalism, globalisation, and the WTO. Then you go into a diary of actions at the WTO protest in Seattle and the N30 protest; this section is thick with first hand accounts and descriptions of the real shit that went down. Finally, they give info about making an anarchist survival kit and other tools to help in the struggle. Questions asked and questions answered all through this 'zine make it a cut above the rest. Not surprisingly, it comes from the same editor of *Mindbreaker*. LO (Doomiksewijk 134/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

HEY BASTARD, LISTEN TO THIS #2

5.5x8.5 \$1 12pgs.

Tales of drunken debauchery (and attempts to avoid them during "sober January"), sketchy dwellings, and other bad times that entertain and disgust. I read aloud the gross parts to my amusement, but not really to Leslie's. Even with the bad times, some people's lives seem more interesting than others—or maybe the narrator is just doing a better job. A good read. LO (502 S 49th St./Philadelphia, PA 19143)

REVIEWS

GREEN ANARCHY #5

news \$2 16pgs.

Another great issue of one of Eugene's many excellent Anarchist 'zines! This issue covers Earth Liberation Front actions, background and history of the Black Bloc, an anarchist look at the EZLN (and a very good one if you ask me!), radical news from around the globe, and other interesting writings! I have enjoyed *Green Anarchy* since issue #1, but I now I see it moving in the direction of so many other 'zines, particularly anarchist ones. While the pages of GA are filled with interesting news and articles, might also want to include information on other things as well. Since this is an environmentalist paper, perhaps information of sustainable farming, perma-culture would be appropriate. Since the authors of this paper seem to have primitivist leanings, information on how to make everyday common objects out of natural materials might be a welcome addition! Otherwise, this paper could be easily lumped with the rest of the "theory and news only" anarchist 'zines out here. But so far, this magazine is a favorite of mine. DD (PO Box 11331/Eugene, OR 97440)

GRUB #101

4x3 \$1 28pgs.

A cook-'zine with recipes, current uses for the easy bake oven, a crossword puzzle, and a good personality. LO (PO Box 1471/Iowa City, IA 52240)

HEARTBREAK STOMACHACHE #1

4x2.5 free 16pgs.

This small personal 'zine contains writings by a guy named Christopher.

These brief journal entries

cover his day to day thoughts

on his activities and

interactions with fellow

humans. SJS (118 Granville

Way/San Francisco, CA

924127-1134)

HI QUALITY GARBAGE #1

8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.

Written by HaC's own Ryan

Gratzer, *Hi Quality Garbage*,

is full of, well, Ryan. He writes

whatever he has on his mind,

and he does his best not to get

lost in the tangents. I am not

sure if this would appeal to

those that don't know Ryan

personally, but I found it quite

interesting. There are some

truly honest moments in here

where Ryan hasn't left himself

any defenses; just real open

and straight forward even if his

words might not paint himself in the best light. Cut and paste style. KM

(Ryan Gratzer/7151 Tuolumne Dr./Goleta, CA 93117)

HLUBOKA ORBA #22

5.5x8.5 \$3 108pgs.

Hluboka Orba is one of the longest running 'zines from the Czech Republic.

It has been consistently published since 1993. That alone makes me assume

that it must be pretty good, but since it is also in Czech I can't really do

much more than browse through the pages. This issue features interviews

with Orchid, Darbouka Records, Pablo, Cockroach, and Ken from Prank

Records. Also included is a collection of interviews with Noam Chomsky,

Ruckus Society, Jello Biafra, Global Exchange, and the Direct Action

Network that I believe were reprinted from another publication. (Though

I can't tell which one.) Their regular content includes reviews and columns,

so there is some of that as well. LO (Filip Fuchs/Grohova 39/602 00

Brno/Czech Republic)

HOW 2 ZINE

5.5x8.5 \$3 112pgs.

A huge compilation of information about how to do stuff. Just about

anything you want to learn is in here. Cooking? Yes. How to make a

woodstove? Yes. Juggling? Yes. How to fix a toilet? Yes. Play guitar?

Yes. Make yourself cum? Oh, yes, that too. Since a lot of this is reprinted

stuff, I was amazed at how much of this I had already read. Still, a large

amount of knowledge in a handy 'zine size. LO (PO Box 14523/

Richmond, VA 23221)

IF IT WERE LIKE FIRE...

3x4 \$2 48pgs.

The content of this 'zine is all poetry. I enjoyed it, but it is hard for me to

really describe it in a way that really says anything to our readership. It is

jumpy prose about personal thought that, if you like poetry 'zines, you

should give a try. Lots of good ideas in here. LO (Autonomous Arts

Collective/113 N Water St./Lewisburg, PA 17837)

INTENSE CITY

#40 news \$1 16pgs.

A newspaper style 'zine that

talks about music and

related news. Issue #40

features an article on NYC

losing another record store,

plus interviews with Cause

For Alarm, Diecast, Krutch,

and Full Contact. The

layout is sort of crazy, so I

had to shuffle around to

finish what I was reading.

That got sort of annoying,

but I am big girl and I can

handle it. LO (PO Box 668/

New York, NY 10116)

I HATE THIS PART OF TEXAS #2 & 2 1/2

7x8.5 \$7 32pgs.

Two 'zines in one. Issue #2 spills over with amusing personality and the creative urge to soak the world up and spew what is learned onto paper. There are pieces about being creative, New Orleans, using graywater, some 'zine reviews, and an anthology of folk music. Issue #2 1/2 is sort of amendment to the previous issue. It is stuff that was still

on the editor's mind, or somehow compliments the ideas therein. In the pieces about men, compost, coffee, and the greyhound you get to know John even more. I really liked both of these 'zines. LO (John/PO Box 251766/Little Rock, AR 72225)

IMPACT PRESS #33

8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

Another informative and inspiring issue of *Impact Press*. They turn the logs over and see what is underneath on many issues. The pieces on the chemical industry, President Bush's blurring line between church and state, and cuttlefish were especially interesting. There is lots more in this issue, and it is all certainly teeming with information and opinions. I highly suggest getting a subscription. Would I call this the most political thing coming out of O-Town? Baby, I would. LO (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando, FL 32817)

IMAGINE #3

5.5x8.5 \$3.50 68pgs.

Imagine is an anarchist 'zine put together by John Johnson from Reno, NV. This issue begins with a few thoughts on life in corporate America from the editor. Next up is a lengthy section dedicated to correspondence from readers and the editors' responses to issues raised. The writing is respectful and a decent presentation of often opposing ideas. Feature articles in this issue look at the odd beliefs and shaky history of the Mormon religion, the relationship between the US government and the media, police portrayed in a television sitcom, an essay on corruption in authority and a

short discussion of the roots of

human violence. Other essays

deal with the possibilities of and

problems with anarchy as a

broad based political system.

Many pages of this 'zine are

filled with articles collected

from various news sources.

Most deal with cops and crime

in the US. The 'zine ends with

reviews of 'zine and other

publications with and anti-

authoritarian focus. The article

on Mormonism is fascinating.

SJS (PO Box 8145/Reno, NV

89507)

INK FLOWS LIKE BLOOD #1

5.5x8.5 \$7 20pgs.

The writing in this 'zine is

interesting mostly because of

its poetic style. The editor says

he isn't in a band, so this is the

way he gets it out. I could see

"Over the years, I've learned to only ramble on about that which I find too intriguing to ignore. Most don't care, but at least I don't bother them with everything."
- Con Queso #3

what is in here transformed into lyrics pretty easily. He talks about god and war, and some other big topics, in this style with what (if they were lyrics) would be called linear notes. There is also an interview with Metatron. It is short read, but a nice one. LO (Shaun Ketterman/2738 Douglas Ln./Thompson Station, TN 37179)

KISS OFF #6

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 42pgs.

The first section of this 'zine tells a few stories about graduation, and car

crashes, and people. It's done in a journalistic manner and many of the

stories tie into each other some how. The second section is basically the

same in appearance, but the stories are different. It tells about a summer

festival the author went to (a few years ago) on some large property in

Canada. The festival didn't sound like it was that great, and there were

lots of people doing all kinds of drugs, but what he writes about is fun to

read. The whole 'zine has a fairly simple layout, done on a typewriter and

pasted over some blackness, with a few pictures sprinkled around. Overall,

the content deals a lot with relationships to many different people and

how they change and evolve, and also how the fenders of cars change and

evolve when you run into another one. I liked the 'zine, it kept my attention

easily with it's interesting stories and ability to make me care about some

of the characters, I mean people. RG (Chris Landry/7-306 Frank St./

Ottawa, ON/K2P-0X8/Canada)

KSPC SUMMER PROGRAM GUIDE 2001

8.5x11 free 24pgs.

If you live near Los Angeles, you might be able to tune into 88.7 FM from

Claremont. They have a pretty rockin' college radio station. This guide

lets you know what is up at the station and has other goodies to read. The

interview The Faint and Orchid, talk about DJ culture, and lists some stuff

they like. LO (340 N College Ave./Claremont, CA 91711)

LARCENY #4

5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

Since the largest section of this 'zine is the interview with Giovanni of

Cryptic Slaughter infamy, I'll talk about this first. A nice, long interview

that discusses what interests and disgusts him with the scene, what he is

involved with, and what sort of things he has gone through. Avid readers

of *Cryptic Slaughter* would want to read this one. Other aspects of the

'zine talk about making a 'zine, music, taking trips, and work sucking.

LO (Shaun Allen/8128 Constitution #8/Sterling Heights, MI 48313)

(THE) MECHANICS OF DISREPAIR

3x4 free 48pgs.

The subtitle of this 'zine is says "globalization, capitalism, and some idea

on what to do about it." That pretty much gives you an idea of the content.

As for the style, it was informative but also very friendly. This little book

lends itself easily to reading—even when tackling very heady topics. Now,

by that I don't mean that they take things lightly. The writing is serious.

Heck, there are even footnotes. I just mean that they do an effective job of

getting the ideas to the reader. Thumbs up. LO (Autonomous Arts

Collective/113 N Water St./Lewisburg, PA 17837)

"The revolution will not come with pirated cable and free long distance and instant messenger programs. It will help you to be where you are, to share time and happiness with whoever is around you." - FBI #4

LE COMPLEXE DE PETER PAN 4.25x5.5 \$? 40pgs.
A nice little 'zine about feelings and ideas from this guy. He seems to be at the crux of deciding just where he wants to go in life. With that, he is shedding off old ideas and searching for new things to breathe life into him. He likes to ride bikes and take walks with friends. He sounds like a pretty nice guy. There was originally some kind of tape that comes with this 'zine, but I guess that got lost in the HaC chaos. Sorry. Most of this is in English, but some parts are in French. At least, I think they are French. He is from Belgium, so maybe they are in Flemish. I digress... the 'zine is nice. LO (Pierre Preumont/Rue du Centre 6/1450 Chastre/Belgium)

THE MATCH! #96 7.5x10 \$2.75 80pgs.
Here is another issue of the journal of ethical anarchism. Editor Fred Woodworth practices non-violent anti-authoritarian anarchism and much of the personal writings in *The Match!* describe interactions he has with the state and bureaucracies that surround him. Mr. Woodworth's critique of government, entrenched power, and use of violence for any purpose is insightful and often reveals a new perspective on issues Addressed. *The Match!* opens with thoughts from the editor on a variety of topics including solar power, fingerprints, law making as a growth industry, and why his publications will no longer be available from certain outlets. Closing *The Match!* is a massive letters section wherein topics raised in previous issues are addressed by readers and Mr. Woodworth responds, often at great length, with eloquence and vehemence. Among the topics discussed in this issue you will find an essay on the accuracy of holepunch data collection systems, animal control authorities, compulsory voting, jury duty, and an evaluation of recent press attention to Anarchism. There are many stories of brutality and abuse of power by police and analysis of an article that attempts to describe the friendly new face of law enforcement. Contributions from other authors to this issue include an essay on the role of mutual aid in the evolution of species, an essay describing a book titled *Citizen 13660* which recounts the story of a young Japanese woman forced into the US internment camps during WWII, and an essay on picking up litter when out for a walk. There is a section given to reviews of similarly minded publications. This includes a number of long and thoughtful commentaries on a variety of books and journals and even more brief descriptions of more 'zines and newsletters. SJS (PO Box 3012/Tucson, AZ 85702)

ME AND MR. T #2 5.5x8.5 \$10 Mex. donation 64pgs.
This is a straight edge 'zine with a serious fixation on mid to late eighties straight edge hardcore. Especially Crucial Youth. Within it's pages you will find interviews with Good Clean Fun, Sideswipe, What Happens Next?, and I Believe. There are essays on positive rap, a video game called Root Beer Trapper, and professional wrestling. There are also several columns that discuss straight edge, Crucial Youth, and the people getting together to form a scene. *Me And Mr. T* ends with reviews of demos and records. This 'zine is almost entirely in Spanish, though some is in English. SJS (Apartado Postal #2286/Suc. J De Correos/C.P. 64841, Mty., NL/Mexico)

MEDIUM 8.5x11 \$? 16pgs.
Tiny fonts on newsprint... something I guess I can't really complain about since we do the same. However, theirs is just straight text and it can get to be a little hard on the eyes. *Medium* covers aspects of the underground metal and horror fiction scenes, as well as throwing in some social commentary and ideas about the government crackdown on internet technology. They interview the people who do Realms Of Darkness distro, some small press horror writers, Ground Fault Recordings, Southern Lord distro, Haloacast distro, and the 'zines *Flesh And Blood* and *Canadian Assault*. There is much background info on the industry and lots of opinions in each of these pieces. LO (no address)

MEGABEEF #6 7x8.5 \$? 16pgs.
Megabeef has always had enough humor to push its content along in an interesting way. This issue is no different. There are silly rants about local businesses that have too much punctuation in their signs, and plenty of other sass. Also included are some columns, an Excitebike tour diary, music and non music reviews, and some ads. Pleasant. LO (PO Box 16281/Alexandria, VA 22302)

A MILLION FILAMENTS #3 8.5x11 \$? 28pgs.
The cut and paste layout mixed with handwritten pieces started to blur my mind as I read this late at night. Features include a debate on the S11 protest, show reviews, thoughts on violence, some stories, plus write ups on the Dayglow Abortions and At The Drive-In. The overall 'zine is a little too busy. LO (Emily/PO Box 75/Trades Hall/54 Victoria St./Carlton Smith, Vic. 3053/Australia)

MINDBREAKER #2 5.5x8.5 donation 88pgs.
Super political and inspiring content all through this 'zine! Every inch is covered with emotional cries to resist and live, which makes for an energizing read. Some of the topics they touch on the abolishment of money, supermarkets, democracy, DIY, violent and non-violent revolution, a piece on the prison struggle in Spain, and tips for making your own surveillance camera theater. Plus literature reviews, contact addresses, and other facts. Beyond doing all of this, they also find the time to interview the founder of the Political Prisoners of War Coalition, Seein' Red, and Cjoba. Absolutely great. LO (Doomikewijk 134/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

MY BAD POETRY #3 5.5x8.5 50¢/trade 28pgs.
One of the better 'zines I have seen in awhile, *My Bad Poetry* is a personal 'zine that resembles an open journal (except it is written in a more poetic way as opposed to just stating the events). This works really well in illustrating that feeling is often times more important than the actual details of an event. The content is accounts of its author, Jeff Hall's life and his insights into his world (and the people that are part of it). He has a good grasp of language and a refreshing approach to 'zine writing that others can stand to learn from. I am already awaiting #4. AM (1197 Commonwealth Ave. #3/Alston, MA 02134)

NO ONE TOUCHES THE DREAM TEAM #4 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
NOTTDT is a humorous 'zine from Boulder. Within it's pages you will find humorous takes on punk rock as culture, news, and a variety of other social issues. First you get a listing of some cool things and then some lame things. There is a guide to being punk and fighting the man, some advice on things to not discuss at truck stops in Wyoming, advice for the elderly, and an interview with a Frenchman who is searching for horse sized seahorses. There is a variety of other stuff in here, like reviews of T-shirts and an essay titled "Why Are Aliens So Lame?" SJS (3525 Moorhead Ave./Boulder, CO 80305)

OJ KILLED ELVIS #4 & #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 each 32/36pgs.
A sloppy cut and paste 'zine that mocks and comments on culture with more than just its name. Issue #4 has stories about a candy called the "bible bar," drinking, workplace shenanigans, the Weather Channel, pot, and the editor's fear of moths. Issue #5 is all about a three week trip to Portland, the new west coast punk rock mecca. This issue is much more entertaining for me than the previous because the sass is still there, but the rants aren't as random. LO (Mike Croft/252 Grand Ave. Apt. 1/Johnson City, NY 13790)

ON DISPLAY #3 news \$? 16pgs.
On Display is a music 'zine from Denmark. This issue is comprised of columns , interviews, and reviews. The columns deal with personal problems and concerns, Danish police, and a fantasy show where band and audience act on their passions. The interviews are with Active Minds, Snapcase, and "punk rock stripper" Jane Graham. Good questions asked and answered by intelligent people make interesting reading. These interviews succeed nicely. Jane Graham talks about performance art, stripping, punk rock, and the relationship she has constructed within all three. Active Minds talk about their dislike of CDs, the changing nature of DIY, and the place of politics in their songs. Snapcase talk about heroes and inspiration, the white male nature of straight edge hardcore, and women in the scene. The remainder of the pages are filled with music and 'zine reviews. SJS (Rune Hanses/Rosenkranzgd. 1/8000 Aarhus C/Denmark)

PASSIVITY = COMPLIANCE #4 5.5x8.5 \$2 + 2 IRC 80pgs.
This is the first issue of *Passivity=Compliance* in three years, and by the size of it he wasn't just sitting around doing nothing the whole time, but actually getting a lot of content together. Rich has been involved in punk for many many years, and a good amount of the 'zine is filled with journal entries, mostly consisting of commentary and fun memories of the past, especially lots on the DC of the past. It made me reflect upon how many great bands there were out there that I still haven't heard yet. The rest of the journal entries talk a lot about football/soccer; going to matches and other gossip. I am just getting into the sport, so it was actually pretty interesting to read about. The entries are scattered throughout, with other stuff going on all around. And that other stuff includes: interviews with Brambilla, and Chuckalumba studio; lots of record reviews; 'zine reviews; and a nice amount of book reviews. All in all there is a good amount to read here and it's fun to read about all the people and shows and other things seen by him. RG (95A Malmesbury Rd./Shirley/Southampton/SO15 5FP/UK)

POET'S GROOVE #8 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 36pgs.
Poets' Groove is a collection of stories from Sebastian Petsu of Philadelphia. There are three stories in this issue. The first focuses on two people separated for some reason. The reader is inside one character's head as he tries to make contact with the other person. But she never replies. As the nature of their past interactions is described their relationship seems a bit odd. The next story is told by a person on a journey home for the funeral of a best friend's brother. He is not enjoying the bus ride and is dreading the funeral even more by imagining circumstances at their worst. The final story describe the lonely travels of a songwriter named John Conway as he searches for inspiration alone and sometimes with friends. The narrative shifts between John reminiscing about his travels and an interview with a guy who released a record for John. Then story shifts into a lengthy reverie on traveling and searching for something only vaguely understood. This section is written in verse which heightens its feeling of melancholy and slight desperation. It feels like a song the guy was trying to write. These stories try to get inside the minds of their characters and expose their thoughts and reasons for their actions. Complimentary pictures throughout the pages add to the introspective feel to this 'zine. SJS (S. Sebastian Petsu/6367 Overbrook Ave./Philadelphia, PA 19151 or spetsu@aol.com)

PORK #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.
Page upon page of silly stories and lighthearted 'zine faire (like games), and then a weird piece about a serial killer who inspired famous movies. *Pork* is okay, about what you might expect for a first issue with such a name. LO (Amber Lynn/9560 Perry Highway/Meadville, PA 16335)

PRINCIPAL IDEAL #1 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 36pgs.
A personal 'zine with a heavy dose of adorable personality. Some of the stuff that gets rambled on about includes how funny and idealistically scary metal can be, accidentally burning down your house, human extinction, and the scam that CDs cost more than vinyl. (Tell me about it!) There are also some various reviews of music and printed media. LO (309 Magnolia St./Highland Park, NJ 08901)

PSIOTIC PLASTIC JOY 8.5x11 34¢ 8pgs.
Though the layout and use of space is lacking, the content is not. Most of all the short thing about cut-up theory interested me. The theory goes that you can take and original source, cut it up, rearrange it, and detour or change the original meaning. This idea has its roots in the Dadaists in their search for a new aesthetic. I had never heard of this before, and it made me want to find out more. Each piece is short, but heady... they could be much longer and still be good. LO (Jason Rogers/PO Box 138/Wilton, NH 03086)

RECLUSE 'ZINE #2 5.5x8.5 \$1.34 40pgs.
Photocopied with a decent layout. Includes columns, fiction, a small CD/ 'zine/movie review section, an interview with New Model Army, and a factsheet on hazardous chemicals in everyday products. This issue includes a fairly informative article on RU-486 ("the abortion pill"), and an extremely heartbreaking short story about a stray cat called "The story of ugly." GOR (PO Box 09558/Columbus, OH 43209)

REGARDLESS #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 60pgs.
A music based magazine with lots of social commentary as well. Their first issue features interviews with Token Tantrum and Social Infestation, columns about sexism within the scene and the ridiculous nature of punk's rare records craze, and a whole bunch of well done music reviews. Their take on cut and paste is well done, highlighting the best things about this style and avoiding any pitfalls of messy layout. A solid first issue. LO (Ale Dahlquist/Basungatan 27/42140 V. Frolunda/Sweden)

REFLECTIONS #14 8.5x14 \$4 96pgs
Another huge issue from *Reflections*. This time around they have interviewed Mike Phyte from Good Clean Fun, Paul of Seein' Red, Vique Simba, Tim from Ensign, Life's Halt, Chris from Ruination, Mike Thom from MRR, plus an Oath tour report and a few other interviews and articles I didn't bother to list. Most of the interviews are of interest (it helps that I know some of these people personally) and the layout style is really clean and to the point. The photos are quite good as well. This reminds me of the sort of music 'zines that were done in the early '80s before the birth of the personal 'zine or the HaC/MRR/*Punk Planet* style 'zine became so prevalent. Nicely done. KM (Sporwegstraat 117/6828 AP Arnhem/Netherlands)

RETAIL WHORE 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.
Guess what? Work sucks. No duh... but this girls work seems to suck a little extra. She works at a corporate music store and lists and very funny 100 stupid complaints from the customers. *Retail Whore* also steps beyond the boundaries of work related topics to the personal and the frightening. You get to read a mix of her ideas about being medicated by liquor and Paxil—two bandages that say a lot about the injuries in her life. It is a short, good read. LO (K. Raz/5741 N. Ridge #3NE/Chicago, IL 60660)

RIOT GRRRL MONTREAL #2 6.5x8.5 \$1+2 stamps 52pgs.
This 'zine contains essays on how to get started playing guitar and drums. They provide advice and personal experience from the author with choosing instruments, learning to play, and encouragement to women making music. There are several essays from folks describing experiences with music making, an article discussing one woman's time at Ladyfest, and some advice on traveling via Greyhound. There are many pages of writings that deal with the role of women in our world and critiques of predetermined roles. Many of the essays and writing are printed in both French and English. SJS (2035 Blvd. St-Laurent/Montreal, QC/H2X 2T3/CANADA)

SOUP FOR THE REVOLUTION 5.5x8.5 \$3 40pgs.
Food and subversion all in one place. What more do you need? You can get some knowledge on making good vegan and vegetarian foods whole schooling yourself in the news. There are background articles about the FTAA protest in Canada and the prison system. LO (Justyn Stahl/1703 Seminole Lane/Godfrey, IL 62035)

SPEAK MY MIND #3 8.5x12 \$3 44pgs.
Speak My Mind is a straight edge hardcore fanzine from The Netherlands. The editor is mostly interested in "old school" youth crew straight edge hardcore where "old school" apparently refers to 1997. In this issue you get brief interviews with A Death In The Family, Run Devil Run, The Lunachicks, and Reach To The Sky. There are longer interviews with Kill Your Idols and Amendment 18. The shorter interview provide basic information from the bands. A few are conducted via e-mail, which makes for disjointed reading. The longer interviews go beyond band bio information. There are a number of personal writings from the editor that deal with interactions with other folks. There is a tour diary from his European travels with Reaching Forward and a bunch of music and 'zine reviews. There is a lot of complained about the sorry state of the Dutch straight edge hardcore scene throughout this issue. SJS (Arold/Nieuwkuijckstr. 167/5253 AG Nieuwkuijk/The Netherlands)

SUSPENSION 5.5x8.5 \$? 36pgs.
A fanzine comprised entirely of images. The print job is gorgeous; mostly black with a few gray and white tones on high glass paper. Unfortunately, the minute you touch it or put it in your bag you've pretty much ruined it. The gloss just highlights every finger print and crease. Ah well, I guess I should have known

"I haven't been expecting a response to this. That I've received any at all totally amazes me and totally validates the work that I've put in so far." - *Larceny #4*

better. All photos are of bands. Some of them include Catharsis, DS-13, Milemarker, Fugazi, Reversal Of Man, JR Ewing, and Intensity. Well done all around. LO (Jerome Alban/27 rue Marengo/33000 Bordeaux/France)

START FROM SCRATCH #5 & #6 8x11.5 \$4 60pgs.
Start From Scratch is a skateboard and punk music 'zine from Hong Kong. Editor Riz wishes to use his 'zine to support independent bands and skating in the region he calls home. Issue #5 contains an article describing the activities and facilities at one skate park in Hong Kong with many photos of the day's skating feats. There is an interview with the owner of a CD store called Plug Shop and interviews with skater Pat Channita, Hot Water Music, and the founder of Good Life Recordings. Also there is an account of a 3 day tour by the editor's band King Ly Chee. Issue #6 contains interviews with Envy, a death metal band called Hyponic, and Chinese skater Siu Fung. Other features include a scene report from Thailand, the story of King Ly Chee's Korean tour, an essay on the history of straight edge, and a description of a skate park on Cheung Chau island. This includes descriptions of the facilities and many tricks accomplished that day. Both issues are full of skate action photos and band action photos that work very well with energetic layout of the 'zine. Also, there are English and Chinese versions of the articles in both issues. There are some recent reviews at the end of each issue. SJS (B3 15/FI. Hankow Ct./Ashley Rd./Kowloon/Hong Kong/China or sfsratch@hotmail.com)

SLUG & LETTUCE #67 news free 20pgs.
 This is the 15 year anniversary of *Slug & Lettuce*. Christine writes about her recent travels in California, increases in postage rates, punk weddings, and some reminiscing on the past 15 years. The columns are top notch writings and quite diverse in subject matter. Punk rock shows, community, dreaming, listen to elders in Central America, and some alternative medicine information. The remainder of the pages are filled with a mount of insightful 'zine and music reviews and a punk guide to Boston. SJS (PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261-6632)

SHORT, FAST, AND LOUD! #7 8.5x11 \$2 96pgs.
 This is basically the end-all for all your thrashy needs, be they short, fast and/or loud. I really liked this 'zine, and not just because I like to fuck shit up and look at cool pictures of people jumping in the air, but also because there is a lot of good content in here. It starts off with columns, some of which I wasn't too impressed with, but others I thought were really great, such as Jeff's column about being a high school punching bag. After that was a section where they asked the writers to come up with their five most memorable shows, which I thought was a great idea! Granted, I didn't—and am not able to (since I can't time travel, just yet)—go to the vast majority of these shows, but it was still fun to read the descriptions of them and see why they were so great. There's also a bunch of interviews, which I will just generalize to say that even though there were a lot of them (which can sometimes become a bore to read) these interviews actually had content and interesting things to say both on the side of the band and the interviewer. The interviews are with: Voorhees, Satan's Pimp, Razors Edge, Daybreak, and Dataclast (okay, I guess 5 isn't that many). After that was an awesome tour report by Y about their tour through Israel, made even more interesting to me because, unlike many of you out there, I just finished taking a class called History of Modern Arab Nationalism. And then comes 275 reviews of records, most of them fitting quite well into the title of this 'zine. Generally they are all pretty good reviews, and I don't doubt the knowledge of these writers on their vast resources for all things thrashy, but I found it funny that it seems most records that are not the basic short, fast, and loud genre (however vast it may be) to kind of get the shaft. I mean, bands like Mohinder may seem "wankering" and "pretentious" in this day and age, but they were around during a slow period in thrash, and a whole lot of people didn't give a fuck about it, and I will say that they played a part in it's revival. I mean, pretty much that whole discography is faster than fuck—it's just creative in different ways than some people like, I suppose. The last 15 pages or so are filled with advertisements, and although I was impressed with the layout of this 'zine for not being stale, in my opinion I kind of like it when all the ads are interspersed throughout. After I finish reading a long 'zine like this and then get to 15 pages of ads, I tend to just say, "fuck it," and close it. It seems like a lot of the writers are older folks (not a putdown, okay to make it not sound so relatively empty, they are older than me) and they have a good idea of what music was like years ago, and that comes around in their having insightful opinions on the state of hardcore today. RG (PO Box 7337/Alhambra, CA 91802-7337)

STRAIGHT OUTTA GUATEMALA #1 5.5x8.5 \$3 16pgs.
 As the title suggests this is a 'zine from Guatemala, it has articles about imperialism and the "Gringo Empire," criticisms on our societies current standards of beauty, and also a short history on Guatemalan hardcore. All that an interview with Fuerza X and some reviews round out this decent first attempt at a 'zine from a part of the world I knew very little about scene wise. AM (Marco Antonio Diaz/Apdo. #2140/Sucursal de Correos J./CP 64841/Monterrey, NL/Mexico)

SUBSIDIZED MESS #5 8.5x11 stamps 6pgs.
 This is a pretty standard 'zine: it has reviews, an interview with Shark Attack, and some personal stories from the writer. The stories are definitely the high point of the 'zine, he tells of run-ins with his neighbors and issues surrounding him telling his family that he is vegetarian. There is also a very descriptive account of an abandoned asylum that I was rather intrigued by. The 'zine is well written and straight to the point. I think if he stuck to doing a personal 'zine it would be great the interview/reviews seemed to just get in the way. AM (Joe Hays/70 Plum St. #2/New Brunswick, NJ 08901)

THESE DAYS... #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
 The layout and superb printing job reminds me of *In Abandon* but the content is all its own. Most of it is personal stories and thoughts (as well as some punk commentary and romantic descriptions of life's happenings). The forthright attitude of the author often comes through, which is well received. LO (Mikey Ott/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)

THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS #2 8.5x11 \$1/trade 16pgs.
 This is a 'zine of personal writings. Within its pages you will find poetry and essays written about railroads and hobos, logo clothing, eating vegan, living drug free and car free, and spending an evening at a bluegrass show in farm country, central PA. There is an essay on a books called *The Good Life* documenting the lives of 2 people who moved to the country to live DIY. Other essays cover professors as poets, camping and hiking in the woods of rural PA, and a few thoughts on government and the arts. SJS (113 N Water St./Lewisburg, PA 17837)

THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 42pgs
 The main theme of this 'zine seems to be advice. Advice from a sensible politically straight-minded person on various ways to be a sensible individual. Some of it I honestly don't agree with too much (like the anti-TV stuff), but it overall seems rather agreeable with it's conscious consumer oriented rhetoric. I liked how he has a positive attitude about lots of things, and feels strongly that positive change in terms of gender norms and kids and guns and meat and a lot more can be made. There is also some poetry scattered throughout, mostly dealing with society and issues and stuff. RG (Eric/113 N Water St./Lewisburg, PA 17837)

TWAT #4 7x8.5 \$1 12pgs.
 Even though I am not that impressed with the content, I have to complain that there just isn't enough in this issue of *Twat*. It goes by too quickly and you sort of wonder what made you set aside the five minutes for this 'zine if it isn't going to deliver. You can read about relationships, a guide to what boys think, thoughts on pagans talk shows, and some comics about some their experiences. I really feel like the editors have the talent to do more with this. LO (2360 W. Broad St./Y-1/Athens, GA 30606)

VIOLENCE Winter 2000/2001 8.5x11 \$? 28pgs.
Violence is a music based 'zine that covers mostly the hardcore and thrash scenes but branch out to other loud bands as well. There are lots and lots of interviews in this issue. Most of them are short, but if you don't know much about these bands they would serve to be a good introduction to them. The interviews are with Kung Fu Rick, My Minds Mine, Strength Approach, Wadge, Say You Hate Me, Riotous Assembly Records, Enemy Soil, The Dread, Total Fucking Destruction, Indecision, Intensity, and Cripple Bastards. Also included are some short columns and reviews. LO (Karol Pienko/PO Box 42/21500 Biala Podl/Poland)

WALKIE TALKIE #2 8.5x11 \$2.50 52pgs
 There are three stories in this new comic from Nate Powell. I can't claim to understand all three stories. He goes light on text most of the time, and the first story is particularly confusing to me. But never the less the art is top notch. It must have taken some huge chunk of time to draw all of these pages. It comes off as a labor of love. Very nicely done. Anyone that has enjoyed any of the Nate Powell output will find this one to be holding its own. It is awesome to see someone making so much out of their artistic abilities. Bravo. KM (7205 Geronimo/North Little Rock, AR 72116)

WHAT'S ON THE RADIO 5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.
 A personal 'zine that tells the tale of adventures as two folks hitch-hiked their way to Lady Fest. Funny descriptions, goodhearted people, and some terrible tales of the road ooze from every page. A well done travel diary indeed. LO (Victoria/2035 Boul. St-Lauren/Montreal, QC/H2X 2T3/Canada)

XUK EK 5.5x8.5 \$? 32pgs.
Xuk Ek is a pamphlet written to define and promote the philosophy of panarchy. Panarchy is defined as "a political structure based on respecting the individuals power to perceive and mirror the power that the universe demonstrates in its own organization." In such a society people would seek and find meaning through their relationship with nature. Panarchy proposes to end abuses of nature and the people of the planet through direct action and to replace existing destructive systems with ones in harmony with the natural process of our planet. A general framework is set up through an economic critique of global civilization, and lengthy exposition on realigning human life with the rhythms of our planet and solar system. Through a new understanding of astrology we can awaken and feed the development of our physical and spiritual selves and acquire the energy and insight necessary for the long struggle with the existing destructive civilization. *Xuk Ek* closes with a glossary of terms used within an overview of a Myan calendar called the Tzolkin that provides a basis for finding the rhythms and harmonies within the natural world and the relationships among people. SJS (PO Box 5356/Burlington, VT 05402)

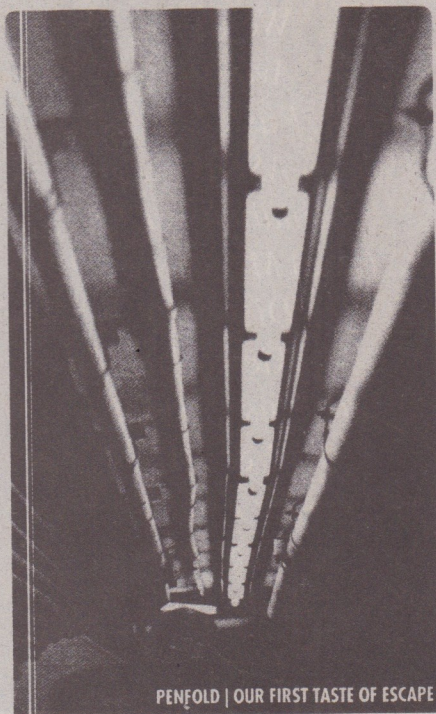
We liked:
 Avow #11
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 I Hate This Part Of Texas
 #2 & 2 1/2
 Inside Front #13
 Imagine #3
 Globalisation
 Reflections #14

YESTERDAY'S FISHWRAP COULD BE... 7x8.5 \$2 28pgs.
 After ten years of making some different 'zines, the editor of *I Hate This Part Of Texas* thought to compile some good stuff from 'zines that were at least 5 years old. He wanted to document something that was old enough to really deserve a look back. It is interesting to go through and see what he chose. Most of it is pretty random, and lots of it has lost a little something in the second copy job... but it is still worth it. He says it is by no means a "best of" compilation, just things he has liked. I admit I liked most of them as well. *Yesterday's Fishwrap Could Be...* is an interesting idea and an appropriate title. LO (John/PO Box 251766/Little Rock, AR 72225)

UNDERDOG #31/GREENLEAF REBELLION #1 8.5x11 \$2 24pgs.
 Two 'zines for the price of one. This is my first time reading *Underdog*, and it's really good. It doesn't really focus on the music aspect of punk, DIY, and hardcore, but rather ideology and thoughtful writings. It doesn't contain any reviews. It contains articles, essays, and editorials with a lot of mindful social commentary by some really good writers. Euthanasia, today's political climate, and some personal stories are just part of this issue. Flip it over, turn it upside down and you've reached *Greenleaf Rebellion*. There are some personal writings, Chicago band pictures/information, fiction, a Sex Pistols documentary review, and a recipe for roasted garlic soup. Not to shabby. The old and the new come together well with these two 'zines. GOR (Underdog /1513 N Western Ave./Chicago, IL 60622-1747)

GIRL IMPERFEKT #2/HEARTBREAK STOMACH ACHE #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.
 The *Heartbreak Stomachache* portion of this 'zine jumps right into short snippets on various topics. Each one is rather short and doesn't seem to connect much with what's before it, but it all works out nicely as a journal of sorts to just say what is on his mind (love, school, sleep, and more). The *Girl Imperfekt* side seems a little more artsy (I guess) with some art and images, and the writing is a mix of verse and prose. She writes about personal stuff as well, but it seems to focus mainly of different relationships to different people. (Sort of). It's neat to see how they both worked together in the pictures and stuff and I enjoyed reading this, although my only complaint would be that it was rather short. RG (PO Box 170565/San Francisco, CA 94117)

"With this publication, as with the last one, we have attempted to brainstorm, write, revise, edit, and publish in one concentrated effort, an effort consuming all of our time for a few short days. The end result, although one that may have some faults, and could even contain beliefs that we may contradict a month later after further deliberation, serves as a written testimony of a few short summer days in our respective lives." - ASDP #2



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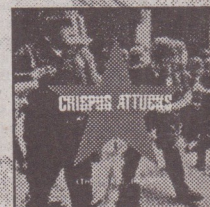
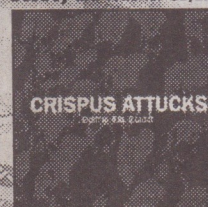
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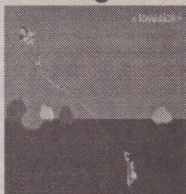
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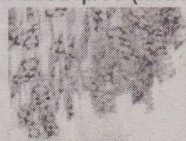


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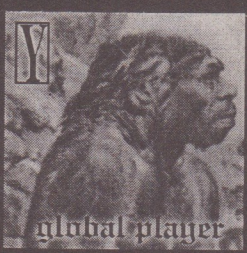
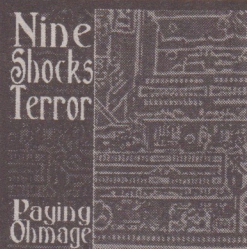


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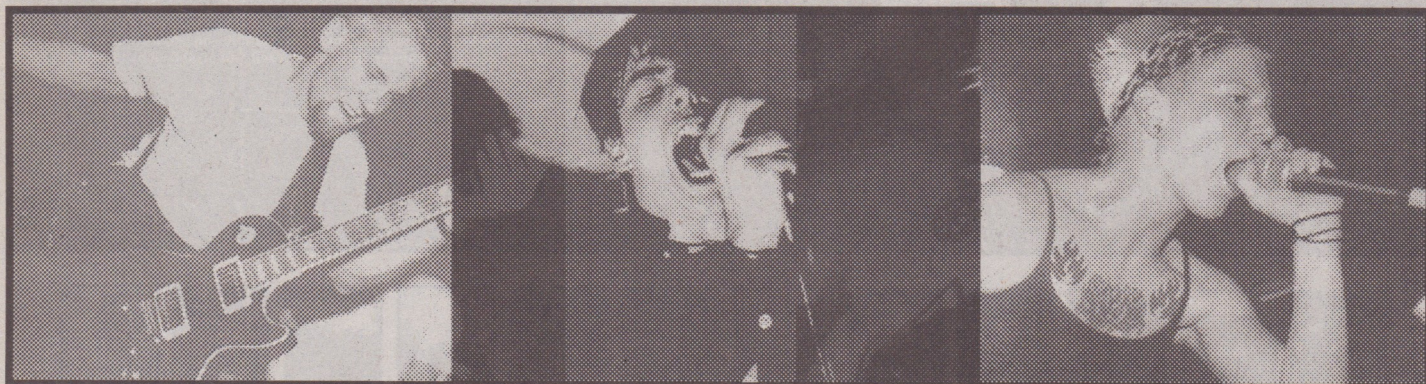
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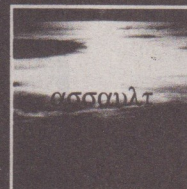
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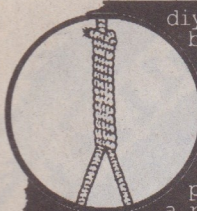
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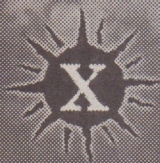
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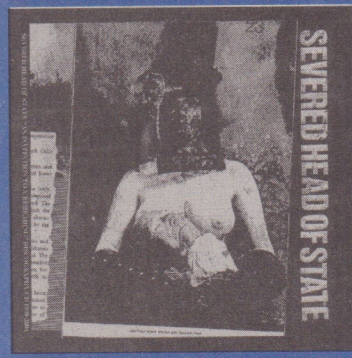
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